

THE HARMSWORTH MAGAZINE

VOL.
3.

HARMS-
WORTH
BROS. LTD



LONDON

THE HARMSWORTH MAGAZINE.



EVANGELINE.

From a "Velo" print

Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers;
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside;
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses!

LONGFELLOW.

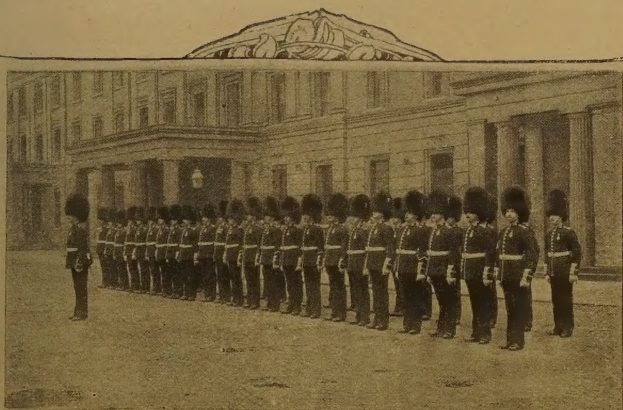
THE
HARMSWORTH

MONTHLY PICTORIAL

MAGAZINE

VOLUME III.

AUG. 1899—JAN. 1900.



GRENADIER GUARDS, WEDDING PARADE.

Argent Archer, Photo

PUBLISHED BY

HARMSWORTH BROS. LIMITED, LONDON, E.C.



INDEX TO VOL. III.

ARTICLES.

	PAGE
BASEBALL, THE FUNNY SIDE OF. America's National Game. Illustrated and Described by Harry Furniss	73
BEAUTIES, SCOTCH. Some Daughters of the Heather. By Ignota. Illustrated by Photographs	31
BICYCLISTS, BABY. They Make the Wheels "Go Wound." By H. J. Shepstone. Illustrated by Photographs	272
CAKES, FAMOUS WEDDING. Some Triumphs of the Confectioner's Art. By Walter St. John. Illustrated by Photographs	404
CARRIERS, CHINESE. Terrestrial Travelling for Celestials. By Harry C. Smart. Illustrated by Photographs	235
CAUGHT IN THE ACT. Some Remarkable Snapshots. By T. H. E. Camera. Illustrated by many Photographs	507
CHAMPIONS OF THE YEAR. Some Heroes of Sport. By T. S. Johnston. Illustrated by Many Portraits	443
CHIMNEYS, FELLING. The Risky Business of a Steeplejack. By Robert Mulready. Illustrated by Instantaneous Photographs	129
CHRISTMAS IN BETHLEHEM. A Visit to the Holy Land at Yuletide. By Philip Astor. Illustrated by Photographs	322
CHRISTMAS, THE NOVELIST OF. What was Dickens Really Like? Illustrated by Photographs	371
CHURCHES, STRANGE THINGS IN. An Ecclesiastical Museum. By Herbert Knight. Illustrated by Photographs	247
COMMISSIONAIRES, THE CORPS OF. How Our Old Soldiers Serve Their Country Still. By W. J. Wintle. Illustrated by Photographs	540
DRESSES, CHILDREN'S FANCY. Some Quaint Little Characters. By Philip Astor. Illustrated by Photographs	601
ENGLAND WITHOUT FOOD. How Long Could We Last Without Foreign Supplies? By J. F. Williams, F.R.G.S. Illustrated by Diagrams	350
FOLLIES. Stories of Bubbles in Stone. By Oswald Marvin. Illustrated by Photographs	211
GARDENING FOR MILLIONAIRES. Some Big Prices Paid for Flowers. By Bernard Owen. Illustrated by Photographs	99
GRAND OLD MEN. By A. Birnage. Illustrated by Photographs	469
HEARTS, QUEENS OF. Some Norwegian Brides. By A Viking. Illustrated by Photographs	346
HEROES, THE GRAVES OF OUR. Where Our Famous Soldiers are Buried. By Arthur Birnage. Illustrated by Photographs	567
HOBBY, A COSTLY. A Visit to a Unique Museum. By Herbert Howard. Illustrated by Photographs	396
HOUSE BEAUTIFUL, THE. Glimpses of Two Charming English Homes. By W. J. Wintle. Illustrated by many Photographs	427
LAND, WHEN SEA MEETS. Some Picturesque Effects of the Tussle. By Arthur Guerdon. Illustrated by Photographs	84
LOCO, LIFE STORY OF A. Showing What it Costs to Run an Engine. By J. Horner. Illustrated by Photographs and Drawings	59
LONDON, SNOW-BOUND. A Story of the Frosty Christmas of 1909. By Jack Frost. Illustrated by Remarkable Photographs	385
LONDON, UNDERGROUND. A Visit to the Subterranean City. By W. J. Wintle. Illustrated by Special Photographs	113
LONDON WERE LIKE VENICE, IF. By Somers J. Summers. Illustrated by Photographs	3
MEN, GRAND OLD. Wishing Them a Happy Christmas. By Arthur Birnage. Illustrated by many Portraits	469
MEN WITH SEALED LIPS. A Visit to the Largest Monastery in the World, at Parkminster, Sussex. By W. J. Wintle. Illustrated by Photographs	47
MIGHT-HAVE-BEENS. What Some Famous People Would Have Been if They Had Not Been Something Else. By Herbert Howard. Illustrated by Bernard Doyle Davitt	260
MONEY, A MINT OF. An Article Interesting to All. By Joseph Horner. Illustrated by Diagrams	589
NIAGARA, CHRISTMAS AT. Where the Frost Makes Fairyland. By Herbert Howard. Illustrated by Photographs	497
PHILANTHROPY, FREAK. Remarkable Charitable Gifts. By Arthur Birnage. Illustrated by Photographs	143
POOR LIVE, HOW THE. Extraordinary Penny Meals. By Bernard Owen. Illustrated by Photographs	580

	PAGE
QUEEN AT HOME, THE. The Domestic Life of the Sovereign. By W. J. Wintle. Illustrated by Photographs	291
ROYALTY DOING GOOD. The Royal Family as Philanthropists. By Bernard Owen. Illustrated by Photographs	481
ROYALTY RIDES, HOW. By Bernard Owen. Illustrated by Photographs	17
SEA, CONQUEST OF THE. The Story of the Remarkable Development of the Steamship. By J. Horner. Illustrated by Special Diagrams	153
SHIPS IN HOSPITAL. How Injured Vessels are Doctored. By Raymond E. Montrose. Illustrated by Striking Photographs	457
SHOP, THE BIGGEST, IN THE WORLD. A Brief Visit to the Nation's Store-rooms. By Philip Astor.	276
SNOW AND ICE CAN DO, WHAT. By Harold Mervey. With Remarkable Photographic Specimens	305
SNOW, THE DERBY OF THE. Norway's Magnificent Winter Sport. By Harold J. Shepstone. Illustrated by Striking Photographs	555
SPORTSWOMEN, FAIR. By Ignota. Illustrated by Photographs	173
THEN AND NOW. 1800 to 1900. Why This is the Most Wonderful Century in Time. By J. F. Williams. Illustrated by Drawings and Photographs	523
TOWN MAKERS, MEN AS. Some Famous Captains of Industry. By Arthur Birnage. Illustrated by Photographs	225
'TWIXT EARTH AND SKY. How Spires and Chimneys are Repaired. By Swanhilde Bulan. Illustrated by Photographs	335
UMBRELLA, CAN YOU FOLD YOUR? A Few Hints on a Practical Subject. By Herbert Howard. Illustrated by Photographs	606
WASTE-PAPER BASKET, HER MAJESTY'S. What She Does With It. By Philip Astor. Illustrated by Photographs	165
ZOO, BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE. How the Wild Beasts are Managed. By W. J. Wintle. Illustrated by Photographs	197

COMPLETE STORIES.

BALESTON'S SECRET REEF. A Thrilling Sea Story. By John Arthur Barry. Illustrated by R. Jack	355
BANK-NOTE FORGER, THE. By Cutcliffe Hyne. Illustrated by Ernest Prater	135
BUSHRANGER AND THE BOY, THE. A Story. By Charles Edwards. Illustrated by J. H. Bacon	251
CAUGHT NAPPING. Spring Poet v. Money Lender. By Jo Vanny. Illustrated by Ernest Prater	475
CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS PARTY, THE. The Story of What Came of It. By Marion Elliston. Illustrated by Lucien Davis, R.I.	327
COLONEL'S OPEN-AIR CURE, THE. A Complete Story. By Warden Ellerslie. Illustrated by Ernest Prater	339
DARK SECRET, A. Describing my Adventures on the Yorkshire Moors. By Louis Woodroffe. Illustrated by H. H. Flère	147
DAUGHTER OF THE FORTY, THE. A Story of Nihilists. By William Le Queux. Illustrated by Lucien Davis, R.I.	217
DICKY'S WISDOM. A Charming Christmas Story. By Elizabeth M. Moon. Illustrated by Fred Pegram	378
DUEL IN THE DEEPER PIT, THE. A Sensational Incident in a Coal Mine. By Cutcliffe Hyne. Illustrated by R. W. Wallace	561
FIFTH MILE POST, THE. An Indian Ghost Story. By C. E. Jeffery. Illustrated by E. Prater	391
FOR HIS SACRED MAJESTY. A Thrilling Story of Marston Moor. By Harry Percival. Illustrated by Robert Sauber, R.B.A.	531
FRIEND IN NEED, A. A Story of Battersea Park. By Clarence Rook. Illustrated by T. H. Robinson	231
GRANVILLE, V.C. The Story of a Double Win. By Sidney Newton. Illustrated by Ernest Prater	450
HE DREAMED A DREAM. The Story of How It Came True. By Jessie Mensengh. Illustrated by Fred Pegram	9
HODSON'S BEST MAN. A Military Incident. By H. S. Goodwin. Illustrated by W. B. Wollen, R.I.	180
LADY CICELY'S VOW AND THE GLOVES WHICH BETRAYED HER. By Mabel H. Robins. Illustrated by Max Cowper	37
LITTLE SILVER CROSS, THE. A Tragedy of a Cab. By Lister Maurice. Illustrated by E. S. Klempner.	595
LOVE ON WHEELS. A Romance in Ten Photographs. By Gertrude Bacon	369
MAN v. PETROLEUM. A Terrific Race on a French Highway. By Archibald Williams. Illustrated by S. H. Vedder	313
MEDIATION OF A PIANO, THE. A Tuning Romance. By Mary Romney. Illustrated by Fred Pegram	463

	PAGE
"MINE OYSTER." And the Story of its Pearl. By Bertrand Davis. Illustrated by L. Raven Hill	53
MR. PENFOLD'S TWO BURGLARS. The Story of his Walk with Them. By E. A. Bennett. Illustrated by H. M. Brock	501
MYSTERY OF THE BRONZE STATUE, THE. A Complete Story. By W. S. Sutton. Illustrated by Max Cowper	265
ON THE STRICT "Q. T." A Sensational Story of Paris. By G. Villari. Illustrated by R. W. Wallace	77
OUR RACE WITH THE AMERICAN MAIL. The Romance of a Diamond Necklace. By C. B. Grylls. Illustrated by R. W. Wallace	158
PAYING PAUL. A Christmas Story. By J. H. Flynn. Illustrated by J. H. Bacon	301
RACE FOR A HUSBAND, A. Actress v. Baroness. By Ulyss Rogers. Illustrated by Lucien Davis, R.I.	168
ROMANCE OF A CHRISTMAS HAMPER, THE. The Dinner which went Astray. By J. de Horne Vaizey. Illustrated by Harold Copping	435
SELLING OFF. A Story for January. By E. A. Thurlow. Illustrated by R. W. Wallace	585
SIR GEOFFREY BARGROVE'S SPEECHES. A Story of a Bye-Election. By W. Howard Hazell. Illustrated by F. H. Townsend	65
SULTAN AND THE SEEDSMAN, THE. A Story of How Phineas Skinner Served the Empire. By Gerald Brenan. Illustrated by René Bull	23
SUNDAY IN TOWN, A. The Strange Adventures of a Journalist. By R. Andom. Illustrated by T. H. Robinson	573
TAMING OF BEAU PYNSENT, THE. A Story of the Olden Time. By Geo. Hudworth. Illustrated by Robert Sauber, R.B.A.	239
TRAGEDY IN CHESS, A. The Story of a Prize Solution. By Beatrice Heron-Maxwell. Illustrated by Fred Pegram	121
TREASURE OF A COOK, A. By John C. Winder. Illustrated by Ernest Prater	205
TUG OF WAR, A. The Story of How it Ended. By Winifred Smith. Illustrated by Fred Pegram	547
VICOMTE'S WAGER, THE. The Story of How He Made and Lost It. By Rafael Sabatini. Illustrated by Robert Sauber, R.B.A.	105
WARNING IN RED, A. The Story of a Railway Mystery. By Victor L. Whitechurch and E. Conway. Illustrated by Max Cowper	487
WAY FOOLS PROPOSE, THE. How a Lady Journalist got Copy. By Jenny Wren. Illustrated by Arthur Garratt	401

FULL PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

ABU KLEA, THE BATTLE OF. From the Painting by W. B. Wollen, R.I.	190
ADAMLESS EDEN, AN. From the Painting by Ed. Niczky	424
AFGHAN FRONTIER, WAR ON THE. The Last Stand of the 44th Regiment at Gandamuck, 1842. From the Painting by W. B. Wollen, R.I.	522
AT THE END OF THE BATTLE	413
BRINGING FATHER HOME. From the Painting by Fred Morgan	284
CAPITULATION OF SEDAN, THE	611
CARVING THE CHRISTMAS TURKEY. From a Drawing by E. Prater	377
CHRISTMAS EVE, A LONDON STREET SCENE ON. From the Painting by Ralph Hedley	513
CHRISTMAS EVE, THE OUTCAST'S. From the Painting by Fr. Von Uhde	411
CHRISTMAS MORNING, THE FIRST. From the Painting by W. Firle	409
COLD SHOULDER, THE. From the Painting by Alfred Strutt	188
COY. From a Photograph	410
DANIEL AND THE ANGEL IN THE LIONS' DEN.	283
DESDEMONA AND OTHELLO. From the Painting by Carl Becker	186
DICKENS, CHARLES, MACLISE'S FAMOUS PAINTING OF	414
DISINHERITANCE, THE. From the Painting by A. C. Cooke	615
DOROTHY	93
DYING SOLDIER'S DREAM, THE. From the Painting by Ferdinand Pauwels	290
ELOPEMENT, THE. From the Painting by A. C. Cooke	614
FAMOUS PICTURE, A. From the Painting by Eustace Richter	89
FIGHTING HIS BATTLES O'ER AGAIN	515
FIRST SINGING OF THE "MARSEILLAISE," THE	421
FRENCH STAND AT THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO, THE. From the Painting by A. le Dru	514
GARDENER'S DAUGHTER, THE. From the Painting by J. Shaw Crompton	420
GIRL QUEEN, THE. From the Painting by Mary L. Gow, R.I.	192

	PAGE
GORDON, GENERAL, AND THE SLAVE HUNTERS OF DARFOUR. From the Painting by Stanley Berkeley	426
HELP AT LAST. From the Painting by Thomas Somerscales	419
HOW THE OLD SQUIRE CAUGHT THE BIG JACK. From the Painting by John A. Lomax	287
I DON'T FEEL QUITE WELL TO-DAY	423
IF LONDON WERE LIKE VENICE, HOW HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE WOULD LOOK	1
IF LONDON WERE LIKE VENICE, HYDE PARK CORNER WOULD BE MUCH IMPROVED	2
INTERIOR OF A STABLE, A FAMOUS PICTURE OF THE. From the Painting by George Morland in the National Gallery	412
LAST STRUGGLE, THE. From the Painting by F. S. Walker, R.H.A.	189
MEDITATION. From the Painting by J. McWhirter, R.A.	416
MORNING OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO	417
NAPOLEON A PRISONER ON BOARD THE "BELLEROPHON." From the Painting by W. Q. Orchardson, R.A., in the Tate Gallery	616
NAPOLEON BEFORE MOSCOW. From the Painting by Verestchagin	282
NICE LITTLE FELLOW, A	91
NORWEGIAN VILLAGE BELLE, A	96
OFF TO A PARIS FIRE. From the Painting by Georges Busson	281
OFF TO A PARTY	609
PARTING IS SUCH SWEET SORROW. From the Painting by W. Frank Calderon	288
PRISONER AT THE BAR. From the Painting by Yates Carrington	612
PROFESSIONAL BEAUTY, A	516
PROFESSIONAL PICKANNINY, A	517
REAL COUNTRY WINTER, A. From the Painting by J. Farquharson	418
RECRUITING SERGEANT, THE. From the Painting by J. Shaw Crompton	613
RED INDIANS ATTACKING A PURITAN'S HOUSE IN NEW ENGLAND. From the Painting by Madame du Mond	519
RING, THE. From the Painting by Lady Alma-Tadema	98
ROSAMUNDA. From the Drawing by Henry Ryland	187
RUNNING THE GAUNTLET. From the Painting by Briton Rivière, R.A.	286
SLEEPING BEAUTY, THE. From the Painting by M. Rheam, R.I.	191
SOFT PERSUASION. From the Painting by A. J. Elsley	90
SOMEBODY'S DARLING	422
SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE WORKS. From the Painting by Frank Hyde	285
SUMMER. From the Painting by Alfred Glendenning	92
SWEET AND TWENTY	185
TOILERS OF THE DEEP	520
VAIN APPEAL, A	610
VALE OF REST, THE. From the Painting by Sir John Millais, P.R.A.	415
VISITING DAY IN THE HOSPITAL. From the Painting by Geoffrey	194
WHAT WAR MEANS. From the Painting by Janet Lange	94
WHAT WAR MEANS—THE INTERRUPTED MEAL. From the Painting by Jean Delahaye	518
"WILL HE NO COME BACK AGAIN?" From the Painting by Marcus Stone, R.A.	95

POETRY.

CHRISTMAS. By Edith Brignall. Illustrated by R. Peacock	495
CHRISTMAS TURKEY, THE. A Rhyme for the Children. By J. E. Whitby. Illustrated by H. M. Brock and Ernest Prater	376
CHRISTMAS WREATH, A. By J. E. Whitby. Illustrated by T. Walter West	449
DROWSY LAND. By E. A. Bagnall. Illustrated by C. Robinson	179
HERMITS THREE. By Gunby Hadath. Illustrated by J. H. Bacon	299
INDIGNANT MAIDEN, THE. By Geo. W. Thompson. Illustrated by T. W. West	204
LITTLE HOUSE, A. By Edith Brignall. Illustrated by R. Peacock	539
LULLABY. Illustrated by F. V. Poole	605
ST. MARY'S BAY. By Clifton Bingham. Illustrated by J. H. Bacon	45
TENNIS IDYLL, A. By A. S. Laidlaw. Illustrated by Percy Tarrant	112
TO THE MUSIC OF THE WHEEL. By Quilp. Illustrated by R. W. Wallace	72
WAY OF THE WORLD, THE. By Edith Brignall. Illustrated by R. Peacock	195
YOUNG INVADER, A. By H. B. Bremner. Illustrated by J. H. Bacon	434



HOW HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE WOULD LOOK—IF LONDON WERE LIKE VENICE.



IF LONDON WERE LIKE VENICE HYDE PARK CORNER WOULD BE MUCH IMPROVED.

IF LONDON WERE LIKE VENICE



THE BANCO AND PALAZZO DI ROYAL EXCHANGE.

OH! THAT IT WERE!

By SIGNOR SOMERS J. SUMMERS.

"Geologists say that the land upon which London is built has subsided 68 feet during the last 500 years. This doubtless is traceable to substratiform deposits, lunar attraction, or causes equally occult; but whatever it is, the figures 68 disarm suspicion. Assuming that the subsidence is still going on, one can imagine the metropolis some day sinking below Thames level and becoming a second Venice."—*Daily Paper*.

"BUT didn't you know?" asked my travelling companion.

"No!" I answered. "You see, I left England away back in '99, and I have been virtually cut off from civilisation ever since. In Siberia the reading of newspapers is not encouraged, and letters, even if you have friends at home to write them, have a way of going astray unrivalled in any other country. Until I landed in Hull this morning, I had not had occasion to use the English language for years. So it is little wonder that what you say is surprising news to me."

"Quite so," continued the affable gentleman with whom I shared the first-class carriage; "though we have grown so used to it by this time that we almost forget London ever existed in any other form. Let me see, it must have been in

1910—the year of the floods—that the last subsidence occurred. It would have come about naturally in time, geologists said, but the climax was certainly precipitated by the Government's action in allowing London to be undermined to such an extent when the new coal fields were discovered under the city in 1900. We had been steadily raising the embankments of the Thames, but the floods swept these away, and one morning we awoke to find our streets converted into waterways. All manner of remedies were tried, including a Royal Commission, which, by the way, decided only last week that nothing could be done, thus endorsing the public opinion of fifteen years ago. Of course the lower stories of all houses had to be abandoned, save as diving baths, but it was a simple matter to add others. Naturally the old street

traffic almost vanished, cabs, 'buses, and carts giving place to gondolas and steamboats. To begin with, we had to import gondoliers from Venice, to instruct our late cabdrivers in their new craft, at the same time adopting many other features peculiar to the Bride of the Adriatic. These, as you can imagine, have had considerable influence on our customs, our architecture, and even our language. English is still largely spoken, however.

presume. We shall find gondolas at the other side of this piazza."

Somewhat bewildered, I alighted from the train and followed my friend, having heard him instruct a cut-throat looking ruffian regarding my luggage in a jargon I could not understand. He led the way across a large paved space on to a kind of quay. What he had described was true.

At our feet stretched a shimmering sheet of water, its surface, in our immediate



PALAZZO DEGLI HORSE GUARDS.

Hullo! we've arrived. 'Stazione di Pancras' I think that gendarme called—formerly known as St. Pancras, if I remember rightly.

"Come! hand your bags to the servitori, and let me introduce you to the new London, the Bride di Middlesex, as we proudly term our city. You will stop at the Hotel Cecil, on the Canale, I

vicinity, black with countless gondolas, the men standing up in them clamouring loudly for custom. My companion beckoned, and a score glided up as though we had pulled as many strings. Entering one, we took our seats in the cool shade of the awning. "Lago di Hyde, Canale del Regente, Lago di Piccadilly, Croce di Charing, and

Grand Canal," called my friend, and away we sped.

I was dumb with amazement. The dull roar of traffic that I had always associated with London streets had vanished as though it had never been. Save for the rhythmical splash of the oars and the low, musical voices of the gondoliers as they passed each other or approached a turning, all was silent as the grave.

Here a prosperous city man, I knew the

that two gondolas could hardly pass abreast. The houses, flower-decked and sun-kissed, had nothing in common with the houses of my day, though many of them I knew must be the same. The ladies, sipping tea on balconies or tuning mandolins at open windows, seemed more daintily clad than any I had even seen before. Presently we passed beneath an arch that struck me as being familiar, and entered upon a vast expanse of water dotted with islets. Hun-



CATHEDRAL AND PIAZZA DI ST. PAUL'S.

type—he carried his little basket of fish as of yore—was being whisked off to his suburban home in a fussy little steam affair; there a vision of olive-skinned loveliness, peeping coily out from behind a fan, flitted past us all too fleetly; now the canals were so broad that even loitering Carter Paterson barges could not impede our passage; now they were so narrow

dreds of other gondolas preceded and followed us. I looked at my guide inquiringly.

"This," said he, "is the Lago di Hyde, Hyde Park that was in the dull old days, now the only place of its kind in the world. On the largest of the leafy islands that you see, bands play every afternoon and evening, and hither flocks all London—

society in its private gondolas, and the people in personally-paddled parties at ten centesimi per head. Over there, that double line of posts marks what was once, I recollect, styled the Row. Tradition dies hard, and here fashionable men and maidens still

glad to see, had been left alone. Leaving the Lago di Trafalgar we presently reached a much broader waterway than I had yet seen. Sheer out of it on one side rose the Houses of Parliament.

"The Canalazzo, or Grand Canal," ex-



LAGO DI PICCADILLY—LATE PICCADILLY CIRCUS.

take exercise in the early morning, now on water bicycles and water skates."

On we went, threading our way between the islets and through many a quiet side canal, emerging at length into what was introduced to me as the Canale del Regente, but which I recognised as the Regent Street of old, and now undoubtedly rendered one of the most picturesque thoroughfares in the world. This in turn led to the Lago di Piccadilly (once Piccadilly Circus), from which we glided down the Rio di Haymarket, past the Teatro di Her Majesty, into surroundings that strangely recalled Trafalgar Square.

There were the lions, as of yore, save that they seemed to have developed wings, while on the north side was the old National Gallery, though my friend insisted on referring to it as the "Accademia delle belle Arti." Nelson's Column, I was

plained my companion, "formerly the Thames. Here are held all the water sports and races. This year America is sending over a gondola to compete for the London Cup against Conte Lipton."

The next landmark recognisable to me was Somerset House, now styled, I learned, the Palazzo or Palace of the Doges; and then I saw the splendid Palazzo of the London County Council, from here being issued all regulations regarding the hours for bathing and the muzzling of the larger kinds of fish.

I had noticed that all the gondolas we had seen were painted black, only the 'buses and other public vehicles boasted vivid colouring. In Old Venice, I recollect, during the fifteenth century a decree was issued ordering all floating things into mourning, the object being to favour espionage and political intrigue. In a

black gondola on a black night the spies of the Government might travel anywhere without fear of detection. Only to ambassadors was given the privilege of decorating their gondolas in colours, and this in order that their movements might be the more easily followed. Some such edict had gone forth in London I concluded.

"The Council of Doges certainly did try something of the sort," returned my guide in answer to my query, "though not with any great success. In the case of the gondola it wasn't necessary. The Englishman who can afford to paddle alone is naturally of a sombre disposition, and would no more ride in a gaudy gondola than he would have patronised a yellow cab in the olden times. And as far as the 'buses were concerned, the Doges' decrees were as abortive as their attempts to restrict the language of the gondoliers,

which, under stress of circumstances, remains a bright crimson as of yore."

Anyone who has ever lingered in the vicinity of a canal must have realised what a marvellous influence such waterways have upon the rhetoric of skippers. Across the Rio at this moment was wafted to us the sound of voices—those of rival gondoliers holding sweet converse.

"Ten cents all the way to the Banco," crooned one. "'Igher up, there! 'Ave ye bought the whole canal, Marco Giovanni? Not so much splashing, Corpo Paolo, or I'll smash yer bulk-heads."

"Garn," replied the gondolier of a dazzling turn-out in green and gold—obviously a pirate—"I paddled a 'bus before you eat yer first hokey. Git 'ome to bed."

With this pleasantry ringing in our ear



STAZIONE DI PANCRAS—LATE ST. PANCRAS STATION.

we passed under what was pointed out to me as the Bridge of Sighs, but which looked suspiciously like the old Tower Bridge. Now we turned, and ere long we were in another spot familiar to me.

"Here," said my friend, "you see the Palazzo di Royal Exchange, the Banco, and the Palazzo di Mansion House."

"The Lord Mayor's Show," said I, "must be wonderful in these days."

"Ah, yes; but you should say 'carnival,' and the head of the city is now known as the 'Syndic'—not Lord Mayor. It was suggested in some quarters that 'syndicate' would be more in keeping with the trend of the times."

It was growing dusk now, but the most wonderful sight was yet to come. St. Paul's, rising gaunt and spectral from its aqueous bed, the moon glinting on the lapping waters, the grateful silence, the quaint shadows that followed us down what was once Ludgate Hill, these things painted a memory-picture that will never fade.

One thing was puzzling me as we glided through the Rialto in what was formerly the Strand.

"Has cricket died out in London?" I asked.

"By no means," was the reply; "on the other hand,

we have improved it vastly, thanks to the introduction of water skates and floating wickets, and certainly rendered it far more exciting. I think we shall beat the Australians at the Lago di Lord's to-morrow. It was very sad; their best bowler slipped on an oil patch and was drowned while playing at the Lago di Oval last week."

I was not sorry when, shortly after, the gondola stopped at the Hotel di Cecil, and I stood on *terra firma* again. As I alighted the gondolier broke forth into song.

"Gondolieri drinka beera," he chanted.

"What means he?" I asked.

"In the picturesque language of his class," explained my fellow voyager, "he indicates that he will be glad to drink your health."

"I will throw the lazzarone a lira," said I, beginning to catch the atmosphere of the place.

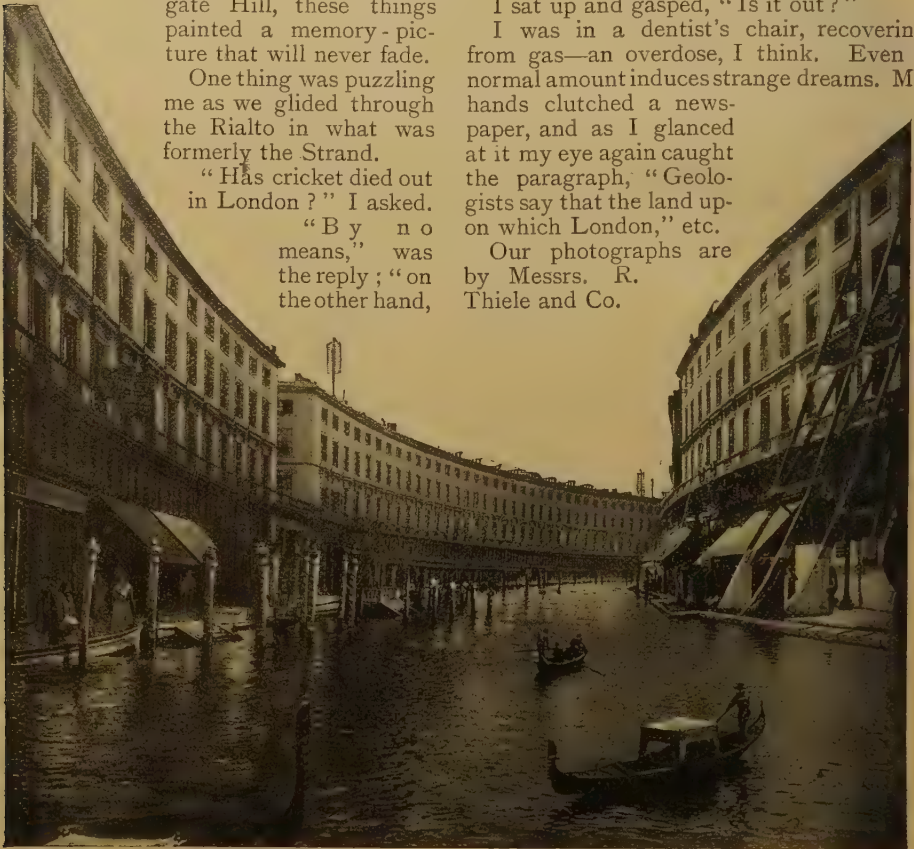
* * *

"I think he'll do," someone said.

I sat up and gasped, "Is it out?"

I was in a dentist's chair, recovering from gas—an overdose, I think. Even a normal amount induces strange dreams. My hands clutched a newspaper, and as I glanced at it my eye again caught the paragraph, "Geologists say that the land upon which London," etc.

Our photographs are by Messrs. R. Thiele and Co.



CANALE DEL REGENTE—ONE TIME KNOWN AS REGENT STREET.

"HE DREAMED A DREAM."

THE STORY OF HOW IT CAME TRUE.

By JESSIE MENSENGH.

Illustrated by Fred Pegram.

DERMOT MOORE came down to breakfast arrayed in a shooting-coat and the gloomiest of frowns. He refused offers of eggs, bacon, and fish, and gazed distastefully at the viands on the sideboard.

"Fact is," he explained, "I have no appetite. I'm off my food. I've had an awful dream. I'm afraid it's a warning. I dreamt I was married!"

The three friends seated round the table lay back in their chairs and laughed in the uproarious, unrestrained fashion of men who are out for a holiday, and have shaken off the shackles of society. The downcast face of their companion seemed to afford them unlimited amusement, and one merry shriek succeeded another as they proceeded to mock consolation.

"Bear up, old fellow; it was only a nightmare. No need to be alarmed."

"Don't let your mind dwell on it. It will make you ill. Have some ham? Nothing like a good, hearty breakfast——"

"And a light dinner. I told you last night that you would suffer for it."

"It's all very well," groaned Dermot, dismally, "but it was so confoundingly circumstantial. We were starting on our honeymoon, and I was carrying her cloak. It had a plaid lining, I remember, and all the porters were grinning at us as we passed. I don't remember her face, for she had on a veil, one of those white, spotted things that cover them up, don't you know; but she was trotting by my side—not walking in step, but tripping along with little, pattering feet. She was talking in a high, clear voice like a child's—I can hear it now—and I was smiling, down at her, and thinking myself the



"'I'VE HAD AN AWFUL DREAM,' SAID MOORE. 'I DREAMT I WAS MARRIED!'"

biggest swell on earth. Oh, Lord! And I remember her name, too—think of that! It was Ella Fuller."

"Ella Fuller!"

"Ella—Fuller!"

"El-la Fuller!"

The three men repeated the name in tones of reflective consideration, and then proceeded to further inquiries.

"Know anyone of the name of Fuller?"

"Not a soul."

"Humph! Neither do I, but I'll make it my business to inquire. If I can find the lady, I'll have the greatest pleasure in bringing you together."

"Sounds bad, Dermot. I'm afraid it's a case. Better make up your mind to it, and face the worst. After all, you have had a fair share of liberty. You are getting a bit fat, you know, and your hair is thinning. Don't mind my saying so, do you? If you ever mean to marry, you might as well get it over."

"No one shall say I deserted you in your affliction, and if there's anything I can do in the way of a butter-dish or a set of cruets——"

Dermot Moore pushed his chair back from the table, and strode through the open window on to the lawn.

"Here—I say, let us get out! I'm not in the mood for chaff. Let me get a gun in my hand, and forget this nonsense. Married indeed! Not if I know it. I wouldn't give up liberty for all the Ella Fullers on earth. As Brewster says, it was a nightmare. Let's drop the subject. I'm out for a holiday. For goodness' sake let a fellow enjoy himself when he can!"

* * * *

A year passed by, and Mr. Brewster was strolling down Piccadilly one fine afternoon when he came face to face with a mutual friend, Major Christie, with whom he proceeded to shake hands.

"The very fellow I wanted to see!" cried the Major, gaily. "I'm making up a little house party for the week after next, and your friend Moore is among the number. I was thinking to myself only this morning, 'Wish I could get hold of Brewster!' and now, here you are. Won't you come down and join us, eh? The wife would be delighted to see you, and it would be like old times to smoke a pipe with you at nights."

"It would, indeed. I'm real sorry that I'm fixed up without hope of escape. Ask me another time and I'll not say no, I can

tell you. So Moore is coming, is he? An awfully decent sort, Moore. He was with me in Scotland last year. Any more of the old set coming whom I used to know?"

His friend considered. "Humph! No, I think not. Have to include the wife's friends now, you see. There's Johnstone—Know Johnstone? Big man with freckles; not much of a shot, but a great pet with the ladies—Tregelles and his wife, Barclay, and Reid, and two girls—Agnes Maitland and Miss Fuller."

The other man straightened himself suddenly. A light leapt into his eyes, and he called out sharply, "What! 'Fuller,' did you say! A Miss Fuller? By Jove, this is interesting! What is her Christian name?"

"Haven't the least idea. She is a jolly little girl whom we met last summer in a mountain hotel in Switzerland, and who was uncommonly good to the wife when she was laid up with a touch of sunstroke. We've asked her down as a little attention in return, but as a matter of fact our acquaintance is very slight. Her people live in Hampshire. Why do you want to know?"

"My dear fellow, it's a case of life and death. I'll tell you all about it. It was like this." And then as they strolled along the sunny pavement one man proceeded to recount this history of Moore's historic dream, while the other listened, and chuckled with amusement.

"Too funny altogether if this were the girl! As a matter of fact I never heard her addressed by her Christian name, and I doubt if the wife knows it. We were together only a week or ten days, and have no mutual friends."

"She will be addressed as Miss Fuller, then, by everyone in the house while she is with you?"

"Certainly she will. What of that?"

"My dear fellow, now's your chance. I see the possibility of a fine development. But, first of all, is she a nice girl? Would she be the right sort to take Dermot in hand?"

"I should say none better. Not a beauty, you know, but pleasant to look at, and one of the good old-fashioned sort, sweet and simple, and a very angel in a sick room, so I'm told."

"We'll hope she may not have much of that. I imagine Dermot with gout would be rather a handful. But seriously, it might be a good thing for him, eh? It's

time he settled down, and I think the old chap feels lonely sometimes, though he won't acknowledge it. He affects to hate the thought of matrimony. We all do, but those who have risked it seem to come out all right. You yourself——"

"Best day's work I ever did in my life!" said the other, firmly. "Only sorry I did not do it ten years before. It would be the making of Moore if this little girl would take him in hand; but how is it to be worked?"

"The easiest thing in the world. Get hold of him when he arrives, and engage his assistance in some scheme for entertaining the rest. That will prevent his making an escape — Dermot would never leave a friend in the lurch; then run over the names of your guests as you did to me just now, and chance the 'Ella' as an experiment. After all, we don't know that it is *not* her name. 'We have two girls here,' you will say, in an off-hand, casual kind of way, 'Agnes Maitland and Ella Fuller. Hope you'll get on.' Then stand by and watch the effect. He is superstitious like most Irish folk, and will feel it is the hand of Fate. Don't I wish I could be there! Let me know how it works. I promised to stand him a butter-dish, and I'd like to be

one of the first to send in my contribution. Be sure to send a line when the engagement comes out."

"Well, I'll see what the wife says. She's a horrible little match-maker, so I daresay we won't meet with any objections from her. It would be worth some scheming to get old Moore settled. There

is a place to be let in our neighbourhood which would just suit him. He could set up house-keeping at once."

"With the aid of the butter-dish!" said Brewster, and went off on his own way chuckling with satisfaction.



"DERMOT DROPPED HIS CIGARETTE-CASE WITH A CRASH, AND STARED AT CHRISTIE WITH DISTENDED EYES."

"But when he finds out that her name is not Ella, eh, what?" he asked himself mischievously. "Jolly good thing for me that Christie never seemed to take that into account!"

* * * * *

When Dermot Moore arrived at his friend's house, Major Christie took him

into his smoking-room, and heaved a sigh of relief.

"Can't tell you how thankful I am to see you!" he said. "This party is a bit of a weight on my mind, and I need a pal to see me through. There are some young folks who will want amusing, and some old 'uns who'll want rousing. They are friends of the wife's too, and I want their first visit to be a success. I know you'll help me. Even if you find it a bit trying, you won't fake up an excuse and leave me in the lurch as some fellows might. You'll see me through, old man?"

"Of course I will. Don't worry. Things will go off all right. They always



"SHE MADE A LITTLE GESTURE OF PROTEST. 'WELL, IT IS PRETTY, ISN'T IT?' SHE CRIED."

do if you let people alone and give them plenty of rope. I have no other engagement for the next fortnight, and am at your service if you want me. Who are the guests? Anyone I know?"

The Major turned towards the window, and took up a fresh cigar.

"There's Tregelles and his wife," he said, "and Johnstone, and Barclay and Reid, and little Mrs. Eton, the wife's cousin, and two girls—I don't know if you've met 'em—Agnes Maitland and Ella Fuller."

The sound of a crash came from the other side of the room. Dermot had dropped his silver cigarette-case, and was staring at him with distended eyes.

"Er—er—I beg your pardon? W—what name did you say?"

"Agnes Maitland, did you mean?" said Christie, with a face of lamb-like innocence. "Daughter of Nat Maitland, you know. And the other one? Oh, Miss Fuller! Ella Fuller, a girl we met in Switzerland in the summer. Happen to know her by any chance?"

"Certainly not, and never want—that is to say, delighted of course—any friend of yours. By Jove, how hot this room is! Perfectly stifling! Awfully warm weather for the time of the year," and Dermot mopped his brow, and looked so thoroughly perturbed that his friend was torn between contrition and amusement.

The dream of a year ago was still fresh in Moore's memory, and to his impressionable Irish nature the fact of having met the girl who appeared therein as his bride was fraught with terrible significance. To most men the personality of their future wife is revealed by slow and gradual stages; and even the bravest might confess to a spasm of nervousness if he were informed that the fair unknown, whom he was to take in to dinner an hour later, was destined to become the partner of a lifetime.

Dermot Moore had been seated at table for nearly five minutes that evening before he found courage to give more

than a casual glance at his companion. In the dizzy moment in which they had been introduced he had gathered that she wore a blue dress, and was of fair complexion, but when they crossed the hall together he was smitten with fresh confusion by the discovery that she walked persistently out of step, and said "Beautiful weather, isn't it?" in a clear, fresh voice, which was like—fatally like—the voice of his dream. When they took their seats, Miss Fuller waited patiently for her companion to open the ball, then took pity on his dumbness, and came herself to the rescue.

"I suppose you have often been in this neighbourhood before?" she remarked,

politely. "This is my first visit, and I am charmed with the pretty scenery."

Dermot turned and looked at her. Brown hair, white shoulders, grey eyes with a quaint little spot of brown in the left iris, nondescript features, and a pretty smile. His future wife in flesh and blood, gazing at him in calm unconsciousness of her doom! He fixed his own eyes upon her, oblivious of a reply, and his gaze grew stern and threatening. "Ha! ha! young woman," he was saying to himself. "You little

the Fates have spoken, and they must be obeyed."

He stared away with his fierce black eyes, until gradually a change passed over the girl's face, and she made a little gesture of protest.

"Well, it is pretty, isn't it?" she cried. "I haven't said anything to hurt your feelings, have I? I'm very sorry if I have. I'm sure I never meant to."

Dermot pulled himself together, and stammered out a feeble protest.



"MISS FULLER STARED AT HIM WITH HER GREY EYES, WHICH LOOKED VERY CLEAR AND BRIGHT IN THE MORNING LIGHT."

know to whom you are speaking. Look at me! Good-looking fellow, ain't I? Well, you'd best think so, for you have got to stare at me all the rest of your life! You will sit at the opposite side of the table, and watch me eat eggs and bacon every blessed day of the week, year in and year out, until you are old and feeble. I'm your husband, my dear! What do you say to that? It doesn't matter what you say—

"Certainly not, certainly not! I agree entirely. Charming! pretty. Why should you think——?"

"You glowered at me!" said Miss Fuller, demurely. She raised her eyebrows and looked at him, smiling and mischievous, and a dimple dipped in her cheek. If anything could have impressed Moore with a deeper sense of helplessness, it was the sight of that dimple. He groaned in spirit,

and put a third little spoonful of salt on his plate to keep the others company. Miss Fuller glanced at them under her eyelashes, and her lips twitched, but her eyes looked preternaturally grave.

* * * *

Sleep was long in coming to Dermot Moore that night. He sat on the side of his bed, large and disconsolate, and gave rein to melancholy thought.

"I shall propose to her, I know I shall! It's in the book: If she had been a pretty, society doll, or one of those loud, horsy women one meets so often nowadays, I could have stood my ground; but she has ways! I'm no match for a girl with ways. She was laughing at me at dinner! Nice thing to have a wife who laughs at me to my face. But then there's the dimple. I should always have the dimple to look at, and that would be a mitigation. Wonder what that little spot of brown means on her eye. Aggravating little spot; makes you want to look at her, when you don't want to. I mean—don't know what I mean! Don't know what to do! If it were not for Christie I'd cut the whole thing, and be off to-morrow, but I gave my word to stay.

"She's a nice little girl, but I don't want any nice little girls; I'm content as I am. Happy thought! she might refuse me! No telling what women will do. It's just possible, and I might do something towards making it more likely. If I could manage to shock her, and get her to believe I was a thoroughly bad lot, she'd have nothing to say to me. She's that sort. I like 'em that way, but I don't want her to take a fancy to me, and it's the only chance. Just wait until to-morrow, and I'll paint my character to her so that my own mother would not recognise it!"

The prospect was so soothing that he continued his undressing in quite a cheerful frame of mind, and made his appearance at breakfast next morning looking so bright that Major Christie's lingering scruples died on the spot.

After breakfast the ladies accompanied the gentlemen to the scene of the day's sport, and Dermot deliberately schemed to walk with Miss Fuller. She wore a pretty pink blouse, but over her arm was strung a blue golf cape, from within the folds of which he thrilled to recognise a bright plaid lining; and as she tripped by his side with her short uneven steps, she peeped at him from time to time with approving

glances. Dermot looked well in shooting attire, and was pleased that she recognised the fact. Nevertheless, she must be taught her lesson. He was considering how best to begin his denunciation, when she led the way by a direct question.

"Do you like shooting?" she asked him. "It seems to me so cruel; I wonder how it is that men can never be satisfied unless they are killing something? Aren't you sorry when you see the poor wild things fluttering their wings and quivering on the ground? Doesn't it spoil your pleasure to see them lying there?"

"No; I like it! The more the better. I never think of them," said Dermot, brutally; "I think of myself. I want to be amused, and it amuses me to knock 'em over. I make a rule in life never to consider anything else when my own pleasure is at stake."

Miss Fuller stared at him with her grey eyes; they looked very clear and bright in the morning light, and the brown patch was more distinct than at night.

"Don't you like animals?" she asked; and Moore answered with a brusque laugh—

"Oh, yes; in their way! In so far as they minister to my wants they are everything that is admirable; otherwise they cease to interest. I am a lonely man, with only myself to consider, and my own feelings weigh more with me than anything else. ("Nothing a woman hates so much as selfishness," he told himself, triumphantly; "that ought to prejudice her against me on the spot.") I—I beg your pardon! Did you speak?"

"Do you live *all* alone? Not all alone, surely!" Miss Fuller repeated. "You must have a sister, or friend, or—or *somebody* staying with you, to keep you company!"

"Thank goodness, no! I have not! I don't want 'em! They would bore me to distraction. I like going my own way, without being troubled with anyone else. It's as much as any man can do to look after himself."

She looked at him steadily, and drew her brows together. "Then you do nothing in life but amuse yourself! It must be a difficult task. Don't you get terribly sick of it at times?"

"Certainly not. Enjoy myself immensely, I assure you."

The young austerity of her glance smote him with a sense of unworthiness, but he

was not going to give in so early in the game. Throughout the walk he continued to describe incidents calculated to prove the inherent depravity of his nature, and Miss Fuller listened without remark, scrutinising him steadily with her grey eyes.

When they reached the spot where the party separated and the ladies began to retrace their way home, Moore turned back and saw her standing apart from the rest, following him with her eyes, grave and pitiful, as some good angel sorrowing over the follies of mankind; and, as he looked at

the girl's benefit, but spasms of repentance overtook him in each instance, and counteracted the effect of his efforts.

On the fifth day he began to waver; on the sixth he asked himself if a man were not a fool to struggle against Fate; by the tenth day he found himself hopelessly in love.

And now it was the fourteenth day, and Dermot had dressed for a bicycle ride with the fixed determination to tell Miss Fuller of his love before they returned home for lunch. If he were nervous, he was still more determined, and during the



"'WHO IS ELLA?' SHE DEMANDED, STERNLY, AND DERMOT STARED IN AMAZEMENT."

her, a wild desire seized him to rush back to her side and contradict all he had said; to explain that he was not, in reality, the monster of depravity which he had depicted.

* * * *

A fortnight passed, and Major Christie's other guests had dispersed, but Dermot Moore and Miss Fuller still remained. Mrs. Christie invented continual excuses to detain the girl, and Dermot reminded himself daily that he had "promised" to stay a fortnight. For the first week of the time he had faithfully adhered to his resolution to paint himself in his blackest colours for

first hour made no less than three separate attempts to lead the conversation into a personal channel. On each occasion, however, his companion turned the remark aside in her light, inconsequent fashion, and they were absolutely on their way home before he gathered courage for a further essay.

"Do you—er—do you believe that a man should be influenced by—er—by *warnings*?" he asked, abruptly; and the girl turned her face upon him, smilingly unconscious.

"'This Hill is Dangerous'? Oh, yes, I

do. It's folly to go coasting down as some people do. I knew a man——"

"I don't mean warnings to cyclists—something very different; I meant a dream. Once I had a dream."

"Gracious!" cried Miss Fuller. "Once? I have them every night. Can you dream to order? I can. I lie still and think very hard, and then——"

"You won't listen to what I say—you won't let me speak," began Dermot, angrily.

He was so much occupied in staring in her face, so entirely engrossed in the subject in hand, that he forgot to look where he was going; and so it happened that his bicycle came suddenly in collision with a milestone, he was shot forward into the air, and came down crash at a distance of some five or six yards, with his head against some hard substance, and his arm doubled up beneath him. A moment of shock and pain, an unthinking blank, and then a strange, throbbing confusion, out of which a plaintive cry sounded in his ear. Someone was sitting close beside him, repeating the same words over and over again in the smallest of small, agonised whispers.

"Oh! what shall I do?" wailed the voice. "What shall I do? He is dead—I know he's dead! What shall I do? What shall I——"

"Ella," whispered Dermot, faintly, "Ella, darling, is that you? Are you there beside me?"

There was a death-like silence—a silence which seemed to last an immeasurable time before a voice like a breath from Alpine glaciers spoke once again.

"No, Mr. Moore, it is not Ella; it is I—Miss Fuller. Can I do anything to help you?"

Dermot raised himself on his elbow and looked at her pitifully. He was not really hurt, but was weak and shaken, and he made no attempt to disguise his sufferings, knowing too well their power over the sensitive feminine heart.

"You can do everything," he said, earnestly. "I can't take care of myself

any longer—I love you so badly. Won't you take me in hand? I'm—I'm very faint; may I lean my head on your shoulder?"

The girl held out her arms with the prettiest gesture; then drew back frowning and embarrassed.

"Who is Ella?" she demanded, sternly, and Dermot stared in amazement.

"You are Ella. You could not possibly think there was anyone else?"

"I?—I Ella? I am Gwendoline!" Miss Fuller reared her head with the conscious pride of three syllables. "You may call me Gwen. Are you sure you are not really hurt? If you had been killed it would have broken my heart. What made you think I was called Ella?"

"Don't know, I'm sure—dreamt it, I suppose." Mentally Dermot was uttering pæans of thanksgiving. "It wasn't Fate after all, then; it was my own unbiassed choice. Hurrah! This makes it ten times better. I knew she was the girl for me the moment I saw her, and the blessed old dream had no part to play in the matter."

"And are you sure you care for me a little?" he asked, aloud. "Can't think how you can. What made you take a fancy to a worthless old fellow like me?"

Gwen reflected, her chin resting against his head, her eyes fixed on the far distance.

"I think," she said, slowly, "it was that first talk, when you told me all those horrid things about yourself. I was so sorry for you that I wanted to help you. Later on I found out that it wasn't true, for you were just the best and dearest man in the world, and I thought—I wondered—I hoped that perhaps you had liked me too, and had given yourself a bad character because you wanted me to—to be interested, you know, and get to care. Perhaps that was really the reason—was it, Dermot?"

"Perhaps it was!" said Dermot, boldly. So long as he lived, he vowed to himself he would never tell his little wife the real reason of that denunciation.





THE QUEEN AND HER FOUR-HORSE CARRIAGE WITH OUTRIDERS

Hughes & Mullins, Photo

BY BERNARD OWEN.

IT has become natural in the public mind to associate Royalty with riding, and a good pose on horseback is generally looked upon as the most appropriate for the portrait of a king.

Probably the association of monarchs with victories on the battlefield has much to do with this, though there are few Royal personages, especially on the Continent, who do not more or less frequently appear before their people as equestrians.

Those who are old enough to carry back their memories three-score years will remember that the then youthful Queen of England was well known as not only an expert but a dashing rider. Nothing at

that time gave her greater pleasure than a hard gallop at the head of a merry party across the green glades of the great forest at Windsor or along the quiet country lanes.

Indeed, in those days the post of maid of honour was in this respect not an altogether enviable one, for the task of keeping pace with her Royal mistress in the daily ride proved too much for many a lady of high degree who had supposed herself an accomplished horsewoman.

But advancing years have brought with them many changes, and the Queen no longer rides on horseback, though she continued her favourite exercise—chiefly in



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN IN HER PONY CARRIAGE

Hughes & Mullins, Photo

Scotland—much longer than is the case with most ladies.



Downey, Photo

THE QUEEN ON HORSEBACK
ABOUT 30 YEARS AGO.

donkey from Egypt, but more frequently by a small and sober-minded pony, who is not the least loyal and obedient of the Queen's subjects.

Seated in this little carriage, the aged monarch invariably spends part of the morning in visiting the gardens and grounds of her palaces. Even when staying in the South of France this part of the day's programme is rarely omitted.

The Queen is never more happy than when a cluster of small grandchildren are clambering about the little vehicle. The illustration in the centre of this page shows one of these informal family gatherings at Balmoral. Surrounding the pony chair are the Tsar and Tsarina of Russia, the

Duchess of Connaught, and three of the younger princesses, while the Queen fondles a favourite white



THE QUEEN, TSAR, TSARINA, AND
DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

Louney, Photo

Our portrait of Her Majesty seated on her favourite grey horse is reproduced from a little-known photograph, taken on one of the last occasions when she rode on horseback.

Although the Queen no longer rides thus, she is very fond of driving, and two of our illustrations show the pony chair which is now in daily use wherever Her Majesty may be residing. It is sometimes drawn by a splendid white

Spitz. The Duke of Connaught in highland costume is standing



Downey, Photo

DUCHESS OF FIFE DRIVING THE
PRINCE OF WALES.

beside the pony.

Her Majesty's four-horse carriage which appears at the head of this article is a familiar sight to dwellers in the Isle of Wight, where it is in frequent use when

But though the ever-growing army of cyclists cannot number Her Majesty in their ranks, they may console themselves with the knowledge that she looks upon cycling with an indulgent eye, and that they are by no means without representatives in the Royal Family.

The Princess of Wales and her daughters frequently indulge in cycling at Sandringham, and many of the Queen's grandchildren have long been devoted to the wheel, though most of them do not seem to consider it consistent with dignity to cycle before the public gaze. The Duchess of Fife is well known to be an expert cyclist, and frequently accompanies her husband on long spins across the country. The photograph from which our illustration on page 20 is reproduced was taken on one of these occasions.

The Heir Apparent to the throne contented himself for a long while with the safe but laborious tricycle, which he used freely at his home in Norfolk, until the assurances of some of his intimate friends that it was possible to master the bicycle without sustaining a

Ralph,
Photo

THE
DUKE
OF
YORK
IS
FOND
OF
RIDING.



Downey
Photo

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE
CARRIAGE WHICH HE USED
AFTER HIS LATE ACCIDENT.

fall led
him to
make the
experi-

the Court is at Osborne House, though it is but little known elsewhere.

Not many years ago, in the privacy of the grounds at Osborne, the Queen made practical test of cycling. Seated on a tricycle of substantial build, she cautiously made her way along a secluded part of the carriage drive, where the ubiquitous photographer had no chance of taking indiscreet snapshots. This was her only attempt at cycling, and the Queen formed the opinion that at her time of life carriage exercise was more appropriate as well as less laborious.

ment with the happiest results.

After a short period of instruction at Cannes and in London at the hands of Mr. Oliver Stanton he became complete master of his machine. Unfortunately the accident by which he broke his knee-cap brought a temporary check to the Prince's career as a cyclist. So complete has been his recovery, however, that at the time of writing the Prince has resumed the use of a tricycle, and hopes very shortly to again mount his bicycle.

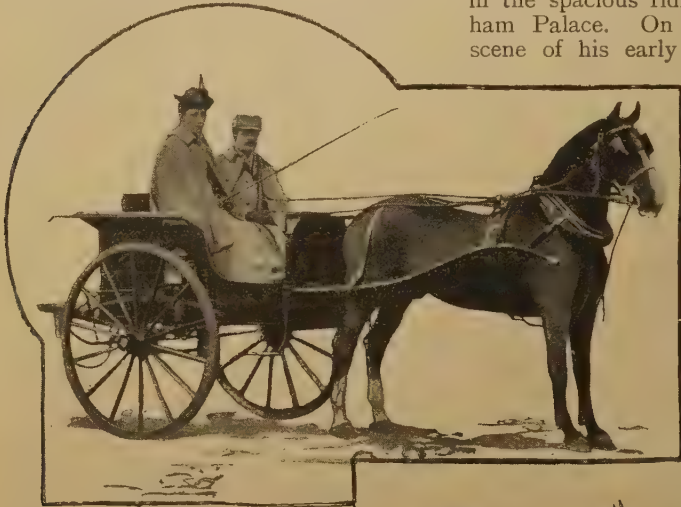
In this connection our picture of the Prince of Wales in a low carriage is interesting, as it was taken during the time that his accident disabled him from walking.

As a horseman the Prince has always been noted for a good seat and an easy bearing, as most Londoners whose business

and easy rider, as becomes one who for so many years was Commander-in-Chief of the British Army.

Like his father, the Duke of York is also a lover of a horse, and his career as a sailor certainly did not involve the loss of the expert horsemanship which he gained by long and occasionally painful practice in the spacious riding-school at Buckingham Palace. On a recent visit to the scene of his early efforts he remarked laughingly that he had sustained many a fall there. In our illustration he is fondling his favourite horse.

His sister, the Duchess of Fife, is not only an expert cyclist, but an exceptionally skilful driver. Everyone in the neighbourhood of Mar Lodge knows the familiar dogcart driven by the Princess, whose firm hold upon the reins shows that her gentle



Downey, Photo

THE DUCHESS OF FIFE IS AN EXPERT DRIVER. HERE SHE IS DRIVING THE DUKE

brings them to Pall Mall in the early forenoon have had abundant opportunity of noticing for themselves. In the Diamond Jubilee procession he formed a conspicuous figure as he rode behind the Queen's carriage, between the Dukes of Cambridge and Connaught.

For martial air and dignity the Duke of Connaught appears to greatest advantage when mounted on his charger at a review. In this respect he makes a good second to his energetic nephew, the German Kaiser, who is a past master in the art of assuming a warlike pose.

The Duke of Cambridge, notwithstanding his advanced age—he is two months older than the Queen—is still an expert



Downey, Photo

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF FIFE GREATLY ENJOY THE CYCLE AS WELL AS DRIVING.

demeanour is not incompatible with marked strength of character.

Nothing gives the Duchess greater pleasure than to take her friends and relatives for long drives through the deep mountain passes which lie about her highland home, and they never feel safer than when in her capable hands. Our illustrations show her

thus acting as driver for her father and her husband. Both photographs were taken at Old Mar Lodge.

Coming now to a younger generation of the Royal Family, this page devoted to



PRINCE
ALBERT
OF YORK'S
FAVOUR-
ITE
MOUNT.

borrower—of a Shetland pony and a little carriage built for two. In this it is his special pride to take his brother and sister for a drive.

The three children make a charming group. Prince Edward's air of proprietorship as he stands at the pony's head is irresistible. The baby Princess Victoria of York holds the reins in quite professional style, while her brother, Prince Albert, sits with an air of perfect content, apparently feeling that he is in safe hands.

Evidently Prince Albert intends to follow his father's example and become a skilled horseman, for he sits astride his wooden steed with hands down and feet firm in the stirrups as becomes a graceful rider. The uplifted whip plainly indicates who is going to prove the master.

The children of Princess Henry of Battenberg, the daughter who has never left

THE YORKS.

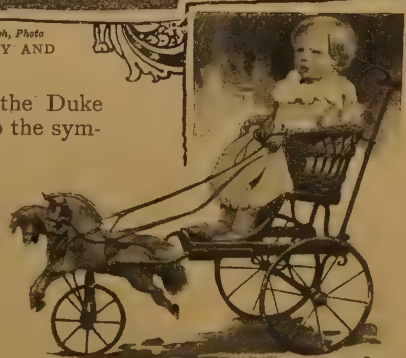


PRINCE EDWARD'S PRESENT HOBBY—A SHETLAND PONY AND CARRIAGE FOR HIS BROTHER AND SISTER.

portraits of the three charming children of the Duke and Duchess of York cannot fail to appeal to the sympathy of all our readers. It is evident that these very juvenile Royalties have inherited the family love of driving, and that they firmly accept the principle that it is never too young to begin.

Our future king, Prince Edward of York, made a brave start with a carriage which somewhat recalls the pony chair used by his illustrious grandmother, the Queen. But instead of a sober-minded pony, two fiery steeds are harnessed to the chariot, though a handle at the back is reminiscent of the perambulator, and suggests that possibly after all the nursemaid was the real source of motion.

This was some little time ago, and now Prince Edward is the proud possessor—or



OUR FUTURE KING'S—PRINCE EDWARD'S—LATE CARRIAGE AND PAIR.

the Queen, are always much in evidence wherever the Court may be. Princess Ena is already a graceful rider upon her white pony, and somewhat recalls an early portrait of Queen Victoria.

Her brothers—two merry little lads—are happy in the possession of a pair of shaggy Shetlands which they delight to drive about the neighbourhood of Osborne House, where they are often to be seen.

At present they have not advanced very far in the art of horsemanship, but this will doubtless come by-and-bye, for it will be remembered that their father, Prince Henry of Battenberg, who lost his life through a fever contracted in the

of every reader of this magazine.

We must not omit to add that the British Royal Family, from the Queen downwards, have always been distinguished for the kindness and consideration with which they have treated their horses and other favourite animals. Her Majesty is a liberal supporter of the Royal

Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and is known to hold strong views upon the bearing-rein question, while several of the Princesses also take an interest in the work of the Society. The Prince of Wales gives active support to all that concerns the well-being of horses,



Russell, Photo

PRINCESS ENA OF BATTENBERG AND HER FAVOURITE PONY.

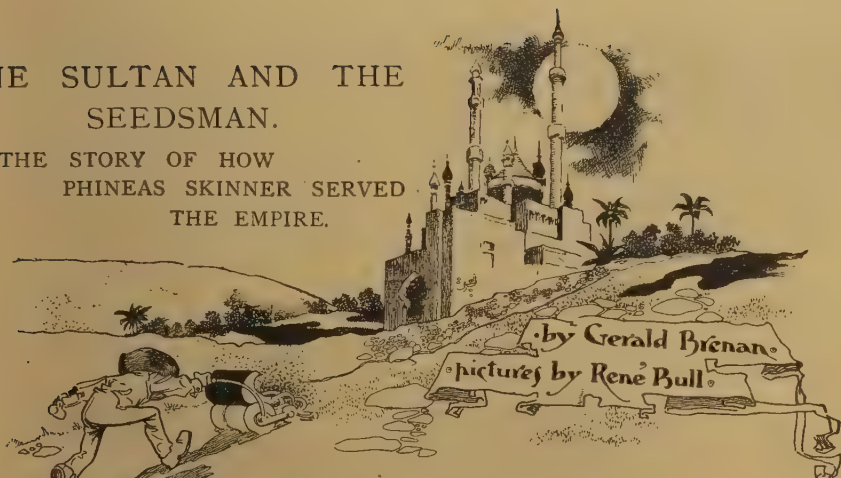


Hughes & Mullins, Photo

HER TWO BROTHERS ARE OFTEN TO BE SEEN AT WHIPPINGHAM DRIVING A PAIR OF SHETLAND PONIES.

THE SULTAN AND THE SEEDSMAN.

THE STORY OF HOW
PHINEAS SKINNER SERVED
THE EMPIRE.



WHEN Phineas Skinner dismounted from the mule-train at the Sultan's gate in the city of Haran, he indulged in no prostrations, nor did he remove his boots. Phineas Skinner had come to Iranistan to plant garden seeds, not to cultivate Oriental etiquette.

If you searched all Battersea through, you could not have found a more alert and keen-eyed Briton than this little seedsman. Hardly more than five feet high was Phineas; but those were five feet of courage, energy, and endurance. The little seedsman had sold the wares of the Central Seed Syndicate to most of the Royal and Imperial gardens of Europe, and to some of those of Asia. He had wandered far afield; but on every occasion he had come home safely to Battersea and Mrs. Skinner.

But this visit to the Sultanate of Iranistan took Phineas farther than he had hitherto strayed. His Majesty the Sultan Mahmoud Khan desired a kitchen garden; and the Central Seed Syndicate had contracted to give him one. So the syndicate's Mr. Skinner went out to Bombay in charge of a great quantity of vegetable seeds, watering-pots, garden-rollers, and the like; pushing thence to the limits of active British rule, and eventually loading himself and his goods upon a mule-train bound for the sacred but unsanitary city of Haran.

The British Resident at Haran is Macpherson-Fraser, C.S.I.; and his work is cut out for him. He is expected to keep the Sultan of Iranistan in continual good

humour; and the man who accomplishes this successfully could manage a schoolful of spoilt children to the satisfaction of their doting mothers. The Resident, to Skinner's great relief, explained that Mahmoud Khan had been seriously indisposed for several days; and that the ordeal of an audience with royalty need not be gone through. Vastly delighted that he was not called upon to "shed his boots and do a crawl" (as he expressed it), Phineas was conducted to a hut which had been placed at his disposal, on the outer fringe of the royal gardens. These gardens, as persons familiar with Haran will remember, lie two miles north of the city, on the great caravan road into Central Asia, and surround the famous Golden Pavilion wherein the Sultan sometimes recreates himself.

Having ascertained the precise limits of space allotted for seed-planting, and made the acquaintance of Hadji Mustapha, the Chief Gardener, Phineas set about unpacking his bales and boxes. Next day saw him hard at work clearing ground, with seven stalwart and turbaned toilers to obey his lightest behest. Seed-planting had actually begun when Macpherson-Fraser rode out to the gardens again. Skinner's men were well in hand, and one corner of the grounds looked like a sort of elfin necropolis, with its little wooden stakes sticking up from the new-turned earth, each stake bearing a pencilled legend to the effect that "Broccoli," "Endives," or some other seed had been interred below in confident hope of an appetising resurrection.

"You are not likely to be annoyed by a royal visit at present," said the British Resident as he accompanied Phineas along

the drills. "The Sultan is reported quite ill. Even I cannot see him, and he has been removed here to the Golden Pavilion, at the urgent advice of his new physician, Doctor Le Verrier."

"Le Verrier?" repeated the seedsman. "Is that the little French busybody that came fussing around here to-day, and jumped on me for swearing a bit at the men?"

"I suppose so, Mr. Skinner," sighed Macpherson-Fraser. "The description sounds very like the doctor."

"Well, sir, he got as good as he gave. Before he came, I had confined myself to plain English, but out of compliment to him I threw in a few French remarks too. You should have seen him waddle off when I began."

"No doubt you were justified in resenting his interference, Mr. Skinner; but—er—it is better not to insult Doctor Le Verrier. He is a person of distinction, and—er—has great influence at Court."

"Cauliflowers are my line, not courts. I've simply got to ballyrag these fellows or they won't do a stroke of work; and it's my job, not Doctor Le What-you-may-call-him's."

Macpherson-Fraser returned to the city, and Phineas went on with his own work in his own way. But he had not seen the last of Doctor Le Verrier. A spare patch of ground at the very end of the gardens, close to the boundary wall, had been dug up, rolled, and sown with specially-selected grass seeds. One morning, Phineas wrathfully observed that somebody had been walking over the loose earth. The footprints were small, and had been made by a sharp-pointed shoe. In other words, they were the footprints of a European. Skinner's language was vigorous as he raked away the offending traces. But when they reappeared on the following morning, his rage grew white-hot.

"If I could only catch the fellow——" he was beginning, when the thought flashed across his mind that he had seen shoes somewhere recently which might fit those marks in the clay.

"The French doctor, for a moral," was his muttered reflection. "I noticed his elegant little tennis shoes at the time. I wonder what brings the doctor over my grass-seeds two nights running."

The patch of embryo grass stretched to the foot of the wall, and the footprints seemed to lead towards where a large pear-

tree spread its branches and afforded an easy climb to anyone desirous of trying a drop into the palm-grove beyond. Approaching this tree, Skinner saw that it had been freshly barked in places, and that a dead twig or two had snapped off. He rubbed his jaw meditatively.

"Why does the French doctor prefer to risk his neck over a wall, when all the gates might be open to him?" he asked. "And what on earth does the doctor want outside at night? Perhaps it's a love affair. Well, he can do all the love-making and midnight serenading he likes; but he shan't hoof it over my grass seeds. I'll lay low in that clump of bushes to-night, and catch him in the act."

Accordingly Phineas went into ambush a few hours after sundown, and waited for the tree-climber with the sharp-pointed shoes. Partially hidden by the remnant of uncleared scrub, and partly by the shadow of the wall, he made himself as comfortable as possible. It had come into his head that the Sultan's French physician's nightly trips across the garden might have for their object some revengeful plot against his seeds—and to touch Skinner's seeds was to tamper with his reputation.

A footstep struck into the circle of Skinner's hearing; and a vague, white form appeared, coming across the garden.

"Straight through my celery-bed," groaned Phineas. "But he's alone, and he hasn't got a spade. So it can't be the seeds he's after."

The man in white was Doctor Le Verrier. He passed within a few feet of where Phineas lay, and the moonlight fell upon his bearded face and Tartarinesque figure. As yet the seedsman made no move. He was waiting to see what Le Verrier would do—to catch him, literally and metaphorically, up a tree.

What the Sultan's physician did was to march coolly among the grass seeds, pick up a pebble, and cast it over the wall. He threw with an underhand jerk, like most foreigners; but this did not explain the phenomenon which followed. For the flung pebble almost immediately returned from beyond, and fell at Le Verrier's feet. Once more he jerked it across, and once more it came speeding back.

Apparently satisfied, the Frenchman proceeded, not without pain and difficulty, to hoist himself into the lower branches of the pear-tree. Thence, by clambering a little way, he was able to reach a spot from

which he could look over the parapet. Phineas Skinner's eyes had missed nothing of these movements; nor did his ears fail to catch what ensued. In the course of his expeditions he had picked up a smattering of French, the language in which the conversation was couched.

"Felicitate me, my dear colleague," said Le Verrier. "I have at last succeeded."

"He will come then?"

"He will come; although he still affects to be in doubt. But the money will convince him. To-morrow night, at half-past one, we shall be here. You are ready, I trust?"

"I have been ready this six weeks. Any fear of interruption?"

"My faith, no. The worthy British Resident apparently swallows all my accounts of Mahmoud's illness. The only person in the gardens is a brutal English seed-planter, who vomits curses all day, and sleeps like a pig all night."

"An Englishman, though," said the voice across the wall, doubtfully.

"Yes; but a stupid peasant—a mere gardener. And at any rate I have taken the precaution to make sure of him. Every night, as I pass his hut, I leave Ayoub on guard. Should the Englishman desire to walk abroad while we are engaged, Ayoub would cut him down on the spot."

The man beyond grunted approvingly; while Skinner congratulated himself heartily that he had left his hut before Le Verrier posted the nightly sentinel.

"The disguise continues effective, M. le Comte?" continued the Frenchman.

"Perfectly so. The bazaars know me as the rich merchant from Teheran, nothing more. Those Teheran blotches you painted on my face would deceive the Shah himself. My goods are all sold, and the caravan

is ready to return north-westward. And now, since all is ready, let us not stay chattering here."

"*Au revoir*," murmured Le Verrier, and prepared to descend the tree. But, with one foot on the lower branch, he stopped. "Oh, M. le Comte," he cried, "I omitted to ask about the ladder. She is very nervous about that ladder. You see, her brother lost his life from a scaffolding at Poissy, and so——"

The man beyond the wall laughed harshly.

"Ah, bah!" he said. "Women are all the same. I thought Clo-



"A FOOTSTEP STRUCK INTO THE CIRCLE OF SKINNER'S HEARING; AND A VAGUE, WHITE FORM APPEARED, COMING ACROSS THE GARDEN."

thilde was above such superstition. Yet here she is, ready to spoil the whole enterprise just because the ladder isn't quite to her

liking. Promise her another string of pearls to forget her brother and the scaffolding at Poissy. When we get her here she must either climb or else remain

behind to the mercies of Mahmoud's other wives."

Farewells were exchanged, and the doctor clambered down from the tree. As for Phineas Skinner, he remained quietly behind his clump of bushes. It had occurred to him that Le Verrier's journeys across the gardens might have for object something of far greater importance than the mere destruction of vegetable seeds. Else, why was a sentinel posted at the door of his hut? What did the rendezvous for the next night signify? Who was "Clothilde"? And the unseen speaker beyond the wall, with his talk of strings of pearls and Persian disguises—who was he? These reflections kept Phineas in concealment, while Doctor Le Verrier retraced his steps across the grass seeds and through the celery-bed. Skinner heard him whistle for the man left on guard at the hut; and thereafter silence rested upon the garden again.

Then Phineas arose cautiously, shook the dew from his garments, and lit a pipe. He did not climb up the tree, because he had no wish to reveal himself to anyone who might chance to be watching on the other side of the wall, among the palm-trees. On the contrary, he stole softly back to his hut, and, having reconnoitred the place, lest Ayoub might still be on guard, entered and locked the door.

Skinner knew little of Iranistan affairs, save that the kingdom, although independent, was heavily subsidised by Great Britain. He had heard, of course, of French eyes cast longingly upon certain ports and coaling stations, and of Russian jealousy of England's paramount influence in the Sultan's dominions. These matters were common newspaper gossip at home. It seemed very likely that the conference just overheard might concern some plot against British supremacy in Iranistan. "Seeds are my business," said Skinner to himself, as he turned in for a few hours' sleep; "but I'm not going to see our side get any the worst of it."

Accordingly, when Phineas' workmen arrived that morning, one of them was sent with a note to Macpherson-Fraser. The note asked the Resident to come and behold a most extraordinary specimen of slug found in the garden, and deemed by Skinner a serious menace. It was just as well that the message was thus worded, for—as Phineas afterwards discovered—his workman was stopped by Doctor Le Verrier, and the writing examined, under

the specious pretence that the doctor thought it was intended for him.

"Where is this rare slug of yours, Mr. Skinner?" asked the Resident, when he made his appearance about noon. In reply, Phineas led him towards a distant part of the garden; and there, while they made believe to examine the drills for the dangerous slug, Phineas told his countryman everything which had occurred during the night.

Macpherson-Fraser was silent for a minute. Then, looking the little seedsman in the face, he made answer: "Mr. Skinner, you have put me in possession of most important facts—facts which I have suspected, but could never prove before. And I must call upon you for still further exertions and assistance."

Skinner cast an uneasy glance at his foreman's awkward efforts to peg out a line with a ravelled string. "Well, Mr. Fraser, there is my work——"

"*Service of the Empire, Skinner?*"

Phineas' manner altered. "In that case," he replied, with a grin, "as a ratepayer of Battersea, I'm bound to stand by the Empire."

Macpherson-Fraser and the seedsman walked up and down for half an hour, apparently discussing the slug. But in this time the Resident managed to give Phineas a great deal of useful political information. The Sultan had long enjoyed an annual subsidy of 2,500,000 rupees from the British Government, and a year before he had borrowed from the same source a very large lump sum. Nevertheless, he was constantly demanding an increase of subsidy and further loans, and these had been sternly refused. In return for value received, the Sultan was pledged to allow no other nation a foothold in his realms, and to remain the faithful ally of England in peace and in war. Rebuffed in money matters, however, he had shown a restless discontent of late; and, at the instance of his new and favourite wife, Pirouze, had dismissed his British physician in favour of a Frenchman, Le Verrier, who was keenly suspected of being a Franco-Russian agent.

"I will bet my pay," said the Resident, "that Pirouze is really the Clothilde whom you heard mentioned last night. Mahmoud has always asserted that she was a Circassian, but I've had my doubts. It looks like a very pretty plot—the object being to spirit Mahmoud away from Haran, evade the repayment of his debts to us,

cause a war, and give Russia and France a chance to step in. Of course, if the Sultan fled, he would take his favourite wife with him, hence the remarks about the ladder. However, we must not surmise. To-night will tell us the truth. I will ask you to let me in by the small gate in the west wall, through which you throw out your weeds, at eleven sharp. In the meantime send this telegram for me from the Haran office. It will arouse no suspicion, coming from you; for by a splen-

glancing genially over the other's shoulder, "sending a wire to old England, eh?"

"No, sir. I've run out of Brussels sprouts seeds, and am sending for more." And he handed the telegram to the clerk.

Doctor Le Verrier smacked his lips. "Good," he remarked. "I have a particular fondness for Brussels sprouts. Be very careful of that message, Ab-dul. I am most anxious that those seeds should arrive in safety. Ah, my good seeds-



"THE PARTY WATCHED WHILE TWO BAGS OF MONEY WERE HANDED TO THE SULTAN. 'ALMOST AM I CONVINCED,' SAID MAHMOUD."

didly lucky coincidence I took my secret telegraph code from a botanical dictionary."

A little later in the day the stolid Mohammedan in charge of the Haran telegraph office despatched the following message for Mr. Phineas Skinner—

"Brown, D— Street, Calcutta. Send ten packages Brussels sprouts, care of British Resident, immediately."

Doctor Le Verrier happened to drop into the office while Skinner was writing the telegram.

"Ah, my friend the seedsman," he said,

man, what a useful person you are, and how I shall enjoy those Brussels sprouts when they come up!"

Probably, had he known how many Highlanders and Ghurkas go to a cipher

"package of Brussels sprouts," the Doctor might not have smiled with such complacent cynicism.

At eleven o'clock Phineas opened the small gate in the southern garden wall, according to the Resident's orders, and admitted the latter official and two companions. Macpherson-Fraser had brought with him his secretary—a young Irishman named Blake—and a stalwart, hirsute Sikh, who acted in time of peace as a sort of dragoon at the Residency. All three were armed with revolvers, and Phineas kept them company with a serviceable Smith and Wesson, given him by an American millionaire whose gardens he had helped to lay out. They took their way in silence to the spot where the seedsman had lain *perdu* on the preceding night. Here the strategical genius of Phineas had caused a deep trench to be dug, "for a melon-frame foundation," he declared to the head gardener, although there seemed little need for melon-frames in Iranistan. The trench was curtained by the clump of

bushes above alluded to, and the four had little difficulty in hiding there. Conversation above a whisper was interdicted, and, as early as midnight, pipes and cigars were laid aside. Shortly after one o'clock they heard a distant footstep, and the hum of voices.

A group of persons was advancing from the pome-

rear there stalked a corpulent individual in a turban. Apparently this completed the procession, but Skinner rightly fancied that he caught a glimpse as of drawn steel among the distant trees.

At the foot of the wall Doctor Le Verrier repeated his performance of the night before—twice throwing a pebble across, and twice receiving it back from the colleague whom he called "M. le Comte."

There was a brief pause, and then something resembling the coil of a rope was thrown into the garden. It proved to be a ladder of hides, which Le Verrier and the man with the bundles lost no time in securing firmly to the trunk of the pear-tree. Another pause, and a head appeared

over the wall. The head was followed by a body, and a tall man, attired in the dress of a Persian merchant of wealth, climbed swiftly down the rungs.

"This, O King," said Le Verrier, speaking in the vernacular, "is Lieutenant Count Vassili Petrovitch Dourskow."

The stout personage in the turban waved a jewelled hand, while Count Dourskow salaamed as only those can salaam who have some Asiatic blood.

"I have hearkened to your persuasions," said the corpulent man, in high-pitched, querulous tones. "I have hearkened, and almost am I convinced. It is certain that the English are dogs. They want my very kingdom for a few rupees. You wish me to fly into the north with you, proclaiming a Holy War. I am almost convinced."

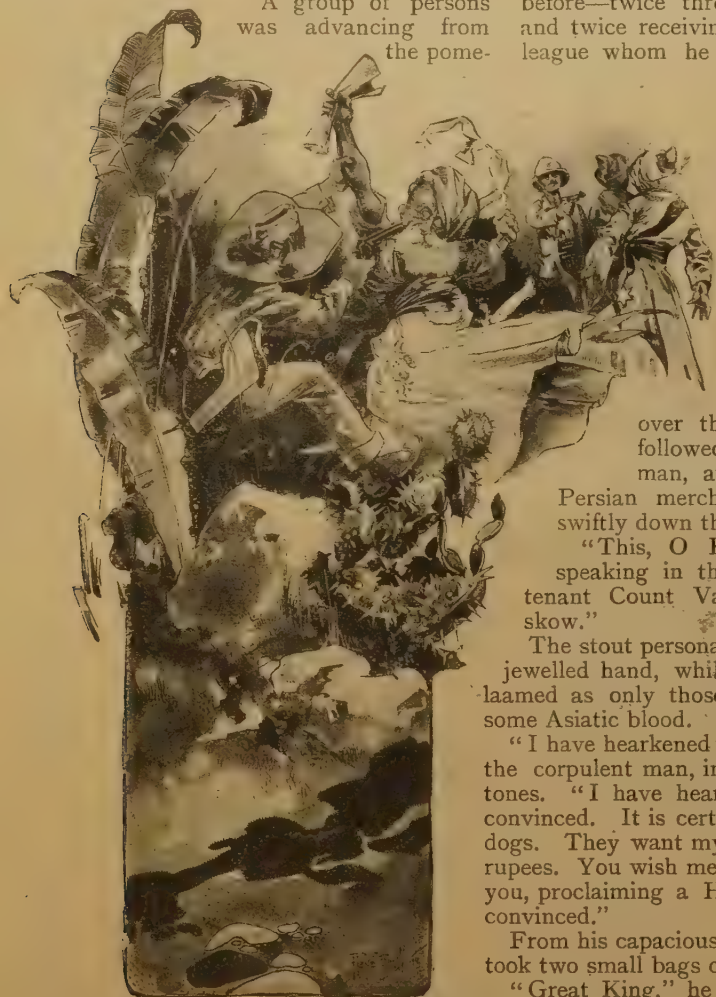
From his capacious girdle Vassili Petrovitch took two small bags of sheepskin.

"Great King," he said, "my master sends you these as earnest-money. Three times the sum awaits you when we reach the frontier. My caravan halts on the fringe of the palm-grove, not a hundred yards away. In a few days we shall be among your faithful tribesmen in the north, among the peoples from whom your royal race first sprang. Twelve thousand rifles and six pieces of ordnance stand ready across the border. Deign to accompany your servant and throw off the English yoke."

Mahmoud Khan, Sultan of Iranistan, took

"THE SEEDSMAN SHOT OUT FROM THE TRENCH HARD BY, GRIPPED THE UPLIFTED HAND, PRESSED A REVOLVER AGAINST THE RUSSIAN'S EAR, AND CRIED, 'DEATH BE BLESSED! YOU'RE TRESPASSING ON MY GRASS SEEDS!'"

granate grove which marked the path to the Golden Pavilion. The Frenchman led the way, followed by a man carrying some bundles; next walked two women closely veiled; while in the



the twin sheepskin bags and weighed them meditatively, glancing back to where the two women stood. "This is well enough," he said, "but what of the large loan that was spoken of?"

Le Verrier came hurriedly forward. "The loan will be consummated," he said, "on the day that the King is pleased to raise his standard against the English. Is it not so, Count Dourskow?"

"It is even so."

"Almost am I convinced," said Mahmoud.

Dourskow took a third package from his girdle. "Behold," he said, "a string of pearls, which I implore your majesty to clasp around the ravishing neck of the lady Pirouze, Sultana of free Iranistan."

The foremost of the women advanced in very un-Oriental fashion and seized the gift. "*Ohé, Vassili, mon vieux!*" she cried, in the accents of Montmartre. "You've still got the gift of the gab and a taste in *bijouterie*." Then, approaching Mahmoud, she whispered a few words.

"The will of Allah be done," remarked Mahmoud. "I am convinced. I will accompany you."

"And the proclamation, O King? The proclamation to your Emirs, and to the people, annulling all treaties with Great Britain?"

The veiled woman handed a folded document to Dourskow.

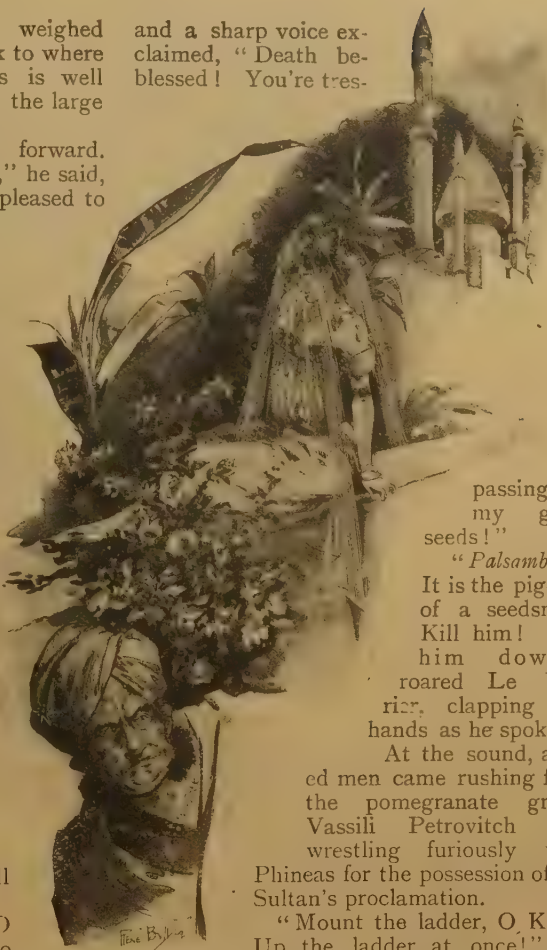
"It is here," she said, with a laugh. "Mahmoud Khan signed it an hour ago. And now, my King of Kings, let us go; for I fear these English. Vassili, do you lead the way."

The Sultan moved slowly to the hanging ladder. Doctor Le Verrier seized the rope and held it taut.

"Death to the English!" cried Dourskow, waving the proclamation above his head.

A small, lithe figure shot out from the trench hard by and gripped the uplifted hand. The suggestive nozzle of a revolver was pressed against the Russian's ear,

and a sharp voice exclaimed, "Death be blessed! You're tres-



passing on my grass seeds!"

"*Palsambleu!*

It is the pig-dog of a seedsman. Kill him! Cut him down!"

roared Le Verrier, clapping his hands as he spoke.

At the sound, armed men came rushing from the pomegranate grove. Vassili Petrovitch was wrestling furiously with Phineas for the possession of the Sultan's proclamation.

"Mount the ladder, O King! Up the ladder at once!" the Frenchman shouted, actually hustling in his excitement the sacred person of the lord of Iranistan.

But the Sultan's jaw had dropped; and he was staring, pale-faced and speechless, at the trench before which stood in line the British Resident, his secretary, and the Sikh, each with a revolver pointed straight at His Majesty's head. Mahmoud is said to be no coward; but he saw that he was fairly caught.

"Bid your soldiers halt, O King!" rang out the voice of the Resident; "bid them halt, or I fire!"

The tongue of Mahmoud Khan was loosened. "Back, dogs!" he cried, springing before the advancing men; "back, till I summon ye!" The command was

"MADAME CLOTHILDE DEPARTED GRACEFULLY UP THE LADDER WITH THE SULTAN'S LAST KISS UPON HER FOREHEAD."

instantly obeyed. The onrush was stopped in time, although Le Verrier gesticulated fiercely, and the woman Pirouze, or Clothilde, screamed for help. Meanwhile, little Skinner, by a skilful crook, sent the heavy Russian lieutenant sprawling upon the grass-seeds, and, clutching him by the throat as a weasel does a sheep, forced him to deliver up the paper.

"Got it, Skinner?" asked the Resident.

"Yes, sir; I've got it."

"Then fall back."

The seedsman fell back promptly; and now there were four revolvers covering the enemy.

"Return to your pavilion, O King," said Macpherson-Fraser. "For the sake of your royal health, return. Forget not that for weeks you have been too ill even to hold counsel with your faithful ally and friend. The night air is chill, O son of many khans; 'tis not well for the infirm to be abroad so late."

Mahmoud tugged savagely at his beard.

"I dismiss you from my court," he answered. "I break off all alliance with your Empress. Go in peace, therefore, lest worse befall you. You are dismissed."

"I will not be dismissed," said Macpherson: "Listen before it is too late. Yesterday a secret telegram was sent to Calcutta, to be hurried back by agreement from Calcutta to the frontier. It called for soldiers and guns. Ere this they are coming down from Fort Ghuznee."

Up spake the voice of Doctor Le Verrier. "It is a lie. No such telegram left Haran. I read every message sent."

"How about 'Brussels sprouts,' doctor?" shouted Phineas Skinner, jocosely.

At the reminder that the apparently inoffensive message to "Brown of Calcutta" might have been a call for troops, not vegetable seeds, the Frenchman started back, and clapped his hand to his head. "*Sapristi, quel sot!*" was all he could say in response to the mocking laughter of the seedsman.

"Your Majesty had much better return to the pavilion," resumed Macpherson-Fraser, abandoning the florid Oriental mode of address, and speaking in plain, matter-of-fact tones. "You may rush us now, and win a brief success; but what will you do against Colonel O'Doherty and his column? There will be another Sultan on the throne, mayhap. Think well, Mahmoud Khan."

The Sultan knit his brows. "I have

drawn the sword," he said. "It is too late to put it back."

"Not so. You have been led astray by evil counsellors. There is yet time. Withdraw to the pavilion, and remain a king. Else——"

Mahmoud advanced a step. "Do you pledge me your word?" he demanded.

"I pledge you my word."

"And have my friends here—the Frank and the Russ—freedom to depart?"

It was the Resident's turn to hesitate. He looked darkly at Le Verrier and Dour-skow, the latter of whom, covered by Skinner's revolver, sat scowling where he had fallen.

"Mahmoud Khan," said he, "beyond the necessary fact of a few weeks' British occupation of Haran, I will guarantee your immunity from punishment. To these gentlemen, I shall give a fair chance of retreat to the frontier; but upon two conditions. The first is that you adequately reward Mr. Skinner here, who has done you the service of saving your honour."

Mahmoud nodded sulkily, for he had a sordid soul, and did not appreciate the delicate irony.

"And the second," went on Macpherson-Fraser, "is that this so-called Circassian woman whom you have made your wife must depart with her fellow-conspirators."

"By Allah, never! Kill me rather. She is my wife, and the light of my soul."

"I cannot help that. She has wrought evil enough. She must go."

And in spite of threats, pleadings, and promises, Madame Clothilde was forced to depart. She accepted the situation, and departed gracefully up the ladder, with the Sultan's last kiss upon her forehead.

Limping heavily, the Russian followed her; and then Le Verrier.

The Sultan of Iranistan is now one of the best and most enlightened allies which this Empire possesses in the East.

As for Phineas Skinner, when he is at home you may find him in a pretty villa within a stone's throw of Clapham Common, on the side towards Battersea. About the time of his return from Iranistan Phineas came into a very pretty fortune. His explanation of this prosperity is to the effect that the Sultan Mahmoud Khan presented him with a bag of gold out of gratitude for the introduction of Brussels sprouts into His Majesty's dominions.

Experts pronounce the gold pieces to be Russian Imperials of fifteen roubles.

SCOTCH BEAUTIES

SOME
DAUGHTERS
OF THE
HEATHER.

BY IGNOTA.

SCOTS history is rich in stories of beautiful and valiant women who have played for good or for evil a notable part, and it is significant that the most beautiful, most romantic, and most fascinating personality of her own or any other

Alice Hughes, Photo

MRS. DUNCAN GLASFURD.

age, should have been Mary, Queen of Scots.

But though she stands out alone as the heroine of innumerable pamphlets, histories, and poems—for no woman in the world has been more written about and has inspired more lovely verses—she was but one of a long line of notable Scots women, famed alike for their courage and their beauty.

Very proud of their ancestors are those Scots families who can claim to have even among their collateral forbears the gallant Flora Macdonald, and it is pleasant to think, even in these unromantic days, that there live among us a galaxy of Scots women, not only famed for their beauty, but who play a distinctive part in the philanthropic and social history of the day; for, as in the case of Irish women, Scots women remain strongly national in their



LADY EDMONSTONE AND
BABY.

Alice Hughes, Photo, Gower Street

feeling, and even those who are as well known in London as in Edinburgh are never seen to such advantage as they are on the north side of the Tweed.

Among the Scots women of the present day equally celebrated for rare personal beauty and for goodness of heart, the foremost place must be given to the young Duchess of Sutherland, who is doubly Scotch, for she was a daughter of the late Lord Rosslyn, and her marriage has caused

Lady Millicent St. Clair-Erskine was married to the Marquis of Stafford on her seventeenth birthday, and she was said to be the most beautiful bride seen for many years. Owing to the fact that at the time of his marriage Lord Stafford was Commissioner of his father's Scottish estates, the future Duchess spent a good deal of her early married life at Dunrobin, her father-in-law's famous Scotch seat. It was then, working among her poorer neighbours, that it occurred to her how excellent it would be to organise some practical way of helping the products of Scottish home industries to reach the great outer world.

The Duke of Sutherland



MRS. ASQUITH.

Thomson, Photo

COUNTESS OF CREWE.

Thomson, Photo

her to become closely identified both with the highlands and lowlands.

Even as an eighteen-year-old bride, the Duchess, at that time Lady Stafford, conceived the idea of what has now developed into the important Highland Home Industries, and every one of the beautiful women whose portraits are given has played a more or less prominent part in furthering this excellent association, which has for its object that of developing the industries of dyeing, weaving, knitting, and spinning, which, having once existed to a large extent in Scotland, had become, till the Duchess bestirred herself in the matter, considerably less prosperous.

is at the present time the owner of over 1,000,000 acres of the soil of Great Britain, and though the Duchess's heart is undoubtedly thoroughly Scotch, both she and her husband feel that they cannot neglect their Staffordshire estates. The Duke was one of the first peers who took up the cares of British mayoralty, and the Duchess took her position of Mayoress of Longton very seriously.

The young Duchess is also mistress of one of the treasure-houses of the world, Stafford House. Of this mansion the Queen is reported to have said, when on a visit to the late Duchess of Sutherland,

they were under the care of a lady belonging to a very old Scots family. Notwithstanding their extreme youth—the Countess of Crewe will not be eighteen till the last day of this year—they are keenly interested in Edinburgh philanthropic works and institutions.

A very remarkable group of Scots sisters are the daughters of Sir Charles Tennant. Sir Charles derives his enormous fortune from chemical works in Glasgow, and Lady Ribblesdale and Mrs. H. H. Asquith are very well known in

Ayrshire and Peebles shire. Since the marriage of Miss Margot Tennant to the then Home Secretary, the family have become, if anything, more intensely Scotch than they were before, for



LADY SYBIL
PRIMROSE.

Thomson, Photo

"I come from my house (Buckingham Palace) to your palace." The Duchess finds time, while leading the life of a busy philanthropist and leader of society, to contribute to periodical literature under the thinly-veiled pseudonym of Erskine-Gower.

Of peculiar interest at the present moment are the portraits of the two charming daughters of Lord Rosebery. Lady Sybil Primrose is the elder of the sisters. Since her mother's death she has acted as hostess not only to the great house-parties entertained by her father in the English country seats, but also at the historic Castle of Dalmeny, which, within a drive of Edinburgh, is one of the finest places in Scotland.

Both Lady Sybil and the Countess of Crewe are very Scotch in their interests and tastes, and during their early girlhood



MRS. HOPE VERE AS "MEDUSA."

Thomson, Photo

Mr. Asquith represents a Scots constituency, and he and his wife spend all their holidays in the North.

Mrs. Asquith, who is a many-sided woman, was even before her marriage a

notable figure in political society; she is an enthusiastic sportswoman, and both she and Lady Ribblesdale are never happier than when on horseback. Since her marriage she has also become a great golfer, and it is in order to play the Royal game that she and Mr. Asquith have now taken a house at St. Andrews.

A distinguished and charming Scots woman who, though now acting as Vice-reine of Canada, is typically Scottish, is the Countess of Minto. She was a daughter of General Grey who was for some time Private Secretary to the Queen; accordingly Lady Minto had the privilege as a child and as a young girl of being constantly with Her Majesty, who has a great affection for her. Very shortly after Miss Grey's marriage to Lord Minto he was appointed Military Secretary to Lord Lansdowne, then Governor-General of Canada; thus he and his wife early learned something of the country over which they were ultimately to reign, and it was there that the future Vicereine became an expert skater.

Like so many modern women, Lady Minto has "done many things in many lands, and done them very well." She is a good amateur artist, and both she and her husband delight in wood-carving; she is a fearless horsewoman, and was one of the first people in society to discover the charm of cycling. When not serving his country in some active sense, Lord Minto is never happier than when in his beautiful Scottish home, Minto Castle, near Hawick. Lady Minto, notwithstanding her look of youth, is the mother of five

children, her eldest son being godchild to the Queen.

Scotch by birth, by association, and by bringing up are the two daughters of the Duke of Buccleuch—Lady Katharine, who was married a few months ago to the eldest son of Lord Hampden, and Lady Constance, who is two years younger than her married sister. The Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch are the fortunate possessors of no less than three great Scottish seats: Dalkeith House, Edinburgh; Beauhill, Selkirk; Drumlanrig, Dumfriesshire. The Duchess was herself a daughter of the Duke of Abercorn, so the family are as Scotch as they can possibly be.

A great portion of Lady Katharine's trousseau was made



MRS. DENNISTOUN.

Alice Hughes, Photo



COUNTESS OF MINTO.

Alice Hughes, Photo

in Edinburgh, and in this matter she followed the example set her by the young Countess of Crewe. Had there not been an extraordinary amount of genuine patriotic feeling in modern Scots women, the Scottish Home Industries Association would never have become the great success

musical training at the London Academy of Music, and has often been quoted as emphasising the fact that British vocalists need not study abroad. Miss Macintyre has been called the ideal Elsa, and it need hardly be said that her favourite opera is *Lohengrin*. Unlike most British singers she has remained faithful to her own name.

At the present time it is interesting to recall that Miss Macintyre is one of the few great operatic artists who have visited South Africa. In the Transvaal she re-

ceived enthusiastic ovations, crowds of her fellow countrymen meeting her at the railway stations; indeed in one case a procession of pipers in full national costume



Lafayette, Photo
MISS MACINTYRE.

it now is, for it has always been the aim of the Duchess of Sutherland and her helpers to make it essentially national, and all the stall-holders at the great sale which takes place once a year in London are Scotch ladies.

Among the group of beautiful Scottish women whose portraits accompany this article, there is none more noteworthy than Miss Margaret Macintyre, for it is curious, in view of the fact that the most beautiful ballad music in the world is Scotch, that Scotland has hitherto never produced a great female singer; Miss Macintyre is indeed the exception that proves the rule. She takes a foremost place among the operatic prima donnas of the world, and her beautiful voice has been heard to advantage, not only in Great Britain and in the United States, but in Italy and in Russia.

Miss Macintyre, who joins great beauty and personal charm to the possession of a wonderful voice, comes of a long line of soldiers, her father being Major-General John Macintyre, R.A. She received her



Kate Pragnell, Photo
DUCHESS OF
SUTHERLAND.



Thomson, Photo
LADY KATHARINE BRAND.

escorted her to her hotel. She there made the acquaintance of President Kruger and his wife, who were exceedingly kind to her, and presented her with their autograph portraits, which are of course among her most valued treasures. A splendid uncut De Beers diamond is another pleasant souvenir of Miss Macintyre's tour in South Africa. Miss Macintyre's sister is the wife of the well-known sculptor

Mr. George Wade, and when in town they are constantly together.

Lady Dickson-Poynder may be said to represent the intellectual side of the Scottish section of London society. Though devoted to her own country, she is a great deal in London, and takes a keen interest in every phase of political life. Scots women, as is proved by the clever and beautiful group of women who have taken up

the cause of Highland industries, are very practical, and noted for the thorough way in

which they carry out any scheme they take up, and that whether the matter in hand is work or play. Accordingly, Scotia's fair daughters greatly appreciate the many opportunities yielded by moor, glen, and river to the enthusiastic gun, deerstalker, and fisherman; while those who do not care for sports

which involve the killing or trapping of animals are devoted to one of the national outdoor games.

As to what are the special characteristics of Scottish beauty, the portraits speak more eloquently than any descriptions can do.

Northern women have found many poets, including Sir Walter Scott and Robert Burns, to sing their charms. In the "Lady of the Lake," Scott declared—

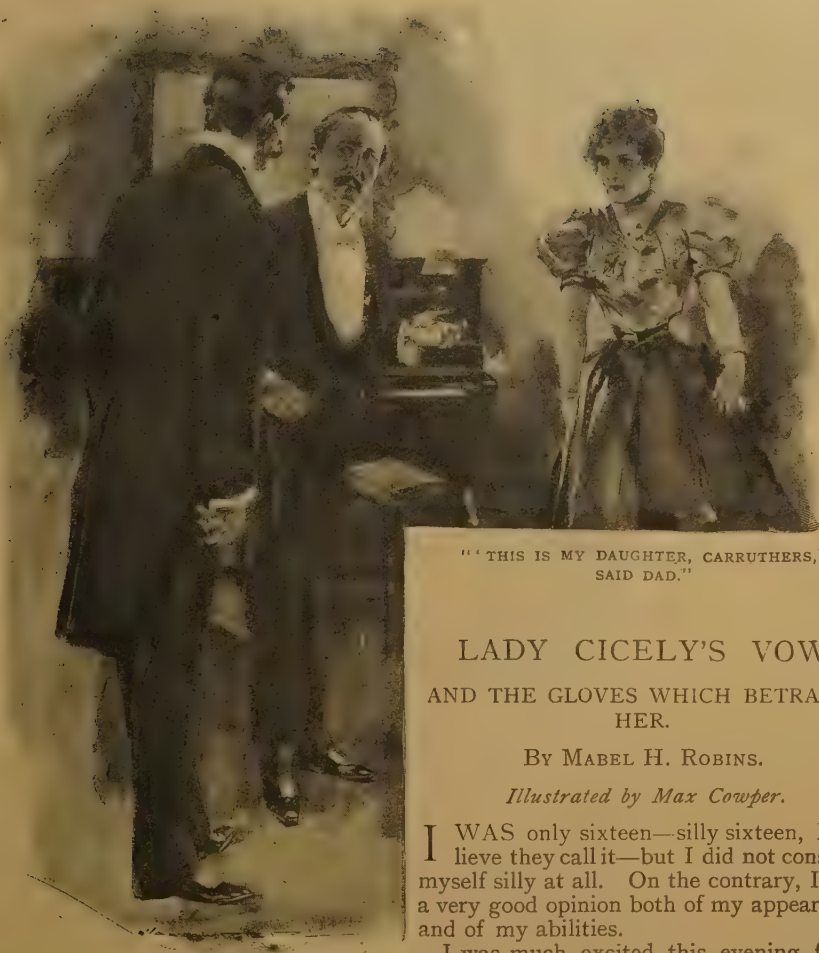
And ne'er did Grecian
chisel trace
A nymph, a naiad, or a
grace
Of finer form or lovelier
face.

What though upon her
speech there hung
The accents of the moun-
tain tongue,
Those silver sounds, so
soft, so clear,
The listener held his
breath to hear.



Kate Pragnell, Photo

LADY DICKSON-POYNDER.



" 'THIS IS MY DAUGHTER, CARRUTHERS,'
SAID DAD."

LADY CICELY'S VOW,
AND THE GLOVES WHICH BETRAYED
HER.

BY MABEL H. ROBINS.

Illustrated by Max Cowper.

I WAS only sixteen—silly sixteen, I believe they call it—but I did not consider myself silly at all. On the contrary, I had a very good opinion both of my appearance and of my abilities.

I was much excited this evening, for I was going to sit at the head of Dad's

table, and entertain his guests for the first time. My dear old Dad had always let me have my own way, so I had no difficulty in persuading him to allow me and my school-fellow Dolly Craven to appear to-night. His only fear was for my own enjoyment.

"You see, Ciss," he said, "there are only men coming. It will be a man's dinner, and I expect you will find it very dull. They have come here for the shooting, and they will probably talk of nothing else."

"Who is coming, Dad?" I asked.

"Well, there is Lord Winton and his brother, Sir George Oldny, and young Carruthers. The first three are quite middle-aged, so would not be very cheerful companions for children like you."

"And Mr. Carruthers, Dad—what is he like?"

"Well, he is the young author all the world is talking about now. He is only twenty-seven, and yet has written a book that has made a great stir. He is used to the most cultivated and intellectual conversation; it is not likely he would want to talk to a little schoolgirl like you."

And Dad pinched my ear playfully.

But my interest was excited. Even I, in the seclusion of a school, had heard of Ralph Carruthers, and consequently I determined to appear.

I spoke about him to Dolly. "He shall sit by me," I declared, "and I will talk to him and surprise him by the amount I know. I mean to impress him very much."

In order to achieve my end more easily, I begged for the famous Anstruther diamonds from Dad, who, though he demurred at first, soon gave way when I coaxed him.

And so, when I entered the drawing-room, I felt resplendent indeed, for jewels blazed from my neck, my wrists, and my hair.

Dad and another man were alone. "This is my daughter, Carruthers," Dad said, proudly, though I thought he glanced disapprovingly at my diamonds.

Ralph Carruthers was a tall, broad-shouldered man, with a strong face and steel-blue eyes. I felt a little piqued to find that, after greeting me, he was thoughtfully regarding his reflection in the glass instead of looking at me.

"I hope you had a pleasant journey," I said, anxious to begin the conversation.

"Thanks," he answered, "I had. It is such lovely country down here. It must be a privilege to live in it."

I shook my head. "It is so far out of the world," I said, "one seems to hear only of things and events after the nine days' wonder of them is over in London. "Why," tragically, "we do not even get the morning paper until midday!"

He smiled, and it was a smile which aggravated me. There was a twinkle in his eyes which seemed to ask me what in the world it mattered to me when the morning paper arrived.

"Morning papers and Temple Park seem incongruous to me," he answered. "That is the attraction of such a beautiful place. One feels inclined to do nothing but stand still and admire. One does not want to trouble one's head with the doings of cities."

"Ah," I retorted, "you say that because you have never stayed in the country for more than a few days at a time. If you really tried the life of which you speak, I expect you would die of stagnation within a month."

"What!" he said, quizzically, "do you mean to say that you have learnt to be bored already, at your age, when a new doll ought to be a fresh delight to you?"

I was furious—more angry, indeed, than I cared to show, but I could not answer further than by an indignant look, because

Dolly and the other men came in, and I had to go across and speak to them.

However, I determined to make Ralph Carruthers think differently of me before dinner was finished. Of course I had got my way, and in spite of all order of precedence the young author sat on my right hand.

I would not allow the conversation to turn into any light or trivial channel. I discussed matters of the day, reviewed our position in the Transvaal, expatiated on the merits and demerits of theosophy, and criticised most of the great writers of the past and present.

At first he was inclined to pooh-pooh my arguments, but gradually he appeared more interested and listened gravely, drawing me out, making my knowledge seem deeper than even I considered it myself.

In fact I enjoyed my first dinner-party immensely, and was extremely flattered by the notice and attention this great man paid me.

Dolly's admiration added incense to my delight when we two were alone. "You did more than impress him, Cicely," she cried. "You have made a conquest of him. You should have seen the way he looked at you," she ended, enviously.

But I did not see much more of Mr. Carruthers, for after staying a few minutes in the drawing-room Dad took the men all off to billiards, and Dolly and I went upstairs to bed. We sat up talking, however, for some time, and then as our door was ajar the sound of voices came up to us from the hall.

"Let us go and look over the gallery and find out who it is," suggested Dolly. "They won't see us, and perhaps we might catch another glimpse of Mr. Carruthers."

No sooner said than done, and by peeping over the balustrade, which ran right round the hall, we could see without being seen.

And so we peered through the banisters, and were rewarded by seeing Mr. Carruthers standing below just under the lamp. He was talking to Mr. Graham, Lord Winton's brother. They had evidently been taking a stroll by moonlight, for the hall-door stood open.

"Doesn't he look handsome?" whispered Dolly.

But I hushed her at once, for I was deadly afraid one of them might look up.

"And so you have started another book?" said Mr. Graham.

Ralph Carruthers nodded. "Yes," he said, "but I have come rather to a standstill. I want a heroine—an original heroine," he went on, impatiently. "I am afraid I shall have to imagine one, for they all run on confoundedly the same pattern in real life."

"There certainly is a great similarity about them," admitted Mr. Graham. "But what about our little hostess to-night? She was original if you like, with her lovely baby face and her diamonds, her tender years and her serious-minded conversation."

I held my breath. Now—now I should hear what Ralph Carruthers thought of me. I would not have given up my present position then for any inducement in the world. It mattered not one whit to me whether eaves-dropping were wrong or not.

"Pshaw!" said the young author. "What a pity it is that she is so terribly spoilt. Lady Cicely has possibilities of beauty many, many years hence, but surely there ought to be someone to tell her what bad taste it is to crowd diamonds on a child."

My cheek paled, but I did not move. Dolly seemed paralysed for the moment too, as if she could scarcely believe her ears.

Mr. Graham laughed.

"I suppose she is really a child, but you would not say so to hear her talk."

"She is merely



"THE TWO GIRLS COULD PEEP OVER THE GALLERY WITHOUT BEING SEEN."

absurd," said Mr. Carruthers, contemptuously. "I have known bluestockings try to ape the *ingénue*, but never before have I seen the *ingénue* aspire to a bluestocking's reputation!"

"I think you are a little too hard on her," remarked Mr. Graham, smiling.

Mr. Carruthers shrugged his shoulders indifferently. He had evidently had enough of the subject.

"Let us come and see how they are getting on with their billiards," he said; and he led the way as he spoke, and they both left the hall.

How shall I describe my feelings? It was not disappointment that I felt—it was not even wounded pride. I was positively seething with rage; for it was not true what he had said. My knowledge was not superficial, and what I had talked was very far from nonsense. Tears of mortification started to my eyes as I turned to look at Dolly, and I clenched my hands so tightly that my nails cut into my flesh.

But my angry stream of words was checked. With a little gasp of dismay I found that Dolly was laughing—actually laughing! I had expected indignation on her part equal to my own, and here she was, actually laughing!

Intuitively I realised that Mr. Carruthers' words had in a moment shattered the adoration

she had always felt for me. His opinion had told, and she began to think it foolish to make an idol of a girl of whom the celebrated author thought so little.

"Oh, Cicely!" she cried, "that he should talk of you so, when we thought he was so impressed!"

"I will pay him out!" I cried, between my teeth, while my eyes blazed with anger. "I will be revenged! One day before I die I will trample on him, and bring his pride down to the dust!"

And then I went away to my room and left her.

* * * *

It was three years later, and I had just arrived on a visit to Lady Hilliers.

I had not met Ralph Carruthers since that evening long ago, but my resentment had by no means diminished, and I still hoped for the time when we could cry quits.

He was a much greater man now. When he came to Temple Hall he had his foot on only the first rung of the ladder of fame. Since then he had been gradually ascending, until he was one of the most noted men of the day. His books had been dramatised, and his plays were more popular than any others.

And I perhaps was as celebrated in my way as he was in his. I had been through two seasons, and people raved of my beauty and charms until I was tired of hearing their praises, and men laid their hearts at my feet with a persistency I could not check.

My train was late, and I had only just time to dress for dinner. Dolly Craven was one of the house party, and she came into my room and greeted me effusively.

Dolly and I had never been very friendly since that night, but we met often, and there was always a great show of affection on her part.

"Who do you think is here, Cicely?" she said, excitedly.

"Who?" I inquired. "Lady Hilliers told me a few names, but I did not know there was anyone special."

Dolly laughed amusedly. "He was very special to you once," she said.

I looked up suspiciously at her tone. "Whom do you mean?" I asked, quickly.

"Whom but the great Ralph Carruthers," she cried, trying to peer into my face.

But I was busily engaged in clasping a bracelet, and my head was bent.

"Really?" I said, indifferently, and then turned to my maid as she held a jewelled necklace towards me. "No, thank you, Elise," I said; "I won't have that to-night."

Dolly laughed scoffingly, as if she had read my thoughts. "You had better put on all your jewels, Cicely," she said, "or Mr. Carruthers will not recognise you. Oh! don't you remember how you were weighted down with diamonds when you met before?"

"Was I?" with a baffling smile. "Don't you think we ought to be going down?"

There was a little stir and pause in the conversation as I entered the room, and my eyes roamed through the throng until they fell on a tall, straight figure standing by the fire. I saw at a glance that Mr. Carruthers was looking at me, and that his talk had been arrested too; then my eyes swept past him, and I greeted those in the room I already knew.

But the Fates were not kind; for, in a few minutes, Sir George Hilliers brought Mr. Carruthers up and introduced him to me. Actually this man was to take me in to dinner, and I should have to talk to him all through the meal.

Beyond a remark about the weather, we did not speak until we sat down, but we had not finished the *hors d'œuvres* before he began.

"I believe I have had the pleasure of meeting you before," he said.

I looked up at him blankly, and then shook my head. "Where and when?" I asked, smiling.

"Well, it was three years ago, at your own house—Temple Hall. You were, if I remember, little more than a child."

I wrinkled my brows in thought, and then glanced up in despair. "I can't remember," I said. "Perhaps your name might help me? I did not hear it when we were introduced."

He looked a little surprised, as well he might, for indeed there were not many people in the world who would not recognise Carruthers the author—if not from personal acquaintance, at least from his portraits.

"I am Ralph Carruthers," he answered, simply, and yet with a certain dignity.

"Ralph Carruthers!" I repeated, vaguely. "Any relation to the man who writes?"

He laughed a little vexedly. It was not

the way he was accustomed to being described. "Any relation to *the Carruthers*," would have sounded more natural to him. But I was glad to see a certain easy confidence of manner had left him. Evidently he had imagined he would have to go through a dinner of hero-worship, and that I should talk "tall," and strive for his good opinion as I had done before. He absolutely seemed a little interested in me, as if I were a phenomenon.

"I am afraid, a very close relation," he answered, grimly. "I am 'the man who writes' myself!"

"Indeed?" I said, lightly. If he had expected consternation and awe on my part he was disappointed.

"I wonder you have never married," I said presently, and he started at my remark.

"And why do you interest yourself so far in me as to wonder that?" he asked. He looked at me intently, as if compelled to admiration against his will.

"I thought it might assist you in your work—that marriage would help you to understand more about women. Do you know that your heroines are your weakest point?"

They are worthy and good—oh, I know that!—but

pale, colourless, and unnatural—absolutely without animation of any kind."

"Perhaps I prefer them so," he said, shortly. That I should dare to criticise his books!

I sighed. "That is the worst of it," I said, dismally. "This uninteresting, lifeless woman is your ideal. But then your ideal is commonplace—your heroines are commonplace—and, I fear, your wife will be commonplace, too."

He smiled a little at my words. "At least you admit that you read my works," he said.

"I? Oh, I always dip into Mudie's box when it arrives; I just glance through the uninteresting ones and read the rest. I have glanced through all yours," mischievously.

"In that case," coldly, "you are not competent to criticise."

He was really cross. I could not make him even look at me.

"I should have thought that an author's duty would be to study human nature," I said, as if to myself. "I should have imagined that even Mr. Carruthers would have discovered by this time what a false step it is to lose one's temper."

He looked round now. He turned to



"AND HAVE I MADE THE TIME PASS UNPLEASANTLY?" I ASKED

me and met my dazzling smile, and it seemed as if he could not turn away again.

The frown left his face, and he smiled too. I wished he wouldn't smile. His face looked so transformed—so charming—when he did, and I wanted him to continue to be disagreeable.

"And I can't imagine," he said, slowly, "what pleasure it can give Lady Cicely to do her best to make Mr. Carruthers lose his temper. One expects, when one is asked to take a lady in to dinner, that she will do her best to make the time pass pleasantly."

He had turned the tables, but I did not mind. At least I had his full attention, and, from all reports, Ralph Carruthers did not accord that to everyone.

"And have I made the time pass unpleasantly?" I asked, with a note of regret in my voice.

"You have done your best to be disagreeable," he said.

"How?"

He paused for a moment. "Well, you began by pretending that you did not remember me. That was unkind, wasn't it?"

"Pretending?" I repeated, indignantly.

"If Miss Craven remembered," coolly, "why should not you?"

"I suppose Dolly has a better memory than I have," I said, demurely, "for small matters."

"Has she?" he answered, quietly. "At any rate she has not so sharp a tongue."

I coloured at his tone, and veered round at once.

"I have been horrid," I admitted, "but I will try and retrieve my error, and will be quite charming to you for the rest of dinner."

He looked at me right down into my eyes. "Don't exert yourself *too* much," he said, seriously, "for if report speaks truly I should be safer exposed to Lady Cicely Temple's frowns than to her smiles. Is it not so?"

And there was an expression on his face which filled me with vain regrets and made me turn away.

I had sworn to revenge myself on this man, and of course I must keep my vow; but I wished—I wished he would not seem so nice!

And for the rest of dinner I was myself—only more charming, more alluring than usual. For usually I did not try to win men's hearts, but I determined to make Ralph Carruthers love me.

That was my revenge—to make him pour out the riches of his heart at my feet, and then to scorn him as he had done me—three years ago.

* * * *

Why are bad resolutions so much easier to carry out than good ones? If I had tried to win Mr. Carruthers' love for a good motive I should probably have found him impregnable.

As it was, he seemed to have succumbed from the first. And he did not try to hide

the fact. He sought my company openly, was always by my side ready to anticipate my slightest wish—talking to me eagerly, tenderly, possessively.

And all the rest of the girls were frantically jealous, especially Dolly—Dolly, who had a happy knack of continually bringing back to my remembrance Ralph Carruthers' slighting words three years ago, and thus reminding me of my vow when I might otherwise have forgotten it.

And then the climax came. I was sitting in the library one afternoon reading, and Ralph Carruthers came in—I had thought he was out shooting with the other men—and a light flashed in his face when he saw I was alone.

"You here?" he cried. "I have been looking for you everywhere. I hurried home on purpose to talk to you." He came over, and, leaning on the mantelpiece, looked down at me. And somehow my tongue seemed tied, and I gazed into the fire, having nothing to say.

"Cicely," he said, and his tone sank lower, "I have wanted to talk to you for a long time of a matter that is nearest my heart. Dear, I love you—*how* I love you words can never describe. Cicely, can you give me a little hope—a little hope that I may win you?"

He looked so tall and strong as he stood there with outstretched hands that my heart failed me. I had meant to scorn him when the time came, but I could only shake my head.

His face grew pale, but he still persisted. He drew nearer, and his words came eagerly, rapidly.

"Dearest, don't say no," he urged. "Try me—try to love me. It means so much to me—my very heart and soul—ah! try to love me just a little!"

My heart beat quickly, but, alas! my vow was paramount in my mind, for Dolly had been sneering at me this afternoon under cover of a friendly tone.

"It is impossible," I said, coldly, "quite impossible. I cannot imagine how you can ask or hope for such a thing. I would never marry you."

His arms fell to his sides, and he looked at me strangely.

"If I have hoped at all," he said, slowly, "it is you who have given me reason to do so."

And I turned away from his condemning glance.

"I?" I repeated, indignantly. "Be-

cause I talked to you, and walked with you, and danced with you, do you immediately jump to the conclusion that I want to marry you? Men are so dreadfully conceited nowadays," with a faint smile, and I looked down into the fire lest he should see my face quiver. But the flames became a blur before the mist in my eyes.

"I suppose we are," he said, quietly, and he took up his cap from the table. "We do not understand women. I should only like to know," and his voice grew stern and fierce, "if a woman loves a man, how are we to tell, when there are such perfect imitations?"

And then he went out, without another look at me, and the scorn in his tone—ah! was it not much more terrible to bear than it had been before? Then it had not been deserved, while now—

And suddenly I realised that I had lost him—that he was gone and would never come back—that I probably should not see him again; and with a sudden rush came the feeling of what he was to me—that he was my life, my love, my all. And, because of a foolish, childish vow, I had sent him from me. I had lost him. Oh, fool! fool! fool! And now he was gone, and it was too late to call him back—he would not come—he would not understand—he would never believe me again!

I caught sight of a pair of gloves on the table—they were *his* gloves, thrown down carelessly when he had entered the room so full of gladness and expectation.

I caught them up and pressed them to my lips, and then lay my head on them and burst into a flood of tears.

I did not hear the door open, and so I

knew nothing until I glanced up and saw Ralph Carruthers standing beside me. He was looking at me in surprise—at my forlorn position and my tear-stained face.

"I—I came back for my—gloves," he said, hesitatingly.

I looked down at the pair I still held in my hand—where the teardrops were standing on the doeskin.

"Did you?" I said, confusedly; "I—I suppose these are the ones," but I did not offer to give them up.

"Yes," he said, simply, "those are my gloves which you have watered with your tears."



"MY TONGUE SEEMED TIED, AND I GAZED INTO THE FIRE, HAVING NOTHING TO SAY."

His eyes softened and his voice was very gentle when he next spoke.

"Why do you cry, Cicely? Is it because you cannot love me? Because you have made me unhappy? I was unjust to you just now, but—will you forgive my hard words?"

My tears fell faster and faster.

"It is not that," I stammered; "I cry—I cry—because——"

"Because?" he repeated, waiting patiently.

"Because I—*do* love you."

The light came back to his eyes.

"You *do* love me?" he cried, starting forward. "You love me, and yet—you will not marry me?"

"I—I want to marry you," I said, brokenly and inconsistently; and to conceal my blushing cheeks I hid my face in his gloves.



But he had come up to me, and he raised my face and the gloves too, and then looked down into my eyes. There was no escape, for his arms were round me.

"Cicely," he said, gravely, "what does this mean? This is not a game we are playing, but stern reality. It means more to me than my life, and yet—yet you treat it so lightly, that you say 'no' one moment and 'yes' the next."

I tried to get free, but he held me firmly.

"I was foolish," I cried; "I thought to revenge myself on you by making you love me and then refusing you. But, ah! I was just finding out that there is no sweetness in revenge—when—when you came back."

He looked astonished.

"But why—why should you revenge yourself on—me? What had I done?"

It took me a long time to tell—a long time to explain, and it all sounded so utterly foolish as he stood with his arms round me.

I hung my head when I had finished, but he tilted my chin and made me meet his laughing eyes. He was actually laughing!

"And do you mean to say you intended punishing me for my life, just because of a few thoughtless words spoken by a young prig? I daresay I was quite taken out of myself by my first success, and could think of nothing else."

"There was no escape, for his arms were round me."

"I was so terribly wounded—at least, my vanity was," I cried. "Your words seemed to echo in my ears for years after; and Dolly—Dolly Craven said this afternoon that—that you scorned me now just as much as you did then."

He laughed derisively.

"Scorn you?" he cried, "then scorn must be another word for love."

He bent his head and kissed me passionately on the lips.

"I don't think anyone will be able to call my wife commonplace," he whispered.

But I would not let him take his gloves away.

"I am going to keep them—always," I said. "Dear gloves! except for them I might never have seen you again!"

St Mary's Bay

A SEASIDE INCIDENT.

BY CLIFTON BINGHAM.

MERRILY down
to St. Mary's
Bay

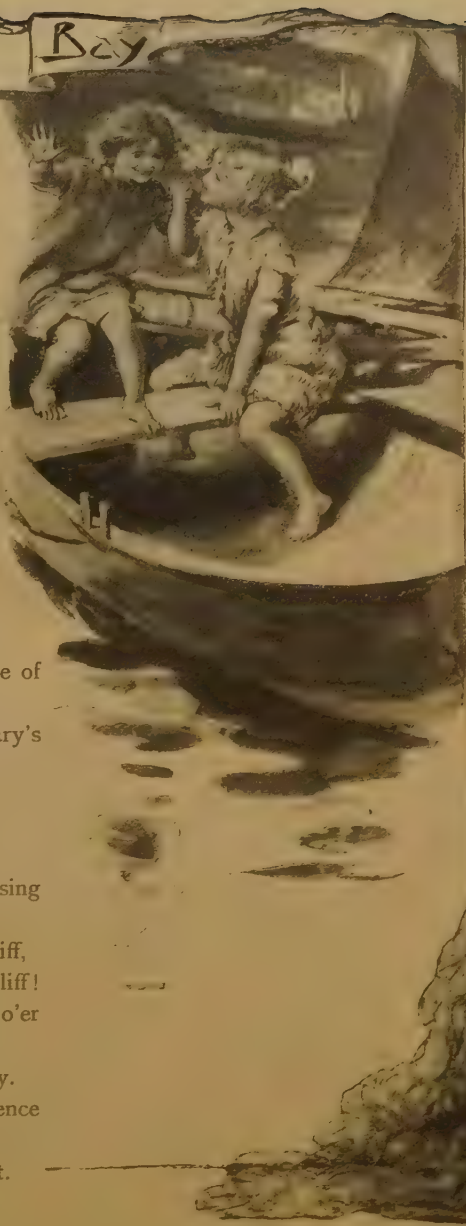
Two little children came
to play—
Laddie and lassie, barefoot
and brown,
Out of the tiny seaport town.
Into the old boat, laughing,
they crept;
There, growing weary of play,
they slept,
Till the tide came in at the close of
day
And carried them out of St. Mary's
Bay.

Wearily there by St. Mary's Bay
Mothers twain for their missing
pray—

They never think of the empty skiff,
They dread the towering grassy cliff!
They call o'er land, and they call o'er
sea,

And the echoes answer mournfully.
Ere the morning breaks in silence
grey

There is weeping wild by St.
Mary's Bay.



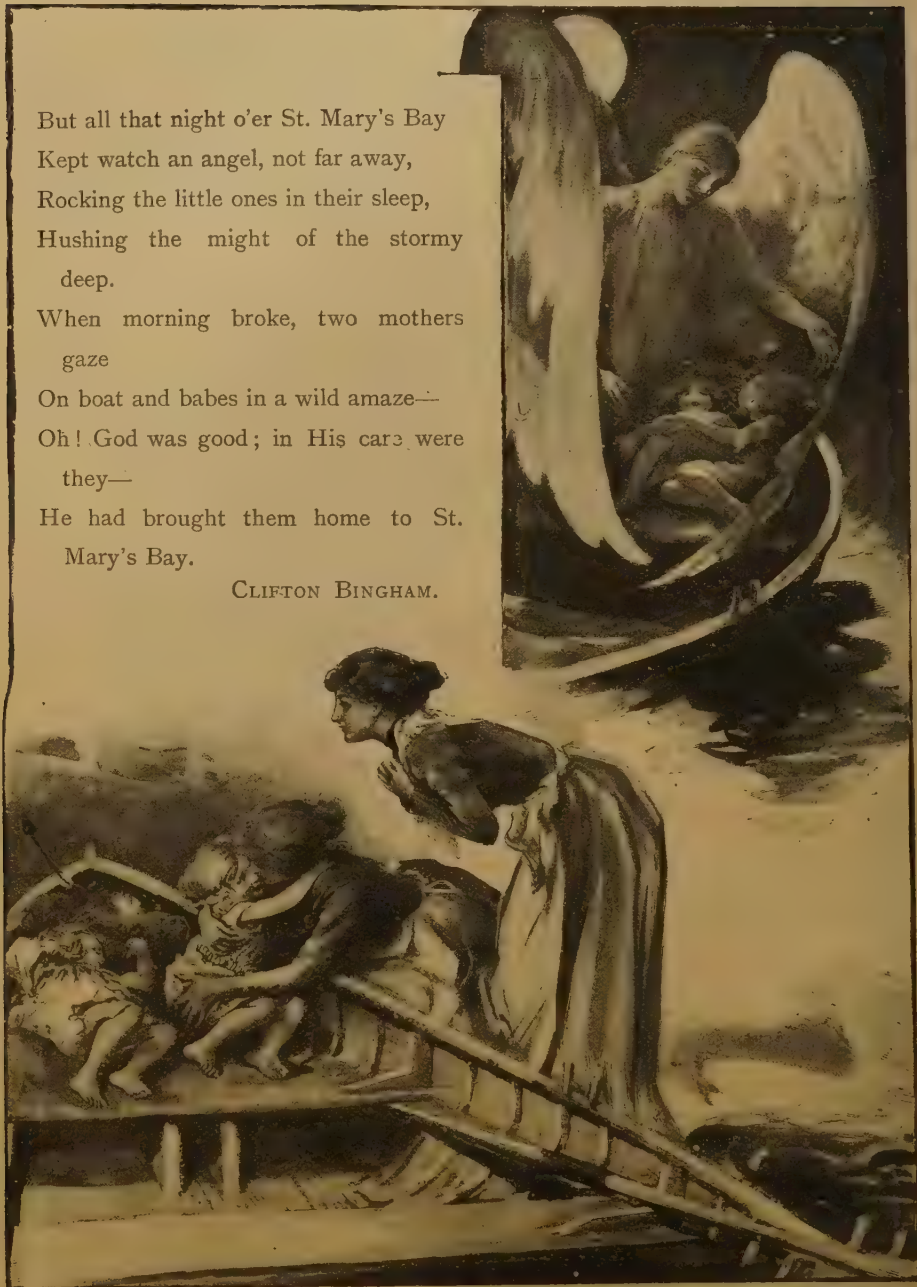
But all that night o'er St. Mary's Bay
Kept watch an angel, not far away,
Rocking the little ones in their sleep,
Hushing the might of the stormy
deep.

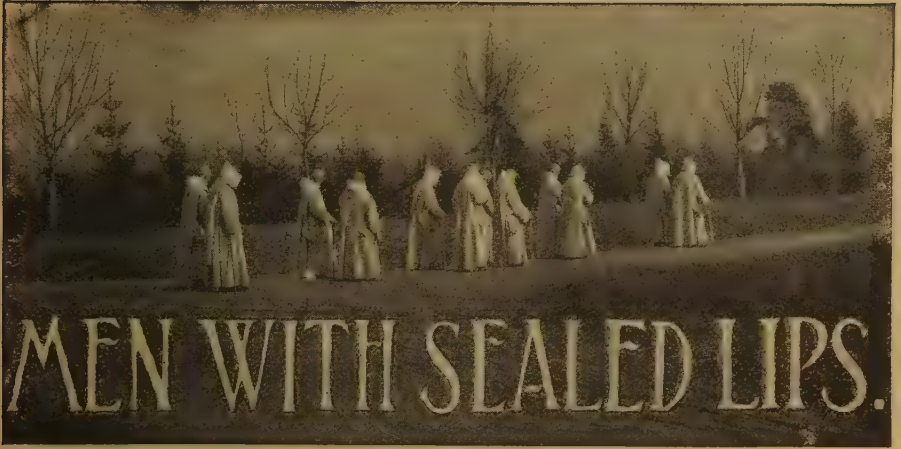
When morning broke, two mothers
gaze

On boat and babes in a wild amaze—
Oh! God was good; in His care were
they—

He had brought them home to St.
Mary's Bay.

CLIFTON BINGHAM.





THESE MONKS NEVER LEAVE THEIR CELLS EXCEPT TO ATTEND SERVICE OR TAKE A WEEKLY WALK.

A VISIT TO THE LARGEST MONASTERY IN THE WORLD—AT PARKMINSTER, SUSSEX.

By W. J. WINTLE.

MANY travellers have described their experiences when visiting La Grande Chartreuse, near Grenoble, with its silent monks and its mysterious services held in the darkness of midnight; but comparatively few people know that here in England exists an identical establishment upon an even larger and grander scale, inhabited by Men with Sealed Lips.

St. Hugh's, Parkminster—as the English Carthusian Priory is called—stands in an ideal situation for lovers of silence and solitude. About eight miles from Steyning, a picturesque little market town near Shoreham, the lofty spire of the monastic church forms a conspicuous feature in the landscape, but the extensive cloisters and conventual buildings are so well concealed by the adjoining woods and inequalities in the ground, that no general view of the monastery can be obtained from any point.

Our illustration, which is copied from a painting in the Prior's reception room, will, however, convey a fairly good idea of the arrangement of the huge buildings, though it cannot, of course, show the architectural

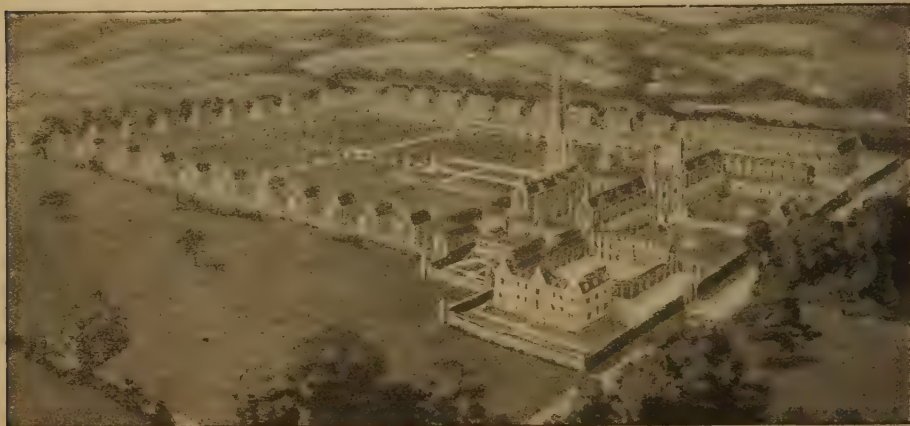


THE BROTHER BUTLER GOING THE ROUND WITH DINNER FOR THE MONKS. EACH MEAL IS SERVED AND EATEN SEPARATELY. IT IS PASSED THROUGH THE OPEN HATCH.

magnificence and dignity of the structure.

Towering above all rises the lofty church, forming the crossbar of an H-shaped group of buildings, containing the chapter-house, library, refectory, and

be thoroughly studied. Entering it from the Prior's quarters, we find ourselves in an immense quadrangle or cloister-garth which is stated to be the largest in the world. Before us the cloister stretches away in innumerable arches for six hundred



ST. HUGH'S, THE LARGEST MONASTERY IN THE WORLD, IS SITUATED AT PARKMINSTER, SUSSEX.

the chapel of the lay-brothers. To the right will be noticed the little cloister—though it is only small when compared with the other—leading to the gateway. In the foreground can be seen the guest house, in which visitors are received, and which consists of the mansion to which the estate was formerly attached.

The monastery proper consists of the great cloister, in which the peculiar features of a Carthusian establishment can

be seen. The walls of the quadrangle are three sides of the quadrangle.

At short distances from one another are massive doors, each with a bell-pull and small hatch beside it. These are the entrances to the cells or little houses in which the fathers of the Charterhouse pass their lives in absolute silence and solitude.

Nothing could be more complete than the isolation thus secured. With the exception of a walk once a week the monk never

leaves his cell save to attend the services in the church, or in case of absolute necessity. No one can enter his house except the superiors of the community. If he needs anything he simply puts a note in the little hatch beside the door, and sooner or later he finds the required article placed there for him.

We are allowed to enter one of these cells which



THE WALL HAS BEEN REMOVED TO SHOW THE FOUR ROOMS OF A MONK'S CELL, COMPRISING TWO LIVING AND TWO WORK ROOMS.

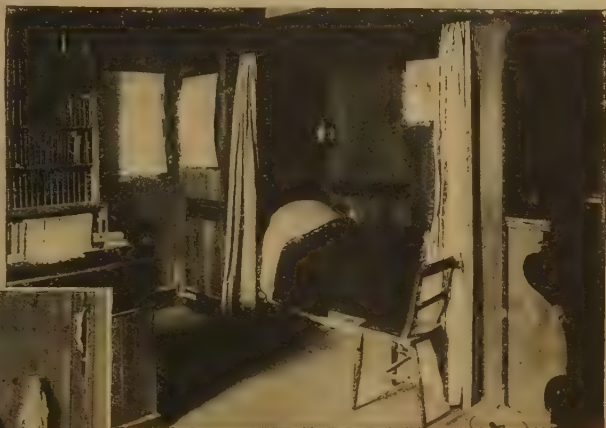
happens to be unoccupied. A tiny inner cloister, which serves for exercise in wet weather, brings us to the monk's house. It consists of four rooms, two living-rooms upstairs, and two work-rooms below.

The first of the living-rooms is called the study, and contains little beside a table and chair. It merely serves as an ante-room to the cell proper. This is the room in which the solitary monk passes most of his time.

Our illustrations show the essential features of this nineteenth century hermitage. On one side stands a simple cupboard-like bed, furnished with a straw mattress, two coarse sheets, and a rug. On a bracket above the head will be noticed the little lamp

minsters. Here the recluse spends over six hours of the day in prayer. Contrary to the custom of most monastic orders, the majority of the services are not held in the church, but are said by each monk in his cell.

At the sound of the bell, the whole monastery at once becomes one great church. Each monk goes to his stall and recites the appointed service precisely as he would in the choir. By this means the



THE HERMIT'S BEDROOM AND LIBRARY.

monks worship together and yet in utter solitude.

Near by is a little library of books, for each member of the order is expected to be a student, especially of theology. A small table with a cupboard beneath it is used for meals, and this, with a little stove, completes the furniture of the cell.

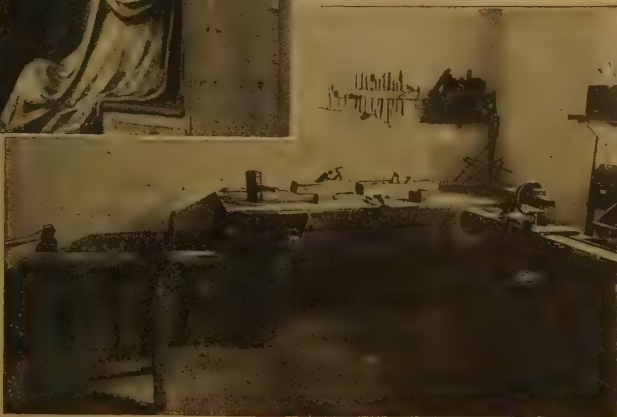
Beneath are two workshops. The first contains a stock of logs from which the occupant of the house must saw and chop his firewood,

and the other is equipped as a carpenter's shop, for the rule requires that each monk shall engage in sufficient manual labour to keep him in health.



A MONK AT
THE ORA-
TORY
IN HIS
BEDROOM.

that each monk carries in his hand as he makes his way into the dark cloisters to the midnight service. Beside the bed is a small oratory, consisting of a prayer-desk and stall, fitted with a "miserere" such as may be seen in any of our old cathedrals and



THE CARPENTER'S SHOP IN WHICH THE MONK WORKS TO KEEP HIMSELF IN HEALTH.

Passing outside, we enter a tiny garden, walled in from the world, and here the recluse takes the air and amuses himself

somewhat rough *vin ordinaire* completes the *menu*. On festival days this meal is eaten in the refectory.



THE MONKS OF THE MONASTERY ONLY TAKE DINNER IN THIS REFECTIONARY ON FESTIVAL DAYS

Neither in quantity nor quality does the dinner vary much from day to day. Fish and eggs alternate as the principal dish, and meat is never under any circumstances eaten. So rigid is this rule that it cannot be relaxed even in case of mortal illness.

The adequacy of this simple diet is proved by an amusing fact in history. A Pope, in days long gone by, wished to allow the Carthusians to eat meat in case of sickness, but was at once

by growing flowers and wall-fruit. But as the garden is only about sixteen feet square his opportunities in this direction are somewhat limited.

When we return to the great cloister we find the brother butler going his rounds with the dinner, which is the first meal of the day. Pushing before him a loaded trolley, he pauses at each hatch and delivers the appointed allowance.

First comes a curious contrivance consisting of three cans fitting into each other. The lowest contains vegetable soup, the second eggs or fish (on festivals it is eggs and fish), and the top one holds the vegetables. Two apples or other fruit are delivered on a plate with an allowance of bread, and a bottle of

implored by a deputation of twenty-seven hale old monks to do nothing of the kind. On inquiring their ages he was astonished to find that they ranged from eighty-eight to ninety-five! Such testimony to the healthfulness of the Carthusian life was too much for him, and it remained unaltered.



THE BEAUTIFUL CHAPTER HOUSE OF THE LARGEST MONASTERY IN THE WORLD.

At the present time there are monks at Parkminster who joined the order more than thirty years ago, and certainly they look robust enough.

The dinner, which is served in the forenoon, forms the chief meal of the day, the only other being a light supper in the afternoon. The term "supper" may seem rather a misnomer until it is explained that the monk retires to rest at seven o'clock, in order to be up for the midnight service.

But even this simple diet is not deemed sufficiently ascetic, and from September 14th until the following Easter a great monastic fast is observed. During this time only one meal is taken daily, though any who desire it may have three or four ounces of bread in the evening.

Hard as the Carthusians are upon themselves, they are hard upon nobody else. Their charities are only bounded by their means. "Give to everyone that asketh of thee" is the precept that they carry out to the letter. Every passing beggar receives a portion of bread and a penny.

Formerly much more was given, but the procession of the unwashed that wended its way to Parkminster assumed such proportions that the magistrates were compelled to ask the monks to moderate their generosity.

A considerable number of poor people in the neighbourhood are practically maintained by the community, who own 600 acres and a large number of houses in the village. In one of our illustrations the brother porter is handing one of the monastic loaves to a wayfarer.

But the feature of the Carthusian life which most calls for description, though few people have witnessed it, is the monastic Matins, or midnight service. It is impossible to describe adequately the extraordinary scene which rewards the visitor who does not mind facing the ordeal of a long service in a cramped position in a cold church at midnight.

On a recent visit to St. Hugh's Monastery, we retired to our allotted cell at seven o'clock in the evening—the hour at which all the monks end their day. The birds were singing outside, and the light of a summer evening bathed the hills in beauty. A profound silence brooded over the monastic enclosure, and the passer-by might well have



EVERY BEGGAR WHO CALLS AT THE MONASTERY RECEIVES A LOAF AND A PENNY.

thought the place deserted. The fact that the partridges build their nests each spring in the cloister-garth will serve best to illustrate the utter quietude of this abode of modern hermits.

The evening closed in, and at last sleep came, in spite of the unaccustomed hour and the uneasy couch. But repose was not for very long. As the strokes of eleven sounded from the tower a silent monk, clad in white from head to foot, aroused us, and in a few minutes we were following the Father Procurator through the long

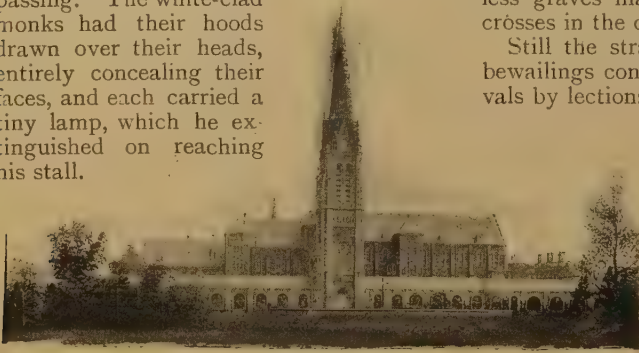


THE LONGEST CLOISTER IN THE WORLD—600 FEET LONG.

cloisters to the church. Only the tiny lamps that we carried served to break the intense darkness by bringing to life mysterious shadows.

The great bell was booming as we entered the church and were surprised to find ourselves in complete darkness. The faint glimmer of a red sanctuary lamp served to emphasize the gloom, small shaded lamps being used to shed discs of light on the office books during certain parts of the service.

Then came the sound of many hurrying footsteps, and it seemed as though a procession of the dead was passing. The white-clad monks had their hoods drawn over their heads, entirely concealing their faces, and each carried a tiny lamp, which he extinguished on reaching his stall.



THE CHURCH IN WHICH THE FAMOUS MIDNIGHT SERVICE IS HELD.

Then once more there was complete silence, as well as total darkness. Presently a strangely plaintive chant arose, to continue without intermission for two hours and a half.

The singing of the Carthusians is peculiar to their order. To the austere tones of the ancient ecclesiastical plainsong the monks have added a weird wailing quality, and the midnight chant seems to be sobbed rather than sung. This is by no means

accidental, for the nocturnal worship of the Carthusians is one long lamentation and intercession for the sins of the world.

As the eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, the sight became a thrilling one. All around the church the stalls of the brothers were occupied by what might well have been dead monks. Motionless, clad in white, with the white hood covering the face, and with joined hands, they leaned against the misereres in the stalls and presented no sign of life.

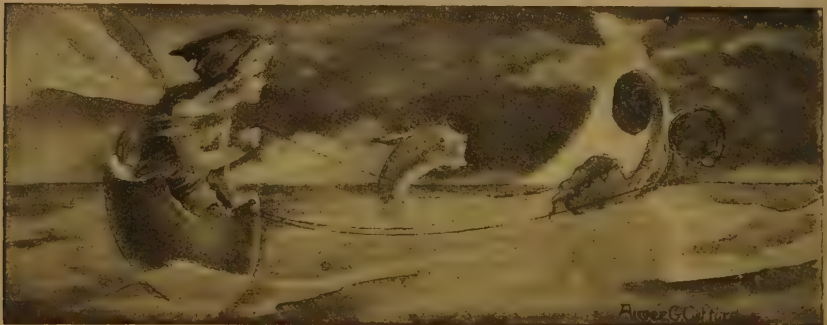
Indeed, for them existence is but one long looking-forward to the day when they will join the monks who rest in the nameless graves marked by five plain wooden crosses in the cloister cemetery.

Still the strangely solemn petitions and bewailings continued, only broken at intervals by lections of Holy Scripture—for the

Carthusians read practically the whole Bible through every year—and it was not until two hours and a half had elapsed that the service came to an end and the ghostly procession once more passed out into the cloister to seek rest in the cells until the church bell should wake them

again at five o'clock in the morning.

Including the services of the day and night these monks spend ten hours out of every twenty-four in prayer and intercession. This is not the place to discuss theological questions, but, if it be true, as Tennyson sang, that "more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of," then the Carthusian monks at Parkminster are not the least of England's friends.



"MINE OYSTER"

AND THE STORY OF ITS PEARL.

BY BERTRAND DAVIS.

Illustrated by L. Raven Hill.



"I EXPLAINED THAT HE HAD DISCOVERED
THE SECRET SORROW OF MY SOUL—THE LACK
OF OYSTERS."

He longed to lay him down upon their shelly bed
and stuff,
For he'd often eaten oysters, but he'd never had
enough.

W. S. GILBERT.

YEARS ago, when "the succulent bivalve" was unknown, and the barbaric English-speaking race referred to this form of shellfish by the brutal term "oyster"—long ago in these pre-historic times, I owned a friend. When I tell you that he was a journalist, you will understand how poor he must have been, and yet how brilliant.

In the pursuit of his calling he attended fires, Old Bailey trials, political meetings, concerts, funerals, and other festive gatherings. He was particularly happy in his leaderettes upon vestry vandalisms, and I have known him, when funds were low, to pose as the sole survivor of a shipwreck.

It was our custom to meet early each evening at my rooms for a serious smoke, when we would discuss the various topics of the day, and sum them up in a few telling phrases, destined to appear next morning in the *Daily Spread Eagle*, the paper to which Tom Fellowes was attached.

On one of these occasions he confessed

to me his besetting sin. It took the form of an unholy and ravenous craving for—oysters. Seated in his favourite attitude (with legs tilted optimistically upwards, to assist thought by directing the flow of blood to the brain), he expounded his reasons and his desires at length.

"Your oyster scalloped may have charms for the vulgar; your oyster soup doubtless pleases the palate of the parvenu; but give me, sir, the oyster *au naturel*, coy and disdainful within its close-clasped, pearly shell; and then the succulent brown bread and butter, crisp at the edges, curly at the corners; not to mention the cool, refreshing stout in tankard—ever in the tankard, remember, the foam-flecked tankard. Oh, my boy!"

Inspired by his glowing description, emboldened by his confidences, I arose and grasped his hand, whilst in a choking voice I explained that he had discovered the secret sorrow of my soul—the lack of oysters in an impecunious world. He apologised for intruding on my grief, and then we sat in silence to ruminate upon the joy of meeting a kindred spirit, a friend capable of great appreciations. Into our hearts then stole the pleasure that men feel when in love, but without the deterioration of intellect consequent on that condition.

At length some ashes fell with a tiny crash into the grate and awoke us from our reveries. This time it was Tom who extended his hand. "Come," he cried, "let us seal the bond of eternal friendship with an oyster carnival. Come!"

We went out into the night, and in a low-lying restaurant near the Strand found our heart's desire. The place was famous locally for the excellence of its fish suppers.

A recent change of proprietorship, however, had caused considerable loss of custom, and the "boss" was correspondingly anxious to make us comfortable.

Tom introduced himself, stating his calling, also the power for good he could exert on behalf of a worthy caterer. This eventually procured a further supply of natives, and afterwards it was with difficulty that I prevented him from palming me off as the Oyster Editor of the *Fishmonger's Gazette*.

and the best relaid. But at length Nemesis overtook us.

One eventful night Tom came to my room distraught and agitated; it was unnecessary to ask the cause, I knew it only too well. When I tell you that I was a struggling artist in those days, you will understand how poor I must have been, and yet how ambitious.

We did not speak. Tom plunged his hands in his pockets, elevated his shoulders, and began to stride up and down.

After a while it grew monotonous. I coughed. He stopped and looked at me; then, with averted eye, "I suppose, Dick, you positively haven't—er—any little trifle of value that might serve to relieve the pressure—just fetch enough for one dozen apiece, say?"

For answer I dangled a watchless steel chain before his eyes.

"Everything I could raise money on has left me, Tom. Last Wednesday, you remember, we supped upon my opera glasses; the week before it was by kind permission of your gold pencil case. Your turn again now. How

about that pearl scarf pin?"

"Oh, that's no good; the pearl is very small and has broken loose. See, I have it in my pocket. Of course one might—stay—stop—let me think."

A couple of seconds later he was in the easy chair, with his legs at the old optimistic angle.

I waited respectfully; in such crises Tom's is invariably the master mind. Three minutes passed. He arose.

"Put on your hat, and follow me."

I obeyed.

No word of explanation did he vouchsafe as we hurried through the streets to the usual spot. He was not excited; he was quite cool, in fact. I seated myself with childlike faith at the accustomed table. The piscatorial waiter floated up to us.



"'IT IS A PEARL,' SAID TOM, 'AND A VERY FAIR-SIZED ONE, TOO.'"

The carnival proved such a success that we repeated it regularly once a week regardless of the expense it entailed. Prudence was abandoned; every Wednesday evening found us in the company of a piscatorial waiter devoid of chin and with full fish-like eyes. Every Wednesday evening we gazed upon the bland, expressionless features of the Whitstable native

"Two dozen American relaid to begin with."

The waiter looked surprised. I could only gasp—

"American relaid! Oh, Tom!"

"I have a fancy, Richard, for American relaid to-night. You will indulge me in my harmless whim, won't you, dear boy?"

Of course I was bound to acquiesce, yet dismay and bewilderment must have been depicted upon my face. Was this to be the end of it all? From Whittable natives to American relaid! Better to have remained at home and feasted in imagination upon the splendours of other nights than to tempt fortune with some hare-brained scheme that aspired no higher than American relaid.

"Tom, this is unworthy of you. Let us go home."

But he only chuckled softly, and started on the bread-and-butter.

The oysters were placed before us, almost deprecatingly, I thought; but Tom seemed to notice nothing, and fell to with gusto. His cheerfulness jarred upon a mind filled with gloom. I could not but recollect former occasions. Ichabod! How were the mighty fallen! *American relaid!* Ugh!!

An exclamation from Tom caused me to look up. He was examining critically something that lay in the shell of his oyster. I leant over.

"What is it, a shrimp?"

"No, a pearl!"

"A what?"

"Unless I am greatly mistaken, it is a pearl; a very fair-sized one, too. By Jove! this is a slice of luck. Ah! here comes our waiter."

He beckoned to him to approach, and was proceeding to direct attention to his find, in a tone that attracted the notice of all present, when I broke in—

"Don't be so absurd, Tom; it's probably only a stone or chip from the shell."

"My experience at the pearl fisheries in

the Persian Gulf leads me to believe this is indeed a genuine pearl. The condition of the fish certainly indicates——"

"Tom, dry up," I whispered sternly; "I will not sit still and hear such statements. You never were in the Persian Gulf."

He extended his leg and kicked me swiftly and silently, accompanying the blow with a look of such concentrated scorn, hatred, dread, dismay, disgust, that I stopped thunderstruck. Moreover, the pain was grievous, and immediately engrossed my attention. I felt hurt, both in body and mind.

"Arvamineet, sare, I show it to ze boss," said the waiter, moving to take up the plate; but Tom at once waved him aside.

"Oh, no, you don't! This is my property. It doesn't leave my possession."



"THE PLACE WAS CROWDED. THREE NEW WAITERS WERE TRYING TO COPE WITH THE SITUATION."

Let your boss step this way."

The boss did step that way, and eyed the pearl closely. He was at first

inclined to doubt that it was genuine. Being satisfied on this head, he wished to contest the ownership.

In the end, he ordered our bill to be

brought. For the best of all reasons, Tom flatly refused to pay. I sat silent and nursed my outraged limb, for it was slowly dawning upon me that I had seen that pearl before, and that Tom's necktie was looking rather lonely without it.

"Oh, you won't pay, won't you? Well, we shall soon see about that. 'Ere, Gustave, just fetch a——"

"Stop," said Tom, quietly. "Sit down by my side for a few moments and notice what is going on around you. We have been good customers in the past. Believe me when I say the discovery of this pearl represents far more to you than its intrinsic value does to me. Now do *sit down*, there's a good fellow, and watch."

With a bewildered air, the proprietor took a seat and saw that—

An oleaginous man at the next table called the waiter and ordered two dozen American relaid. He was a frequenter of the place, and his repast never exceeded the dozen he had already consumed. Besides, he invariably ordered Scotch.

A party of three, who had not long been seated, countermanded a previous order, and requested to be served with American relaid.

A rough-looking man who had just demolished a snack of fish, ordered oysters, indicating by a jerk of his thumb that he wished to partake of the same variety as was served to us.

Other demands followed in quick succession, and within twenty minutes' time every customer in that oyster shop was revelling in the delights of American relaid.

They ate with extreme care, yet each according to his temperament; some furtively with eyes upon their neighbours' plates, some with a careful affectation of disdain; but on the faces of all there rested more or less a glow of golden hope as of those who awaited wealth in the near future.

At first the proprietor sat in a sort of stupor. Then he realised the situation and we could almost hear him thinking. When the breathless waiter seized a moment of leisure to inform him that Americans were nearly out, he said—

"Serve 'em with Scotch and tell 'em they're American."

Tom winked at me and kicked my leg again. Unfortunately, the blow fell exactly as of yore, and the anguish was so intolerable that I became oblivious of all other earthly things.

When I came to my senses we were outside in the night, and he was saying:—"nor does it end here: to-morrow we will look mine host up again, and if I'm not mistaken we shall find him amenable to our wishes. Unless I am greatly in error, we shall find him vending Whitstable natives at fancy prices as American relaid."

Next evening, however, we experienced some difficulty in getting in at all. The place was crowded. Three new waiters were endeavouring to cope with the situation. Two more oyster openers toiled unceasingly behind the bar. Every *habitué* of the place was present and appeared to have brought most of his relations.

We became aware for the first time that the oleaginous man possessed a wife and family, all busily engaged in devouring what they fondly imagined were American relaid, whilst paterfamilias stood at the bar, alternately scrutinising the actions of his oyster opener, and exhorting his family to persevere.

This unwonted liberality towards his dear ones somewhat surprised us, until we observed that he stimulated his own gastro-nomic exertions with stout and bread-and-butter, whilst they were compelled to take their oysters neat. His wife looked tired and bilious, and the children were evidently surfeited.

The seedy individual was also present, but minus his overcoat and plus two other seedy individuals. They ate with stealth, and appeared to be betting on results.

The party of three had become a party of nine.

An extensive outdoor trade was also carried on. Heads of families came in with fish baskets and some diffidence, chatted parenthetically of birthday festivities, and bore away varying quantities of the all-important oyster.

Unwashed children presented satchels and demanded "American new laid," left their change upon the counter, and subsequently returned in anguish to recover the same.

And still the crowd grew more clamorous, and the trade increased.

At five and twenty minutes to ten the proprietor fulfilled Tom's prediction and dispensed Whitstable natives as a particularly choice variety of American oysters, at 4s. the dozen.

The psychological moment had arrived. Tom and I, having remained unobtrusively in the background for some time, now

stepped forward to interview the proprietor.

No sooner did he catch sight of us than he demanded in a loud tone, for the benefit of those assembled—

"Well, Mr. Fellowes, have you had your pearl valued yet?"

"Yes," was the answer, given without a blush, "and they value it at about £15."

Every upraised fork was stayed; every mouth opened to receive a further delicacy increased in circumference; every eye bulged.

"We wish to see you privately and at once," added Tom, impressively.

The proprietor looked Tom in the eyes, and there was a duel of glances. But no ordinary being could long withstand the gaze of the most picturesque reporter on the staff of the *Daily Spread Eagle*. He turned and led the way into a little sitting-room behind the bar. Closing the door, he motioned us to sit down.

"Well?"

Tom began in his airiest method.

"You see, my dear boy, the case is like this: The pearl is mine, and you are mine oyster. The pearl is mine principally because it forms the ornament in a breast pin of which I now produce the shank. See, here it is, and thus the socket fits the pearl. You are mine oyster, and now I have opened you up you are going to make it worth my while to keep this little affair a secret."

The proprietor arose. "Very well, that's your tale; who's going to believe you? I'm not. I tell you, my friends," waxing indignant as he proceeded, "it's a very pretty put up job, but it won't work. Now suppose you get out."

"My dear good man, my really most worthy oyster merchant, pray don't bluster, as there is no time to lose. I will give you five minutes"—he pulled out his watch as he spoke; "at the conclusion of that period I leave you for the office of the *Daily Spread Eagle*. It is for you to say, meanwhile, which of the two paragraphs I am about to read appears in to-morrow's issue. Number one is as follows:—

"A LUCKY OYSTER MERCHANT.

"At Delaney's oyster rooms in Church Street, Strand, well known to the *gourmets* of the neighbourhood, a curious incident occurred this week, being nothing less than the discovery in the shell of an oyster, of the variety known as American relaid, of a veritable pearl. The lucky guest values his find at £15, and the news has caused a very considerable increase of custom to the proprietor. It is probable



that means will be taken to trace the birthplace of the shell-fish, and the occurrence may eventually lead to highly important results."

"IT'S A VERY PRETTY PUT UP JOB, BUT IT WON'T WORK," SAID THE PROPRIETOR."

The last sentence was redolent of Tom. Without delay he started on the second paragraph.

"THE DEVICE OF THE NEEDY JOURNALIST.

"Much amusement has been caused in

certain circles by the following anecdote related of a well-known rising journalist:—

“A few days ago, being temporarily in embarrassed circumstances financially, he entered a small oyster shop in Church Street, Strand, in the company of an equally impecunious acquaintance, and ordered some dozens of American relaid. Shortly afterwards he created considerable excitement by asserting that one of his oysters contained a genuine pearl, though of no great value. This statement was in point of fact correct, because he had himself placed it there. The delighted proprietor reaped a golden harvest for some few hours until the trick was exposed, but we have yet to learn that he has rewarded the author of his good fortune.”

Tom laid the papers upon the table and took out his watch. The oyster merchant said never a word whilst three minutes ticked themselves into eternity. Tom seemed engrossed in contemplating the movements of the minute hand, and I assumed the fatuous expression which my friends tell me is inimitable. Outside, the

clatter of forks and plates continued unceasingly.

At length our victim broke the spell.

“What do you want to get out of this affair?”

“You will not find us exorbitant. For the term of twelve calendar months you are to provide us with a weekly supper of two dozen Whitstable natives apiece. Do this, and the first paragraph appears. Refuse my terms, and you are a ruined man. One minute remains.”

He decided as we wished.

And the sequel proved that he had done wisely.

Tom Fellowes will one day reach a pinnacle of fame, but his chief claim to notoriety rests on the fact that he made “Delaney’s.” Other oyster emporiums endure for a season, then fade into oblivion, but Delaney’s is for all time. The pearl furore has died out months ago, but its purpose is achieved. The establishment will always—but, stay, Tom is coming upstairs, for it is Wednesday night and the piscatorial one is preparing the feast.

I go to mine oyster.

THE HARMSWORTH MAGAZINE.

VOLUME II. of THE HARMSWORTH MAGAZINE is now on sale at all booksellers' and newsagents'. It forms a very handsome book bound in the cover of which a *facsimile* is given on this page.



THIS IS A SKETCH OF THE PRETTY COVER FOR BINDING THE "HARMSWORTH MAGAZINE"

It contains no less than 576 pages, and pictures on nearly every page. Among its contents are forty-six fully illustrated interesting articles, forty-one complete short stories illustrated by the best artists, and fifty-eight full-page pictures after famous masters.

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THE LIFE STORY OF A LOCO.

SHOWING WHAT IT
COSTS TO RUN AN
ENGINE.

By J. HORNER.

"HE digs up certain black stones from the bosom of the earth, and says to them, 'Transport me and my luggage at the rate of four-and-twenty miles an hour,' and they do it."

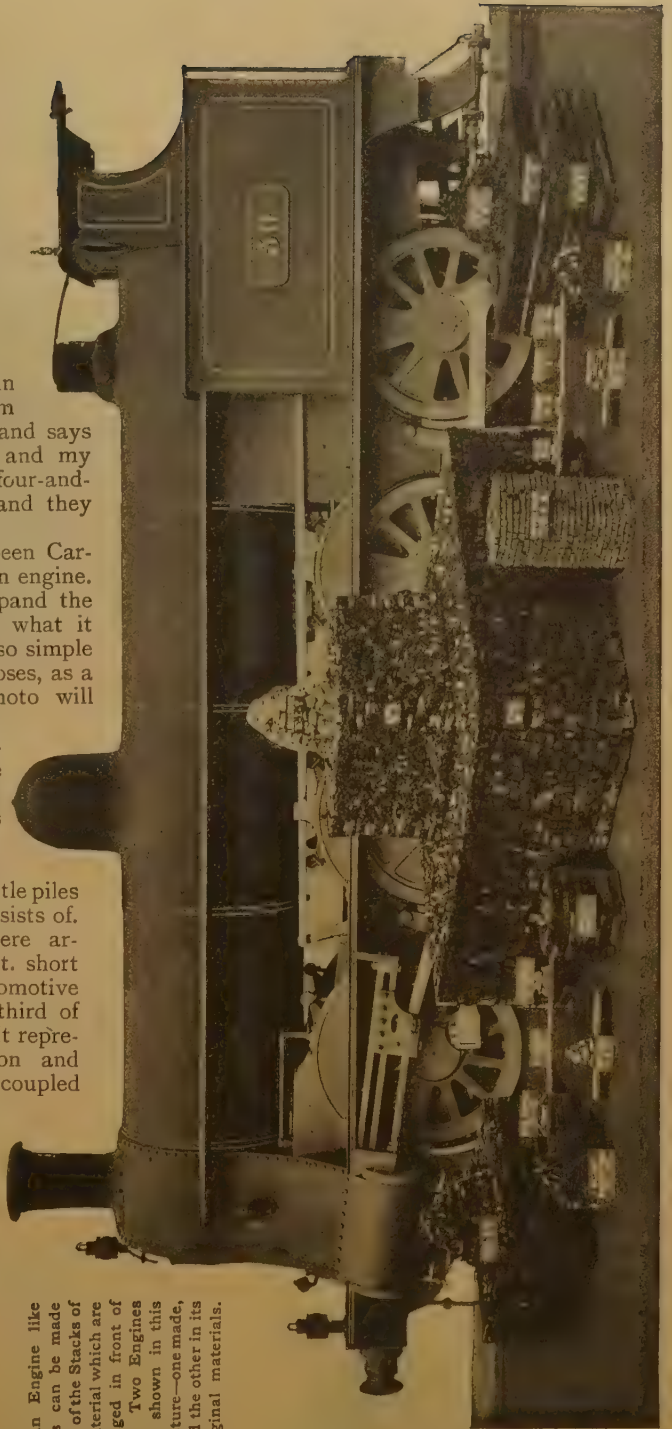
That seems to have been Carlyle's recipe for making an engine. Here we propose to expand the recipe and tell in detail what it means. It is not quite so simple as Carlyle's saying supposes, as a glimpse at our first photo will show.

There we see two engines—one finished, the other in its simple elements, waiting for brains and labour to make it like its fellow, for the materials arranged in neat little piles are all that an engine consists of.

The total material there arranged weighs but 2 cwt. short of 139 tons; the locomotive weighs rather over one-third of this, or 49 tons 5 cwt. It represents one of the London and North-Western eight-coupled mineral traffic engines, designed by Mr. Webb, to whose kindness I am indebted for the photograph.

Every scrap of material which is worked into the engine is shown there, together with the coal and coke which are required for smelting and fusion of the metals and alloys, and for their reheating in divers furnaces for the

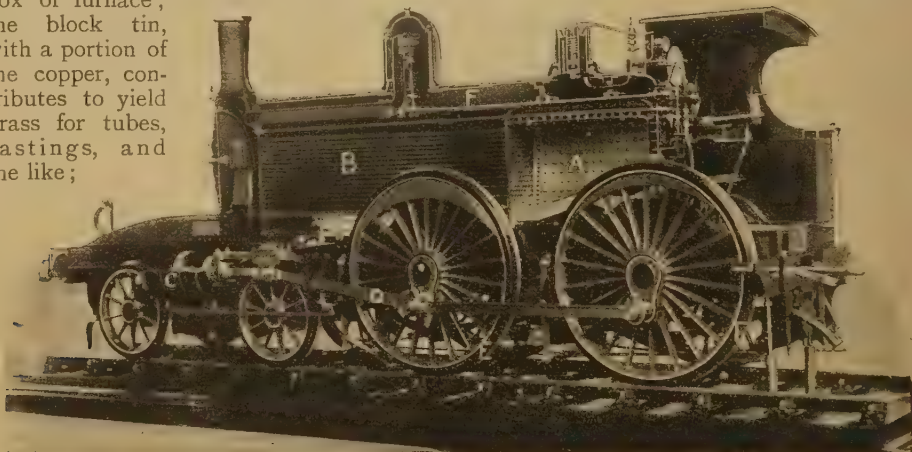
An Engine like this can be made out of the Stacks of Material which are ranged in front of it. Two Engines are shown in this Picture—one made, and the other in its original materials.



purpose of manufacture— $57\frac{1}{2}$ tons of coal, and 4 tons 12 cwt. of coke are necessary for this.

The iron and steel are used in the framings, the boiler, and rods of the engine; a large proportion of the copper ingot in the fire-box or furnace; the block tin, with a portion of the copper, contributes to yield brass for tubes, castings, and the like;

the boiler of an engine. The photograph of the interior of a locomotive, with which I have been favoured by Messrs. Coates, and which is taken from a model constructed by those very clever engineers for the South Kensington Museum, illustrates it perfectly.



THIS REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE INSIDE OF AN ENGINE, WHICH THE WRITER DESCRIBES.

while the other materials which occur in small quantities are mostly employed in the manufacture of steel, brass, and so forth.

How is it that a locomotive yields power equivalent to that of from 700 to 800 horses and even sometimes 1,000? A glimpse through the open door of the fire-box, revealing a furnace intensely hot, does not alone explain how so much steam is produced every minute. Yet without this the performances of the modern engine in hauling power and in speed would not be possible.

In order to explain how this volume of steam can be raised so quickly, we will imagine a kettle, but with very strong sides, and heavy lid, the inside containing a few tubes, up which the heat and flames pass from the fire. Though the size of the kettle is unaltered, the surface on which the heat acts is increased by the addition of the tubes. The obvious result is that the water will boil more quickly.

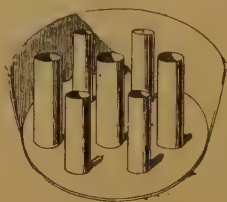
This is a crude illustration of what goes on in

A represents the furnace or fireplace; B the tubes, through which fire and hot gases pass, heating the water which surrounds them in the boiler. The area exposed to heat on the one side and water on the other is the "heating surface" of the boiler. That of the furnace is more efficient than that of the tubes, because it is next the fire, notwithstanding that the furnace area is much smaller than the tube area.

The engine shown in our first photograph has 210 tubes; while the fireplace has a heating surface of 114 square feet, the tubes expose a surface of 1,375 square feet to fire and hot gases.

In a kettle, the steam is at the same pressure as the atmosphere. But confine steam in a strong vessel, and its pressure increases, while its volume becomes reduced. At atmospheric pressure its volume

is 1,642 times greater than that of the water from which it is generated, while at a pressure of 160 lbs. per square inch, its volume is only 174 times that of the water. So that 174 cubic inches of steam,



THIS KETTLE WITH ITS TUBES ILLUSTRATES HOW THE WATER IN THE BOILER OF AN ENGINE IS HEATED.

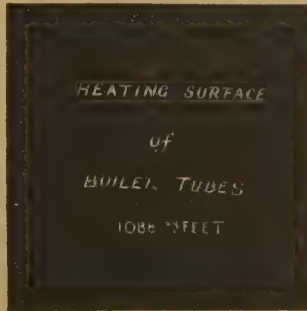
say, inside the boiler, become 1,642 cubic inches at the chimney. It is by virtue of this enormous compression that its work is done in the cylinders.

By the aid of our photo we can see exactly what goes on. The fire-box or furnace A contains a foot in depth of burning coals, the flame and hot gases from which pass into the tubes B, heating the surrounding water in the boiler F, and producing nearly instantaneous generation of steam from the water which is in contact with them. Everyone knows pretty well the action of the piston in the cylinders C, of which there are two—how the steam, by its expansion and pressure, forces the piston along from one end to the other, how this action is reversed, and how the waste steam, after having done its work, gets away into the atmosphere through the chimney.

At express speed, each piston—you can see one of them in the cylinder C—will move to and fro about 500 times in a minute, dependent, of course, on sizes of driving-wheels, etc., and each will travel a total distance of 1,000 feet in its cylinder in that time. But for the fact that the piston-rods are of the finest steel, and that the entering steam is utilised for a minute fraction of a second, to act as an elastic cushion, or buffer, to bring the piston to rest before it begins its return stroke, the rods would be broken short off at these high speeds.

The steam rushes into the cylinders at the rate of from 18,000 to 20,000 feet a minute, and every

ally that an express train can be pulled up in about twice its own length, with the assistance of brakes. This travelling to and fro in a restricted length of about 24 inches means 1,000 feet a minute!



THE FIRST BLOCK SHOWS HOW GREAT IS THE HEATING SURFACE OF THE BOILER TUBES OF A MIDLAND ENGINE AS COMPARED WITH THAT OF THE FIRE-BOX OR A SMALL KETTLE.

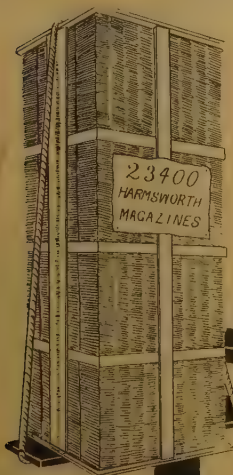


HEATING SURFACE OF KETTLE 2

The sustenance which is necessary to the life of the locomotive is administered in strictly economical quantities. The several hundred horses, the strength of which is equalled by that of an engine, would require an enormous quantity of food; but so does the locomotive, though of a different kind.

If we take an ordinary passenger engine, weighing in working order about 44 tons, running at from 40 to 50 miles an hour, pulling a train of 150 or 200 tons weight, making a moderate number of stoppages, the quantity of coal burnt will not vary much from 37 lb. in a mile, and this will boil away into steam from 31 to 32 gallons of water. In a 50-mile run, therefore, about 1,560 gallons of water will be evaporated.

Twenty-three thousand four hundred copies of *The Harmsworth Magazine* would be required



IN A RUN OF 50 MILES AN ENGINE EVAPORATES 1,560 GALLONS OF WATER. 23,400 COPIES OF THIS MAGAZINE WOULD BE REQUIRED TO BALANCE ITS WEIGHT.



dition of in-the driver on trol the

part is in a con-tense vibration; yet the foot-plate can con-movements so effectu-

burnt, equivalent block measuring 2 feet 6 inches by These figures are

to counter balance this; 1,850 lb. of coal would be to a solid 7 feet by 2 feet. striking,

for they mean that in about $1\frac{1}{4}$ minutes, 37 lbs. of coal is burned, and about 30 gallons of water boiled !

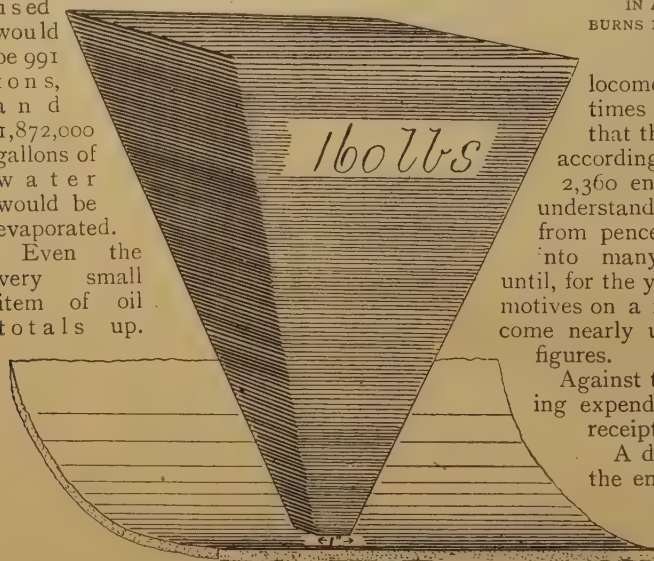
The steam produced would, at the boiler pressure of 160 pounds per square inch, form a cube $35\frac{1}{2}$ feet square ; but, at the atmospheric pressure at which it escapes from the chimney, the cube would measure 74 feet on each face.

Few people realise what 160 lbs. pressure to the square inch of a boiler means, but the diagram given below says all that can be said. The house and the cube in the other diagram represent the atmospheric expansion of a $35\frac{1}{2}$ -foot cube at boiler pressure.

Thirty-seven pounds of coal for the work of a mile is not extravagant, but when a fast passenger engine has run for a year, say, doing 200 miles a day, Sundays excepted, the total amount of coal

used would be 991 tons, and 1,872,000 gallons of water would be evaporated.

Even the very small item of oil totals up.

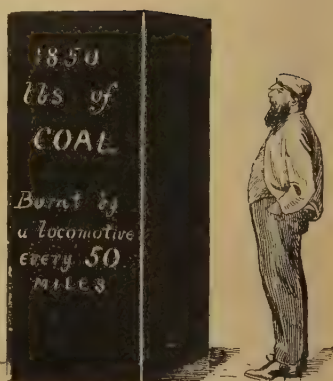


A PRESSURE OF 160 LBS OF STEAM ON A SQUARE INCH OF THE INTERIOR OF A BOILER IS VIVIDLY SHOWN HERE.

About five gallons of this are allowed for each engine for a week's consumption, for lubrication and lighting. But in a year this would fill the massive cyclist's oil-can shown in the figure, the cycle and oil-can being shown proportionate.

One of our diagrams shows the detailed yearly expenditure for the whole of the engines on the Midland system.

Another figure shows a group of bags, which illustrate the average amount expended on a 50-mile run. These small sums are not alarming in magnitude, but when we remember that a passenger



IN A RUN OF 50 MILES AN ENGINE BURNS 1,850 LBS. OF COAL, REPRESENTED BY THIS BLOCK.

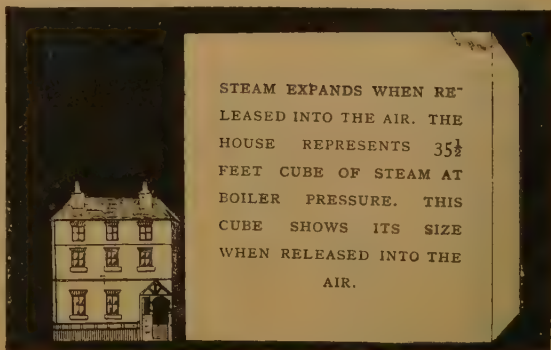
locomotive runs three or four times 50 miles in a day, and that the Midland Railway have, according to the latest returns, 2,360 engines in use, it is easy to understand why these figures grow from pence, and fractions of pence, into many thousands of pounds; until, for the year's work of all the locomotives on a railway, the quantities become nearly unmanageable by ordinary figures.

Against these vast sums representing expenditure, must be placed the receipts!

A diagram on page 64 shows the enormous difference between the expenditure and receipts per 50 miles only. For a year the averaged receipts spread over twenty-four years run up to £7,373,525 as

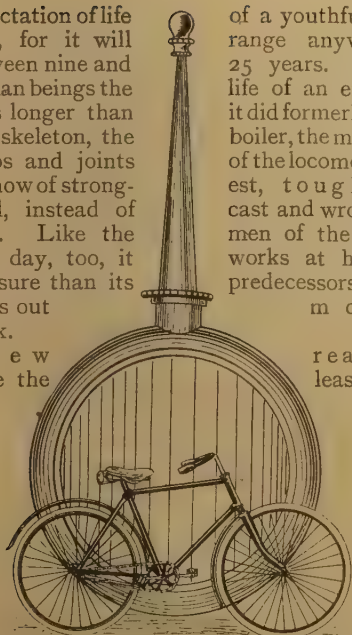
against £1,122,899 expenditure.

There is a good deal of difference in the



expectation of life
gine, for it will
between nine and
human beings the
lasts longer than
the skeleton, the
limbs and joints
are now of strong-
steel, instead of
iron. Like the
sent day, too, it
pressure than its
turns out
work.

Few
have the



AN OIL-CAN AS BIG AS THIS IN REF. TO THE BICYCLE IS REQUIRED TO HOLD THE OIL USED BY AN ENGINE IN A YEAR. FIVE GALLONS ARE USED A WEEK.

of the extraordinary precautions which are taken to ensure the soundest possible health to every engine made. There is never a piece of iron, steel, copper, or brass used in a locomotive, the history of which is not known and recorded in a book. If ever anything goes wrong, in any single part, the whole of the history of its past life can be turned up and read.

The exact chemical and physical composition of each is known—the chemical by analysis, the physical by the tearing and twisting asunder of samples, by bending to fracture, and by crushing. Every conceivable form of rough usage to which the materials can possibly be subjected in actual service is anticipated in the testing room, and whatever fails to

of a youthful en-
range anywhere
25 years. Like
life of an engine
it did formerly, for
boiler, the mighty
of the locomotive,
est, toughest
cast and wrought
men of the pre-
works at higher
predecessors, and
more

readers
least idea

pass these tests
satisfactorily
is rejected.

Some parts
get worn out
before others,
so the engine
tubes (see B
in the second
picture) are the
first to go, last-
ing but three
or four years.
The fire-box
(A) will have
a life twice as
long. The
boilers (F) will
live from 12 to
25 years, cy-
linders (C)
from 10 to 20,
crank axles
from five to
24, tyres (E)
from six to 10.
With the ex-
ception of the
skeleton and
the boiler,
nearly every-
thing will have
been removed,
so that during
its life and car-
eer a locomot-
ive will have
had four or five

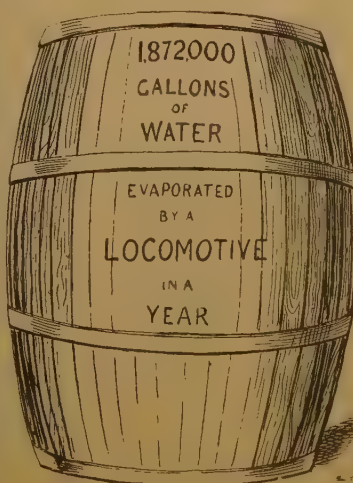
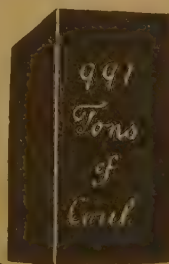
WAGES	£453057
REPAIRS	£357460
COAL & COKE	£289545
OIL & STORES	£44842
WATER	£28575
SALARIES	£24187
GAS	£9868
TURNABLES & BUILDINGS	£2361

WHAT IT COSTS TO RUN THE
MIDLAND ENGINES FOR A YEAR.
THE EXPENSE IN DETAIL.

sets of new tubes put in, at least one new fire-box, and probably new cylinders, new crank axles, and new wheel tyres, besides many lesser items.

Twenty years is a rather exceptionally long period for an engine to

ONE YEAR'S SUPPLY OF WATER AND COAL FOR AN ENGINE.



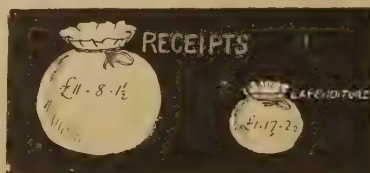
live. Nor is this to be marvelled at, remembering what fast lives they lead. Consider the express giant, consuming in every hour of its working life from 35 to 40 lbs. of coal, boiling away 30 gallons of water! During that hour its furnace will be as hot as 2,500 deg. Fahrenheit, its pistons will each travel 60,000 feet in their cylinders, its wheels will make something like 15,000 or 18,000 revolutions. All in one hour's work! Multiply that by the day's, the week's, the year's work, and gauge roughly the terrific strain on the sinews of the panting giant, and then say if the life of an engine is an easy one!

their own engines with such particular affection as to dislike changing to another?

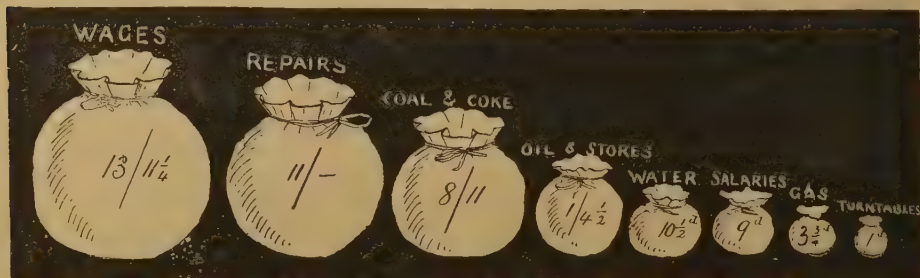
For though two engines should be built exactly alike, and no onlooker could distinguish between them, yet each has its own funny little ways, and they will not be the same to a driver who has become accustomed to the footplate of one.

Neither will their performances ever be exactly similar. And so the superinten-

dents find it best, as far as possible, to permit men to retain particular engines rather than change about. Travellers on the London, Brighton, and South Coast



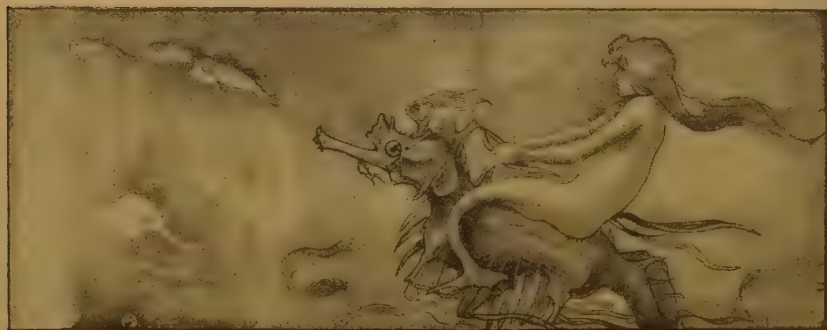
THE RECEIPTS VERSUS THE EXPENDITURE OF AN ENGINE IN A RUN OF 50 MILES.



ALL THIS MONEY GOES INTO THE AIR IN A 50-MILE RUN OF AN ENGINE.

Is it any marvel that the loco becomes almost instinct with life to those who learn to love it; or that the drivers, on whom responsibility lies heavily, come to regard

Railway will have noticed that this system is carried out so far that each engine has the name of its driver on a brass plate inside the cab.





"THE CHAIRMAN TRIED TO RESTORE ORDER."

SIR GEOFFREY BARGROVE'S SPEECHES.

A STORY OF A BYE-ELECTION.

By W. HOWARD HAZELL.

Illustrated by F. H. Townsend.

THE London daily papers of October 3, 1898, announced on their posters that Sir Geoffrey Bargrove, Bart., the Conservative member for Mid-Blankshire, had died suddenly the previous afternoon.

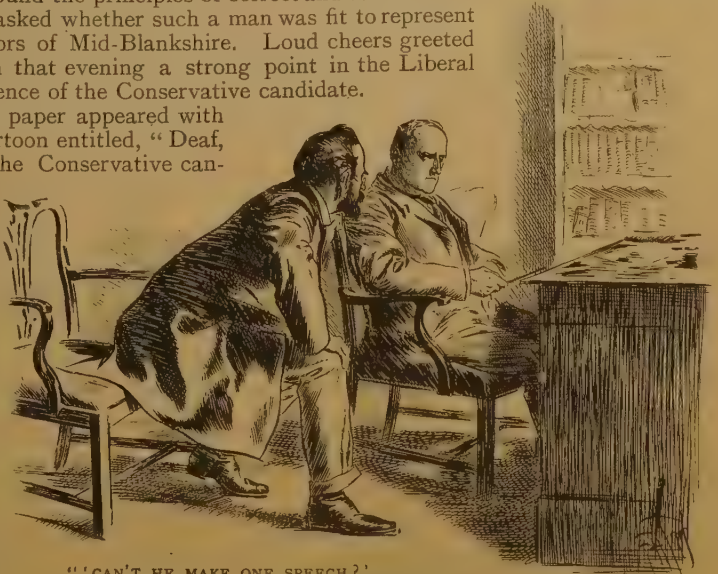
They agreed that a Conservative was nearly certain to be returned for the vacancy thus caused, and one or two of the Conservative organs hinted that the new baronet might be the most suitable candidate. But the matter remained unsettled till the funeral had taken place.

A few days later the political world knew that the new Sir Geoffrey Bargrove was going to stand as Conservative candidate for the Mid-Blankshire division, and the following day the papers announced that Mr. George Carruthers, barrister-at-law, would contest the election in the Liberal interest.

About ten days before the poll, one of the Liberal speakers made a stirring address in the Town-hall of Brighton, and taunted the Conservatives of the county with wishing to return to Parliament a man who, apparently, was unable to make a speech. He pointed out that the Conservative candidate only made a few remarks at each meeting, and left his supporters to expound the principles of correct and conservative government; and he asked whether such a man was fit to represent the enlightened electors of Mid-Blankshire. Loud cheers greeted this attack, and from that evening a strong point in the Liberal campaign was the silence of the Conservative candidate.

Then a local comic paper appeared with a rather scurrilous cartoon entitled, "Deaf, Dumb, or Daft." The Conservative candidate was represented standing in the centre of a group of physicians, who were examining his vocal organs and measuring his skull, and beneath was their diagnosis: "Brains—moderate. Power of speech—wanting."

At every Liberal meeting reference was made to the speechlessness of Sir Geoffrey Bargrove, and at several of the



"'CAN'T HE MAKE ONE SPEECH?'
ASKED THE EDITOR, IN DESPAIR."

Conservative gatherings some confusion had been caused by loud cries for a longer speech from the candidate, and order was only restored by forcibly removing the malcontents.

Matters had been in this state for two or three days after the famous Liberal meeting which had started the attack, and the effect upon the Conservative chances of victory was very serious. Broughton, the editor of the *Blankshire Gazette*, called on Joseph Parkhurst, the agent, one morning, with a very long face, and as soon as the clerk had closed the door, he began—

"It's all up, I'm afraid, Parkhurst, unless we can stop this speech crusade against Sir Geoffrey."

"I'm afraid it is," replied Parkhurst. "The canvassers bring in most gloomy reports. I knew it was our weak point, and Carruthers has found it out."

"Can't he make *one* speech?" asked the editor, in despair. "One good rousing speech would turn the tables, I think."

"I've asked him to learn one by heart. I said I would write it out for him, but it's no good," gloomily answered the agent. "He says he cannot do it."

"It does seem a shame to lose the election," replied Parkhurst. "I've half a mind to dress up as Sir Geoffrey and make a speech myself."

"By Jove! Parkhurst!" suddenly cried Broughton, as he half rose from his chair, and sat down again without finishing his sentence. There was silence for a few moments while the two men looked at each other, and then Parkhurst said—

"Well, what is it?"

Broughton's answer was to look round to see if the door was shut, and then draw his chair close to the desk at which Parkhurst sat. Then he said, in a low voice—

"There's a man named Jacobson I knew when I was on the staff of the *Evening Mail*, who is the very image of Sir Geoffrey. He was a grand speaker, drank like a fish, and was always anxious to borrow a five-pound note."

"Whatever has that do with the election?" asked Parkhurst, in surprise.

"Do you think we could change them for one night, and have a speech?" almost whispered Broughton.

Parkhurst started, but did not answer, and began to dig holes in his blotting pad with a letter opener. He had nearly ruined the pad before he said—

"Are they alike?"

"As two peas."

"Can he speak?"

"He's an orator."

"Will he do it?"

"We can buy him."

"Can we trust him?"

"If we pay."

"Where is he?"

"Come to town with me by the 2.15."

"But what will Sir Geoffrey say?"

"We must get our man first, and then talk him round afterwards."

Both men were to have spoken at meetings that evening, but they telegraphed they were unable to do so, as they were called to town on important business.

Five days before the date of the poll, a monster meeting was to be held at Greyborough, a small town in a part of the constituency farthest from Newlands, Sir Geoffrey's estate. He was only known to a few people in the town, but the hall was crowded long before eight o'clock by Liberals as well as Conservatives, and a rowdy meeting was expected. It had been rumoured that the candidate was going to make a speech in reply to the statements of his opponents, and this novelty had drawn a much larger audience than usual.

A train from London, which stopped at Newlands Junction (a station a couple of miles from the Bargrove estate), reached Greyborough a few minutes after eight, and when the train rattled in, Parkhurst, Broughton, and three of the local political leaders were on the platform.

As soon as the train stopped, Parkhurst rushed up to a man who stepped out of a first-class carriage, and hastily introduced him to the three strangers. He then hurried them into two cabs, and they were all in the hall before a quarter past eight.

The chairman was just finishing his speech amid many interruptions from the back of the hall, such as, "Why don't you teach old Bargrove to speak as well as you do?" while a doggerel couplet chanted in unison seemed to give great pleasure to the gallery—

Geoffrey B.,
Deaf and dumb!
Our M.P.
Always mum!

The entrance of the candidate led to renewed disturbances, and a stentorian voice shouted from beneath the gallery, "Have you lost your phonograph?" which caused fresh shrieks of laughter. It was some time before the chairman could

restore order and introduce Sir Geoffrey Bargrove to the electors.

At last he succeeded, and the speaker began in a nervous, hesitating manner, amid considerable confusion under the gallery. Gradually it dawned on the audience that he was not using the few sentences they had expected to hear, and those who had been noisiest were loudest in their cries of "Silence!" "Sit down!" "Give him a chance!" until at last order was restored.

Then they heard the speaker state that he had not troubled them with long speeches, as he had been so ably supported by men of more experience; but the charges brought against him by the opposite party had compelled him to break through his silence. Gradually, as he warmed to his subject, he lost his nervous manner, and spoke with force and freedom.

Conservatives were at first amazed, then delighted, and the noisy Liberals were cowed by the enthusiasm of those who had previously enjoyed jeering the chairman and the candidate. As sentence followed sentence, and denunciation followed denunciation, the audience applauded uproariously. For nearly an hour they were carried away by the speaker's eloquence, and when he asked them to compare the Conservative aims with the politics and tactics of the Liberals who preferred unjust abuse of their opponents to practical politics, the enthusiasm was beyond control. Chaos reigned for some time, but at last order was restored, and the next speaker began.

The excitement continued through his speech, and all his sentences ended in a round of applause. In the middle of his speech the candidate and Messrs. Broughton and Parkhurst were seen to leave the platform, and a few minutes later they were standing in the station waiting for the

London train, when this strange conversation took place:—

"You could not have done it better," said Broughton.

"I think I stirred them a bit. I've an awful thirst: where can I get a whiskey and soda?" answered the candidate.

"You cannot have one. You know you have signed the pledge until the election is over. If you break it we will pay you nothing," said Parkhurst, sternly.

"All right. Don't you worry. I'll lie low," was the answer.

"Hide your face when the train comes in, and don't talk to us. We get out at Brighton. The porters here don't know



"'THANK GOODNESS THAT'S OVER,' SAID THE ELECTION AGENT."

Sir Geoffrey. Be sure you come at once if we wire," urged Broughton.

The train came in as he spoke, and the candidate went into a compartment by himself. As soon as they were alone, Parkhurst said—

"Thank goodness that's over. Nobody had a hint. The butler at Newlands is the only one who knows anything, and he is safe enough."

"I hope it will be all right," answered Broughton. "But it's a big risk, particularly with Jacobson in the secret."

"We are in for it, and must do our best. Shall we have to have him down again?"

"I hope not; it would be risky bringing him to Brighton. But let me write up a bit of my editorial before we get in."

Next morning's papers were full of the great surprise caused by Sir Geoffrey Bargrove's brilliant speech. Already the tide had turned in his favour, and a number of "wobblers" came over to the Conservative side as the result of the candidate's wonderful speech. The local Liberal paper was bitter and scathing in its remarks on the variable eloquence of the Conservative candidate, and it openly hinted that the speech had been written by one of his supporters and committed to memory.

Sir Geoffrey was enthusiastically greeted when he left his house on the following day to address a meeting of farm labourers, but they were bitterly disappointed when he only made a few remarks, such as he had given them on previous occasions. At the evening meeting it was the same, and the Conservatives were aghast, and the Liberals delighted, at the abrupt ending to Sir Geoffrey Bargrove's eloquence.

Broughton met Parkhurst again at his office on the following morning, and discussed the state of affairs.

"That speech won't last till the polling day, I fear," said Parkhurst. "They are already asking for another."

"It's a pity we had it so soon," answered Broughton. "They are sure to guess it was a put-up affair unless we have another. Is Sir Geoffrey speaking to-night?"

"No, he has a night off; but he is out to-morrow night, and then there is the big meeting here on Friday evening, and Saturday is polling day. We shall not get that meeting through unless we have a speech. They will break it up and ruin our chances," said Parkhurst, in a dejected voice.

"Could you not run up to town this morning to see Jacobson, and coach him a bit for another speech on Friday? You had better take any photos of local celebrities you can find, to show him the men he must know."

"Yes, I'll go up at once; but if he comes late, and shakes hands with everybody and leaves early because of a headache, he cannot go far wrong," replied Broughton.

"Well, good luck to you, and if he is drunk, or away, wire me at once, and we must do the best we can," said Parkhurst, as his friend left him.

On Thursday evening a meeting was held in the country, where Sir Geoffrey made a few remarks, and said he intended

to make a long speech on the following evening at Brighton. This announcement drew a great number of people to hear the "Conservative enigma," as the Liberal papers had nicknamed the candidate.

At eight o'clock Sir Geoffrey Bargrove had not appeared, and shouts of "He's afraid to come," "He hasn't learned it yet," were interspersed with cheers and groans. The chairman did not like to begin until the arrival of the candidate and his agent, as he knew they were driving over from Newlands, and might be delayed on the road. At last, when the people at the back of the hall were threatening to mount the platform and have a Liberal meeting, a shout from outside announced their arrival. A dogcart drove rapidly through the market square, the horse covered with foam, amid a perfect babel of shouts, cheers, and groans. Parkhurst whispered to Broughton as they went on to the platform—

"There has been an accident on the line, and the train was three-quarters of an hour late. I thought I should never get here."

As the party entered the hall the noise was redoubled. An energetic Liberal, who had secured a good seat in the front, and had no supporters, roared loudly, and was promptly hustled down the platform stairs.

The chairman's remarks were brief and inaudible to anybody but the reporters. When Sir Geoffrey rose, the old couplet was repeated with great vigour, accompanied by a chorus of tin trumpets. He faced the crowd patiently with a smile on his face, waiting for an opportunity to speak. At last one of those sudden waves of silence that sometimes pass over a big audience gave him a chance. But he had only said "Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen," when a strong voice shouted from the back of the hall, "Say, mister, does yer mother know you're out?"

A shriek of laughter greeted this sally, and the whole audience roared with delight. Sir Geoffrey made several ineffectual attempts to speak, and at last said—

"Yes, sir, my mother does know I am out, and to-morrow night she will know I am *in* as the Conservative mem—" But a roar of applause drowned the end of his witty retort. The Conservatives cheered until they were tired, and when they were once more silent Sir Geoffrey Bargrove had a patient audience. It was a repetition of the famous Greyborough meeting.

The few speakers who followed were scarcely listened to, and all rushed to the

market square to give their hero a cheer as he drove off. The huge crowd still waited outside, and as soon as Sir Geoffrey appeared, a cry of "Chair him!" was heard, and half a dozen sturdy supporters carried him shoulder-high across the square. Broughton and Parkhurst were both separated from him in the crush, but they struggled and pushed their way through the crowd to the side of the reeling pyramid, and shouted to take him to the *Gazette* offices.

A few minutes later they appeared at a first-floor window, and a call was made for silence. It was a still, clear night, and Sir Geoffrey's voice could be heard by the thousands of attentive listeners. Again his eloquence drove them to applaud enthusiastically, and all felt that the result of the election was a foregone conclusion. Brighton and Greyborough were the two uncertain towns, and now they had been converted.

Saturday, October 31st, 1898, will long be remembered in Mid-Blankshire. The excitement over the election was immense, and it was the biggest poll ever taken. Both the candidates were busy all day driving from polling station to polling station.

At a quarter past six Broughton rang furiously at Parkhurst's bell, asked where he was, and rushed without ceremony to his bedroom, where he found the agent with his face half shaved.

"Jacobson's here as drunk as a lord, and giving a speech in the square!" gasped Broughton.

"What!" shrieked Parkhurst, and he turned suddenly, making a deep gash in his chin. "We're done for, then."

"He's got a crowd of boys round him, and he's covered with mud. Goodness knows what we are to do."

"It's a confounded mess we are in. We must do something at once. Come into Sir Geoffrey's room."

They burst into the next room, and found him in his shirtsleeves—his face covered with soap—and blurted out the news at once. Sir Geoffrey swore with vigour, while the soap went into his eyes as he was groping blindly for a towel.

"It's all your fault, Parkhurst," said Sir Geoffrey, fiercely, from the depths of a towel. "I must have been mad to have given in to your insane idea."

"Don't abuse me. I did the best I could, and you agreed. It's all your fault, because you can't make a speech like an ordinary man," answered the agent, in a temper.

"Don't let us quarrel," interposed Broughton. "We are in a mess, and we must get out of it somehow."

"How long has he been here?" asked Parkhurst.

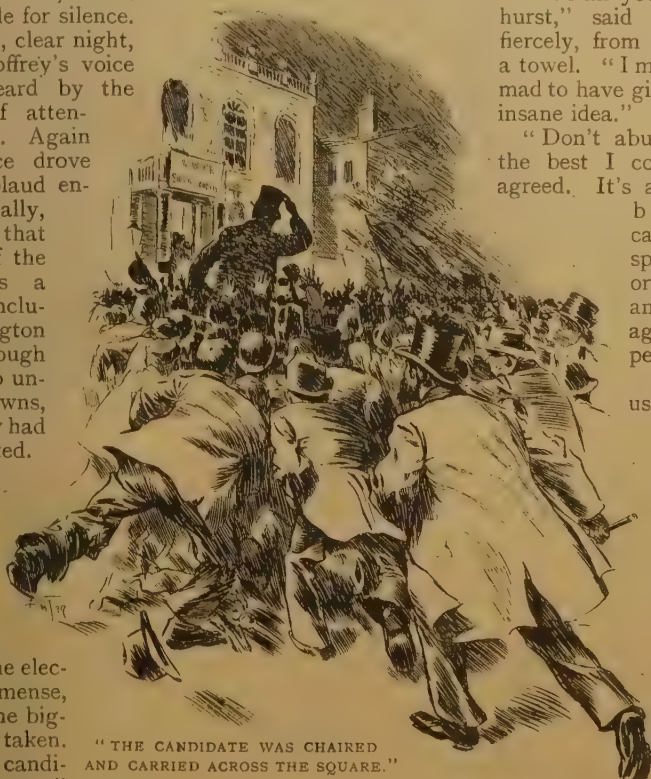
"Heaven only

knows," was the answer. "I saw a crowd from my office window, and went to see what it was. He's shabbily dressed, and very muddy, and I don't think anyone had recognised him when I rushed up here."

"You must get hold of him, and take him to your place," said Parkhurst, turning to Broughton.

"And what on earth am I to do with the brute?" asked the editor, in dismay.

"Shave his beard off, or cut his throat, or drown him, or what you like; but get him out of the square somehow in ten



"THE CANDIDATE WAS CHAIRED
AND CARRIED ACROSS THE SQUARE."

minutes," said Parkhurst, with energy. "Say he's a prodigal brother if you like, but take him back to town to-night. I must go round the town with Sir Geoffrey at once, and show him off as much as possible until I have to go to the Town Hall."

"Broughton, if you pull this through,

and boys was gathered round a figure leaning against a lamp-post. As he neared the crowd he heard the figure say—

"I tell you the truth, s'elp me. I'm a genelm'n, an or tor. I can speak besher, hic, than anybody. Speak Cosserv'tive; speak Lib'r'l. All the same. Pays money, takes choice." Here he

caught sight of Broughton forcing his way through the crowd, and said glee-fully, "'Ere's goo' ole Broughton. He's a genelm'n."

Broughton gripped him fiercely by the arm, and said in a low voice, "Come away, you fool!"

A policeman had been attracted by the crowd, and now called out in an authoritative voice, "What's the matter? Pass along, please."

A voice in the crowd replied, "It's old Bargrove, as blind drunk as he can be." The policeman pushed his way towards the retreating couple. Broughton suddenly turned and said in a low voice, as he slipped something into the constable's hand—

"All right, sergeant. I know this man; he's a reporter from London, and a bit down in his luck. Keep the crowd off, and say nothing, and I'll give you another sovereign."

Broughton pulled the muddy felt hat over the drunkard's eyes, and pushed him across to his office, while the policeman scattered the crowd. As the loafers were separating, disappointed at the tame ending to the affair, they saw to their amazement Sir Geoffrey Bargrove and his

agent enter the market square. The baronet was spick and span, with a shiny tall hat, and a flower in his button-hole, and was chatting pleasantly with his agent. The loafer, who thought he had recognised the drunken man, said, "Well, I'm blowed," and the policeman whistled.



"'IT'S YOUR FAULT, PARKHURST,' SAID SIR GEOFFREY, FROM THE DEPTHS OF A TOWEL."

"I'll make it worth your while," interposed Sir Geoffrey.

"Hurry, now! we'll be out directly," said Parkhurst, as he went to his room to finish his toilet.

Broughton ran down to the market square, where a crowd of about fifty men

Sir Geoffrey entered one or two shops and made some purchases, and seemed anxious to greet and speak to as many people as possible. They went about for nearly an hour, and then Sir Geoffrey ate an over-cooked dinner in solitude at Parkhurst's house, while the agent rushed down to the Town Hall with some biscuits in his pocket.

Soon after nine Sir Geoffrey appeared, and Parkhurst hurried to him and asked whether there was any news.

"None," he said, in a low voice. "Only as I came into the hall Carruthers asked me if I had recovered from my recent indisposition."

"H'm, that's bad. They evidently know all about it." As he spoke, the policeman at the door handed in a letter, which was passed on to Parkhurst. It was marked "urgent and private." He hastily tore it open and read as follows:—

"One of Carruthers' men has just been to interview me. He asked if Bargrove would be able to appear to-night. I said of course he would. He seemed surprised, and asked who had been drunk in the square. I told him a man I knew in London who was a hopeless drunkard. I said he had come down to sponge on me, and I could not understand how he was mistaken for Bargrove, as he had no beard. J. was asleep, so I showed him to the man. I have shaved off his beard, so remember he has only whiskers and a moustache now. I leave by the 10.50 for town. Wire result to St. Pancras Hotel. E. B.

"P.S. I think it is all safe now. I hear J. arrived at 5.45, so he could not have been seen by many people."

By 11.30 the Brighton vote was counted, and soon after midnight the last return was in, and the result made known, and Parkhurst could telegraph to Broughton—

"Success at last. Bargrove 4,221. Carruthers 3,719."

Sir Geoffrey Bargrove left Blankshire two days after his election for a trip abroad. There were many surmises as to the identity of the drunken man who had appeared in the market square. For some time this strange appearance was the talk of the town. It will never be cleared up, unless someone asks a "remittance man" in Melbourne, who receives two pounds weekly



"THE EDITOR GRIPPED HIM BY THE ARM, AND SAID, 'COME AWAY, YOU FOOL!'"

from the Great Southern Bank, and still talks when drunk—as he usually is—of his great political speeches.

Sir Geoffrey Bargrove has not made any long speech since his election. He is most regular in his attendance at the House. His supporters believe he can make a magnificent oration when he wishes, and they are looking forward to the time when the House of Commons will be thrilled by his eloquence.

TO THE MUSIC OF THE
WHEEL.

A CYCLING SONG.

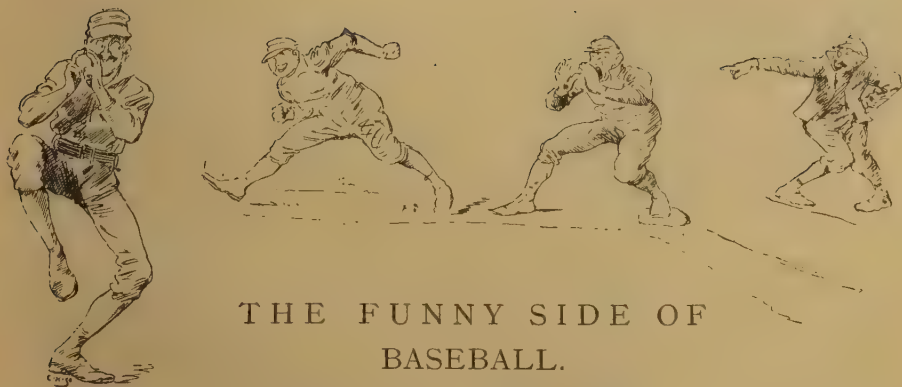
LOVE'S old sweet song in olden days
Was sung to many a varied tune;
Time finds some poet sill to praise
The streams that sing when hearts commune;
Yet, sweetheart mine,
What chords so fine
As those arising, full and clear,
Struck from the wheel
Of whirring steel
To waft Love's cadence to the ear?

Oft have the dulcet lines been sung
To music of the rippling oars,
Where dreamy rhododendrons strung
Soft draperies round verdant shores.
Time is more fleet
With us, my sweet,
And dreams and flowers get worse for wear;
The ringing wheel
Of rapid steel
Vamps to our song its sweetest air.

The lark lets fall its minstrelsy
On tender ears and languid wiles;
Once Love set to its melody
His worn old song of tears and smiles.
Ah! dear, I see,
For you and me,
Such setting would be void and wrong:
The humming wheel
Of faithful steel
Best suits our voices in the song.

When kindly mists will veil the slopes
That Fate has made so hard to climb,
Orchestral in harmonious hopes
Our song shall speed the wings of Time!
The smile that's sad,
The tear that's glad,
Blend with its unforgotten strains,
And bid the wheel
Of singing steel
Be never silent for our pains!

QUILP.



THE FUNNY SIDE OF BASEBALL.

AMERICA'S NATIONAL GAME.

ILLUSTRATED AND DESCRIBED BY HARRY FURNISS.

WERE I to attempt to describe baseball I should make myself just as ridiculous as the traditional Frenchman in describing cricket.

I have seen the game played, and tried to fathom its science; but, like all Englishmen, I can only say that it is a kind of glorified rounders; and what would an English schoolboy (the only devotee of rounders in this country) think of the following headlines over columns of descriptions of games of baseball, or developed rounders, in the American papers, copies of which I have now before me?

ANSON TAKES A TUMBLE.

THE COLONELS BAT SAVAGELY AND REVENGE THEMSELVES ON CHICAGO.

COMISKEY DIDN'T PLAY.

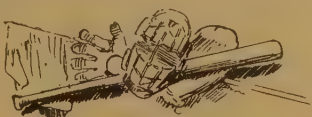
THIS ACCOUNTS FOR CINCINNATI FINALLY MANAGING TO CAPTURE A GAME.

BALTIMORE FIELDS BADLY.

COBB PITCHES WINNING BALL, BUT ORIOLES GIVE HIM POOR SUPPORT.

GEORGETOWN BOYS
SUCCESSFUL.

NAVAL CADETS LOSE
THROUGH INABILITY TO
GAUGE WINKELMAN'S
CURVES.



THE HERO OF BASEBALL—THE PITCHER WORSHIPPED BY HEIRESSSES.

The schoolboy would be as much astonished at this as at the excitement over this glorified game of rounders, which equals, if it does not surpass, that in the Midlands or North of England over a Cup tie at football.

The American likes to take his amusement with despatch, as he does his business; and to spend three days, as we do, in watching a cricket match, savours of madness to our American cousin.

A baseball match is like a football match, short and exciting, and the mention of these two games together suggests a parallel to me.

The English professional footballer is idolised and remunerated pretty handsomely, but his is a humble lot compared with that of the baseball player of America. A crack baseball player in the States, who, as regards social position and professional ability, is just on a par with our footballer, receives as much as a Senator, whilst a good "pitcher" can command 12,000 dollars (£2,400) per annum. What would a Shrewsbury or Lockwood say to that?

And just look at the crowd of spectators baseball draws! I saw my first game at Washington. I was sitting in the Press gallery of the Senate watching

conduct me to it personally. We were soon in the streets, and found Senators, storekeepers and assistants, townspeople and country people, all rushing to the trams, which were crammed to an extent I had never before witnessed.

Having some experience of crowds, I placed my watch and purse in an obscure pocket, buttoned up my coat, and nerved myself for the struggle of getting to



It was, however, my first experience of an American crowd, and I was in nowise prepared for what I saw in a country where people are elbowing each other for their own ends on the common ground of equality.

Instead of the surging mass of excited, struggling people, as would be the case in England—a fact that keeps away so many people from contests of this sort—everything in America is carried out with the utmost order and quietude.

Like trained soldiers or obedient schoolboys the huge crowd fell in in twos and twos, forming one great winding snake, with its head at the gates of the baseball ground and its tail a mile away. It is a case of first come, first served, and the weakling has just as much right and just as much comfort in getting into the ground as the biggest bully. Would it were so at home!

But there are some amongst that winding snake who are not there in the interest of sport, but in search of the almighty

THE CROWD WAITING TO ENTER THE BASEBALL GROUND.

the debate, when I noticed the Senators get up one after another, like the players in Haydn's Farewell Symphony, and walk out, leaving the Vice-President presiding over an empty House, and the Press Gallery was being emptied in the same way.

This exodus was explained to me by my neighbour, an excellent journalist, who informed me that a great baseball match was coming off, and very kindly offered to

dollar. They stand there expecting the late comer to run up the line and buy their places. Coin changes hands, and the early bird picks up the greenback worm and departs.

The approach to a baseball ground is very like that to a football field, except that when I saw this ground there appeared to be more mud than verdure. "Been scalped of pretty well all its grass," as my excellent guide said. He then went on to describe to me the intricacies of the game, and we became interested in watching the players having a little practice.

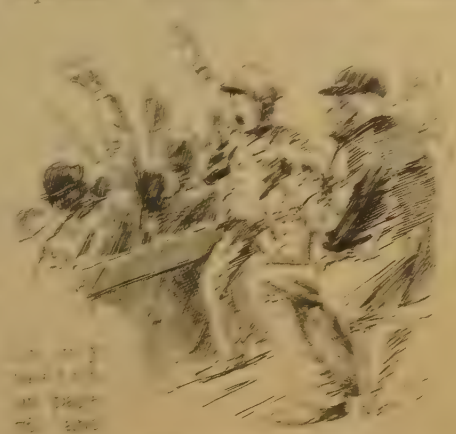
They are dressed in white peaked caps, loose shirts and knee-breeches with thighs well padded, stockings and lace-up boots, with the name of their club boldly written across their chests.

But the excitement all around is too great for me to take in all my friend's technicalities. You can hear wagers loudly laid, and partisanship wonderfully expressed, and you are startled by the voice of a youth with a basket close to your ear. "Double-jointed, camel-backed, extra superfine pea-nuts!" which I hope are not as indigestible as their quality of adjectives. He repeats this facetiously treating on your toes by way of emphasis, regardless alike of your feet and your protests.

The excitement runs high as the players

than a turtle on its back. Behind the catcher, in ordinary dress, stands the umpire, but when it comes to the third and last ball (provided the first two have proved abortive), he also dons a mask and stands close to the catcher, the better to scrutinize the throw.

But the pitcher is the man. His action is peculiar. He holds the ball as I show

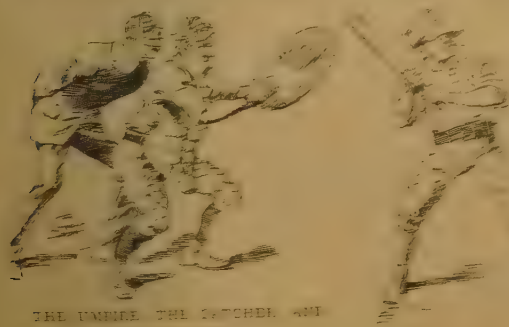


"DOUBLE-JOINTED, CAMEL-BACKED, EXTRA SUPERFINE PEA-NUTS!"

which he brings down with the force of a secretary bird in dashing his claw down on his prey, at the same moment letting the ball fly at the batter.

I have mentioned the sun that appears at this season. No wonder the heat is so intense. The thickness of the cranium is very necessary for the protection of the brain in all the various positions of the head during the game.

The game is played on a field of grass, and the players are dressed in white uniforms. The game is very exciting, and the players are very skilled. The game is played on a field of grass, and the players are dressed in white uniforms. The game is very exciting, and the players are very skilled.



THE UMPIRE, THE CATCHER, AND THE BATTER

take their places. The pitcher in the middle is the centre of attraction, and it is wonderful to watch how he throws the hard ball apparently straight at the batsman's head and yet gets a screw on it. Behind the batter stands the catcher. He has on a sort of fencing mask, huge padded hands, and is padded all over. Should he chance to fall I should think it no effort to rise he would resemble nothing more

The dexterity of the players is extraordinary. When they are running from base to base they are very quick. The game is very exciting, and the players are very skilled. The game is played on a field of grass, and the players are dressed in white uniforms. The game is very exciting, and the players are very skilled.

me, Jonathan, if I am rather at sea with my technical terms), stand at the corners at a marked angle, and by interruptions, facetious and otherwise, go in for bluffing the opposing players to the advantage of their own side.

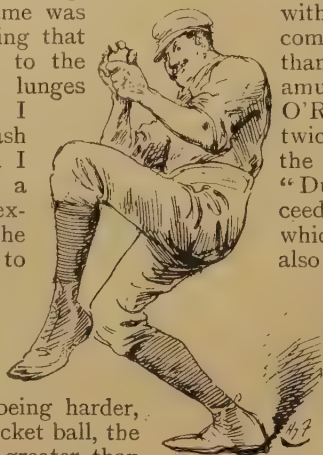
I was informed that the match in question seemed a "cinch" for Washington, but I left before the game was over, and read next morning that "the big pitcher waddled to the plate and made three wild lunges at the ball," which lunges I understood settled the hash of the Washingtonians, and I also read that "there was a strained silence at this unexpected feat, and when the Captain lined out a double to center, bringing in the deciding run, the crowd silently and sadly departed."

The fielders were indeed very quick. The ball being harder, smaller, and faster than a cricket ball, the dexterity required is much greater than that necessary for our national game, and I witnessed some great feats of expertness. At a most critical part of the game a ball was sent with terrible swiftness into the field. The fieldsman to whom it came nearest made a jump at it and secured it in one hand, but the effort overbalanced him, and down he fell. The

he picked himself up with the ball still in his hand was one that I shall never forget. The crowd rose *en masse* and waved their hats and gesticulated wildly. It was the only way in which they could testify their appreciation to the athlete, for he was both deaf and dumb!

But the slang terms connected with the game are far more incomprehensible to the stranger than its science, and far more amusing. We read that "James O'Rourke, the orator, struck out twice, and it nearly gave him the heart disease," and that "Duffee tried to bunt, and succeeded in popping up a foul fly, which Boyle took into camp"; also that "Radford monkeyed around until he was sent to first on balls," and "Hay lined out a corker, which made every rooter wear a broad smile." We read, moreover, that "The Pittsburgs jumped on Pitcher Dwyer in the second innings and knocked out seven runs." Poor Pitcher Dwyer! Artistic terms are also brought

into play. For instance, "The fielding of Columbia was decidedly yellow and their batting was light." Query—Did Columbia look "blue" afterwards? Probably they did, for we are also told that Princetown, their opponents, were "mighty with the stick." Possibly the Princetown players



A GOOD PITCHER
CAN COMMAND
£2,400 A YEAR



"IT IS MARVELLOUS TO SEE THE WAY THE PLAYERS SLIDE."

groan that came from the onlookers was dreadful as they witnessed his downfall, but the yell of triumph that arose when

originally hailed from Donnybrook. Verily is baseball a game which passeth all British understanding!





"THREE MEN IN THE BLOUSE OF THE FRENCH WORKING-MAN WERE SITTING AT THE TABLE."

ON THE STRICT Q.T. A SENSATIONAL STORY OF PARIS.

BY G. VILLARI.

Illustrated by R. W. Wallace.

THE cabaret was decidedly dirty and disreputable, and was situated in one of the dirtiest and most disreputable quarters of Paris. It was the haunt of shady characters of all sorts.

Round one of its rickety wine-stained tables were seated three men, wearing the familiar blouse of the French working-man.

"I see you do not believe me," said one, "but I tell you it is true, every word of it. I have it from Guggenheimer, who is in the way of knowing things. Remember how we wouldn't believe what he told us about the movements of the Cologne police, two years ago; and yet he was right all the time."

"It seems impossible, Wolf," said Toupinet, the short man; "but if you have heard it from Guggenheimer it is a different matter. He is generally in the know, though how he finds things out I don't know. What say you, Cabochon?"

The big man, addressed as Cabochon, replied that it might well be true, in spite of its apparent improbability. "There is no knowing what certain people will be up to," he added.

"He is coming here next week," continued Wolf, "in the most absolute incognito, to see the Russian festivities; at least,

so Guggenheimer wrote to me. Now, if only we could get at him and do the thing quietly, a great and glorious blow will have been struck for the Cause, and there will be one more name to erase from the list of the Condemned."

"It would indeed be glorious, and would strike terror into the hearts of tyrants and of the cursed *bourgeoisie* alike!" exclaimed Cabochon.

"Hush! not so loud," whispered the German. "Remember that we are not alone."

"But do you think," continued Cabochon, in a lower tone, "that he would come to Paris absolutely unprotected, exposing his vile carcase to so many dangers, with no guards, police spies, and such-like scum to look after him?"

"He relies on his incognito," answered Wolf; "and besides, his morbid love of anything in the way of military pageants, reviews, festivals, bands, and salvoes, would prompt him to almost any folly."

After a little more conversation, the bill having been paid, the trio left the tavern and separated.

* * * *

Even the quiet household of M. Gustave Audran was pervaded with excitement

produced by the approach of the great event. Nothing was talked of all day but the coming of the Czar, and the festivities that were to be given in his honour.

A few days before the great event, M. Gustave went to see his lawyer on business, and, being a personal friend of his, had stopped to dinner, after which the

two began to talk politics over M. l'Avocat's choice Burgundy. Audran became so absorbed in the subject that he had no idea how time was flying until he noticed a clock on the mantelpiece pointing to half-past eleven.

"I must rush, *mon ami*," he ex-

claimed, jumping up from his seat. "My wife will be wondering what has become of me. No, thank you, not another drop of your delicious wine. Good-

night, and many thanks for a pleasant evening."

"Good - night. My compliments to madame and mademoiselle."

Audran left the lawyer's house and walked quickly towards his own. But, still thinking over the discussion he had been having with his friend, he paid small attention as to where he was going, until he passed a certain restaurant gay with lights, which showed him that he had taken a wrong turning.

He was about to retrace his steps when an idea struck him. As he had come so far out of his way, he might as well go on a little further to see the still smoking ruins of a large building that had just been burned down. He could then take a short cut home by passing through some rather dirty slums.

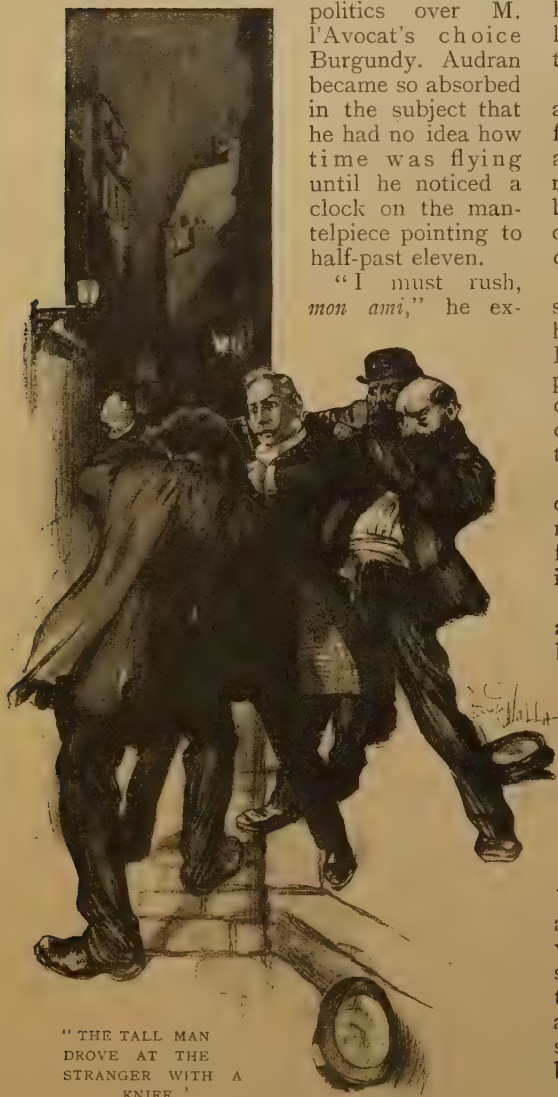
Having satisfied his curiosity as to the scene of the fire, Audran turned to go home by the Rue de la Tête Rouge. Entering this street, he noticed, several paces ahead, two persons walking hurriedly, one a very tall man in a grey overcoat, the other a little shorter in a black one, with a tall hat on his head.

Just as they were passing the door of one of the last houses in the street, two men wearing workmen's blouses issued from it and spoke a few words to the man in the grey overcoat.

The next moment there was a scuffle, a stifled cry for help, and the man in the black coat was seized by the other three, and in spite of his struggles was dragged into the house.

At the sight of a man being set upon by heavy odds and maltreated, Audran, remembering that he had served in *soixante-dix*, rushed down the street and through the open doorway. Then, by the dim light of a lantern left on the stairs, he saw the victim with his back against the wall, defending himself as best he could with a walking-stick which he used as a sword. His assailants had almost done for him, and the tall man managed to avoid his guard and drove at him with a knife. The stranger was wounded; but, before the blow could be repeated, thwack! came Audran's heavy stick down on the scoundrel's head. The man fell with a cry, and remained still.

The stranger was not slow to make use of this unexpected diversion, and drove his cane full in the face of one of the other



"THE TALL MAN
DROVE AT THE
STRANGER WITH A
KNIFE."

claimed, jumping up from his seat. "My wife will be wondering what has become of me. No, thank you, not another drop of your delicious wine. Good-

men, who, blinded with pain, turned half round, only to receive a second blow from Audran. The latter struck him again and again, while the stranger tackled the third villain.

Suddenly the tall man, who had got up trying to hit the stranger with his knife, struck the lantern and upset it. All was then darkness, and a *mêlée* ensued in which no one could see anyone else. Audran and the stranger made for the door; they were pursued by the ruffians, who, however, did not attack them, but as soon as they were outside ran off and disappeared down a side alley, for at the other end of the street appeared a couple of policemen, too late to be of any assistance.

"A thousand thanks, monsieur," said the stranger, shaking hands warmly with Audran, and speaking good French, although with a slight foreign accent. "You have indeed saved my life at the risk of your own. I do not know how to express my gratitude."

"Oh, it is of no consequence. I was not going to let a man be murdered in my presence, if I could help it—I, an old soldier! But monsieur is wounded, I am afraid," for he perceived a dark stain on the stranger's shirt-front.

"A mere scratch; nothing more. I managed to hit the rascal's hand just before he struck, and so turned the blow. He only pinked my shoulder."

"But you must see a doctor at once. One never knows what a slight wound may do; and besides, it is always best to be on the safe side. There is a doctor in the next street; I shall take you to him."

"I assure you," replied the stranger, "that there is not the slightest necessity for it. A good wash, some sticking-plaster, and a glass of cognac, will put me right. I shall hail the first cab I see, and go back to my hotel."

"As monsieur pleases. There is a cabstand not far off. We can go to it."

When Audran led the stranger into a well-lit thoroughfare from the dark streets he was able to notice the latter's appearance better. He was a little above average height, had fair hair and blue eyes, and was in evening-dress. His clothes were good, although slightly in disorder on account of the recent struggle. Though



"THE STRANGER DROVE HIS CANE FULL IN THE FACE OF ONE OF THE MEN, WHO RECEIVED A SECOND BLOW FROM AUDRAN."

dying with curiosity to know who he was, Audran was too polite to ask questions. The stranger, however, satisfied his curiosity unsolicited.

"You must have been surprised to see a stranger in that apparently low quarter of Paris, and in such questionable company. But this is how it happened: Coming out of the theatre, I meant to walk home, but lost my way and asked a passer-by to direct me to the Hôtel du Louvre. While he was telling me how to reach it, our friend in the grey overcoat, overhearing my questions, offered to escort me thither.

I accepted his offer as he seemed very polite, but after wandering about for miles I found myself in that queer street, where we met the other two. One of these asked me for a light, and as I was fumbling in my pocket I was attacked by all three. You know the rest, and had it not been for

even if foreign, Audran by no means despised.

He returned home and recounted his adventure to his wife, who had been sitting up for him. She was not a little excited and frightened at the risks her beloved Gustave had run for the sake of a perfect



"AUDRAN WAS ADMITTED TO LORD JAMES PADDINGTON'S APARTMENTS."

your timely help the consequences would have been, to say the least, unpleasant for me."

"I wonder who they could have been," said Audran. "I suppose they were robbers, though. But it is most shameful that one's life should be unsafe in the streets of Paris. I cannot imagine what has come to our police. Every day something of this sort happens."

"Ah, I see a cab," said the stranger. "Here is my card, monsieur. I hope that I may have the pleasure of seeing you before I leave, to thank you again for the great service you have done me."

Audran took the card and gave his own. As soon as the stranger had driven off, Audran looked at it and read the name: "Lord James Paddington."

"*Sapristi!*" exclaimed he, "*c'est un milord Anglais!*" For, in spite of his staunch Republican opinions, a titled personage,

stranger. She insisted on his taking hot brandy and water and going to bed at once.

The next morning Audran went to the Hôtel du Louvre to inquire after Lord James, and was admitted into his apartments. The Englishman was, to all appearances, quite well, save for a piece of sticking-plaster on the side of his head where he had received a slight cut. His other wound, he said, was even more trifling than he had thought. After asking him how he felt, Audran said that if Lord James would deign to do them the honour, his family would be most pleased if he could dine with them that same evening quite *en famille*. The invitation accepted, Audran took his leave.

At half-past six Lord James Paddington arrived at the Audrans' house and was greeted quite as a friend of the family, at which he seemed much pleased. His conversation proved most entertaining, as he had been everywhere, known everybody, and seen everything. Still, in consequence, presumably, of his great experience, he was a little inclined to lay down the law, and evidently did not like people to disagree with him. Mademoiselle Josephine did

her best to make herself agreeable to the interesting stranger, as her mother had bid her—for who knows what dreams for the future the worthy lady had indulged in? Surely a title and a fine *château* in England and plenty of money—for all English *milords* had fine *châteaux* and money—are not things that a well-brought-up girl should despise.

During the early part of the dinner Lord James, although he talked a great deal, remained calm and quiet; but later he became more and more excited, and whenever he spoke on any subject he seemed to be making a speech to a large multitude, not omitting any of the little devices adopted by politicians to produce a sensational effect on the gallery.

The Czar was, of course, the chief topic of conversation, and Lord James told the Audrans more about him than even the family had been able to glean from a diligent perusal of newspapers.

The Audrans almost worshipped Lord James when they heard that he had seen the Czar, and had been presented to him, which attention the Englishman did not seem to appreciate. The Czar, of course, led to politics, and all the Audrans gave full scope to their anti-German sentiments.

"But I think," continued Audran, "that the fact of his being out of the show will grieve him more than the political meaning of the event!"

This witticism was greeted with laughter from everybody excepting the Englishman.

"But why do you hate the Germans and their Emperor so much?" he asked, rather stiffly.

"The Germans are all blackguards, monsieur," answered Audran. "How can any Frenchman not hate the Germans, after 1870? And their Emperor is a madman and a rascal. He has all the faults of his race, besides many that are quite his own. And then he is always so ridiculous."

"Perhaps he is not really so bad as you think him, M. Audran," said Lord James. "You must not forget that he is in a very difficult position, and that he has a vast empire to govern, in which, although the greater part of his subjects are devoted to him, the forces of Socialism and Anarchy are assuming most alarming proportions. He has a mission to fulfil, a great mission,



"AT 6.30 HIS LORDSHIP ARRIVED AT THE AUDRANS' HOUSE AND SEEMED MUCH PLEASED."

"Ah, those Prussian scoundrels!" said M. Gustave, "how furious they will be at this glorious triumph of French statesmanship! And how their popinjay of a Kaiser will tear his hair!"

"Yes, tear his hair," echoed madame,

but one fraught with every kind of difficulty—that of guiding his people, who are as his children, into the right path, and of showing them the error of those who would change the existing order of things."

"That is what he is always saying in his absurd speeches; but even if it were so, it would not excuse his arrogance, nor his ridiculous cant about Divine Right, and such-like exploded notions. All that was done away with by our glorious and ever-memorable Revolution."

"Of one thing about him I can assure you, for I know him well," said Lord James; "he is always most grateful for benefits done to him. He never forgets them."

The subject of the German Emperor was then dropped, for the Englishman refused to say anything more about it.



On military matters the versatile Lord James was as equally at home, and he criticised certain details of the recent manœuvres of the French army with the confidence of an expert. He also lectured M. Gustave on France's system of governing her dependencies, and suggested various improvements as to the treatment of the natives, customs regulations, light railways,

and so forth. Public education he was also learned in, and gave M. Gustave a description of how the educational department of the Government ought to be managed.

After dinner Mlle. Josephine sang one or two of Mme. Chaminade's latest songs, which Lord James admired, but suggested that certain changes in the harmony would be an improvement.

All this impressed the Audrans immensely, and when at ten o'clock their guest rose to go, they were all convinced that he was quite a genius as well as a most charming and entertaining gentleman.

"I shall never forget, M. Audran," he said, putting his hand on his heart, "the great, the inestimable service which you have done to me. You can hardly realise how great it is; but I do. Although I greatly fear that I shall never return to Paris, or at least not for a great many years, I shall never forget the debt I owe you."

With these words the nobleman took his leave.

Some time after the events related above, when the excitement produced by the Czar's visit was beginning to cool, an announcement appeared in the

Lanterne to the effect that it was rumoured that the German Emperor had been in Paris during the recent festivities, and that he had been seen and recognised at the reception at Versailles and elsewhere. It was of course contradicted officially, but was the cause of much merriment to the Audrans.

"I should like to have seen him," said Audran; "but I can tell you that had I lain my hands on him he would not have got off easily."

However, the audacity of the thing was too enormous for the rumour to be believed.

Not long after this announcement, while M. Gustave was reading his paper one afternoon, the servant announced a visitor. Audran looked at the card and read the name on it, "Graf Otto von Walschrode-

Oberhausen, Secrétaire de l'Ambassade d'Allemagne à Paris."

"*Peste!*" exclaimed he, "what on earth can one of these German scoundrels want with me? Show him in, Louise."

A tall blonde Prussian with a heavy moustache, attired in the height of the fashion and holding a particularly glossy tall hat in his hand, entered the room.

"To what do I owe the honour of a visit, monsieur?" asked Audran, with chilling politeness.

"A thousand pardons for disturbing you, but His Imperial Majesty the German Emperor has charged me to present this to you, monsieur," and, so saying, the German handed a small red velvet case to the astonished Audran, together with a letter bearing the Imperial seal.

He opened the case, and in it lay in glittering splendour the Order of the Red Eagle of Prussia, with its black and white ribbon.

"This—for me!—from the German Emperor!" gasped Audran, falling into a chair.

"Yes, sir, for you, Gustave Audran, *chef de bureau* to the Ministry of Public Instruction. Perhaps the letter will explain. Excuse me for having disturbed you."

Audran mumbled a few words of thanks,

showed the diplomat to the door, and opened the letter. It was short, but to the point, and ran thus:—

"The Order of the Red Eagle of Prussia is awarded to Gustave Audran for services rendered on the night of September—th, 1896, to
WILLIAM, I.R."

"That man—the stranger—the Englishman—Milord Sir Paddington—he, the German Emperor! But it is impossible; it cannot be! Yet it is clear it was the German Emperor! Adèle, Adèle! come here at once; I must tell you something very extraordinary about our English friend, the man who was so near being murdered."

Audran told everything to his wife, but decided after consulting with her not to mention the facts to anyone, as his relations with a foreign and hostile ruler might injure his reputation as a patriot. He has, moreover, never worn the Order of the Red Eagle. But his friends and relatives have noticed that his sentiments with regard to Germany, and especially to the Emperor William, are not nearly so vehemently hostile as before. About the latter, he would say, when anyone abused him, "Whatever may be his faults, he has one great virtue: he is always most grateful for benefits received—at least, so I have been told on good authority."

A DEEP SEA PHOTOGRAPH.

THIS photograph of a bank of sea anemones was taken by a camera at the bottom of the sea by Mr. Kemp - Welsh. The camera was lowered into the water and a long exposure allowed. Here is the result.

It may soon be possible to photograph the exact position of a sunken ship and to determine the damage done to it. Such a photograph would tell more than a diver could.





BOGNOR DROWNED IN SPRAY.

F. Pyth & Co., Ltd., Photo

SOME PICTURESQUE EFFECTS OF THE TUSSLE.

BY ARTHUR GUERDEON.

NATURE has a provoking way of withholding from the summer holiday-maker many of her choicest spectacles.

Instead of bringing on to the stage in one grand set-piece, from July to September, all her sublimest effects,

she reserves several for later acts, when the house is half empty. In other words, the holiday-maker gets—sometimes—the sunny skies and the gorgeous sunsets: the storms and the wild winds and waves are left for the lodging-house keepers, who, as is well known, are something more—or less—than human, and in winter rarely stir out of doors.

Nine people out of ten will say that they prefer matters arranged as they are, and are by no means desirous of an increase in



A "BIT O' SEA" AT ABERDEEN BREAKWATER.

G. W. Wilson, Photo

the number of summer storms; yet in all sincerity the man or woman who has never seen such a spectacle as that illustrated by

too-amply-proportioned lady who gives out towels and etceteras to bathers alone disturb the harmony and beauty of the scene.

It is hard to think of Bognor, for instance, as anything but a quiet little watering-place, where the children paddle on the beach the whole day long, while mothers and daughters sit demurely along the sea-front and do unlimited fancy-work and novel-reading. But Bognor during the prevalence of a strong south-wester is a very different place.

Our heading shows a huge breaker dashing



PENZANCE PROMENADE IN A STORM.

Gibson & Sons, Penzance. Photo

the accompanying photographs has missed one of the most impressive sights on earth—a sight which is cheaply purchased even at the cost of a few days of wet weather.

over one of the highest houses on the front. Fortunately, the groynes and the strong sea-wall break the full force of the wave, or it would not take many such to

bring the whole terrace to the ground. The backward movement of such a volume of water is frequently most destructive and dangerous. The spray itself does little harm, except to clothes, but the shingle that is caught up and thrown about is often the cause of serious mischief. Apart from damage to property, there are several recorded cases of eyesight having



SPRAY V. STEAM, NEAR TEIGNMOUTH.

F. Frith & Co., Ltd., Photo

Our South Coast resorts are in the holiday season pictures of placidity and contentment. The itinerant minstrel and the

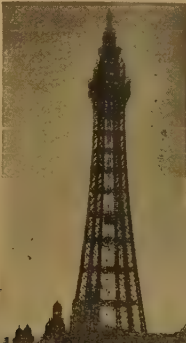
been lost in this way. Our own "tight little island" is as good an example as one could find of the erosive powers of



A SOUTH-WESTER AT HASTINGS.

J. M. Blomfield, Photo

the sea. Every year the coastline is perceptibly altered in shape—here a protruding cliff which has long been undermined suddenly falls with a crash—there an unnoticed mass of mud and *debris* which has been accumulating for years takes definite shape as an island, and thus the Queen's territories receive an unexpected addition. In Prickett's "History of Bridlington" map with pathetic "Here stood now lost" "The site



of Bridlington there is a some very notes: formerly Hartburn, by the sea," of Hyde,

washed away by the sea," and so on. It is calculated that the southern part of the Yorkshire coast recedes a yard or more every year, making in the aggregate a loss of more than a hundred acres annually; and there can be no doubt whatever that the flourishing watering-places of Bridlington and Filey, and, for the matter of that, scores of other jolly holiday resorts, would long ere this have also been "lost by the sea" but for the strong sea-walls which modern science has learnt to construct.

Off the coast of Norfolk the boatmen point to more than one spot where at low water may sometimes be seen the remains of churches which once stood far inland,



HEAVY SEA AT BLACKPOOL.

F. Frith & Co., Ltd. Photo

and ministered to the spiritual needs of populous towns and villages long since submerged. In other parts, especially in estuaries, such as the mouth of the Humber, an exactly opposite process is going on, and the land is being added to.

Bearing in mind what the mere ordinary daily action of the tides will effect, it is not surprising that the havoc wrought by huge billows driven shoreward by the full force of a gale is sometimes simply appalling. Everyone remembers the great storm at Brighton in December 1896, when the Chain Pier collapsed, and the massive sea-wall, constructed at enormous cost and with infinite pains, was torn up for many yards. What would have been the effect had there been no sea-wall at all?

Another notable instance occurred more recently at Scarborough, where a portion of the new marine drive round the Castle Hill was washed away, though composed of huge blocks of stone and concrete that could only be placed in position by means of powerful cranes. The damage done by the great storm off

the Kentish coast in November 1897 will also be long remembered; the promenades at Westgate, Birchington, and Herne Bay being scarcely recognisable after the event.

This sea-girt land of ours may be not inaptly compared to one of those heavy



FRASERBURGH BREAKWATER IN A NOR'-EASTER.

Norris, Photo

travelling trunks which the experienced tourist, mindful of the tender mercies of railway porters, has specially constructed with bands of solid metal round the edges and corners. Nearly every town of importance on the south, north, east, and west

coasts has its protective sea-wall, and the total cost of these unremunerative but essential undertakings would probably go a long way towards paying off the National Debt. Brighton alone has, within recent years, spent hundreds of thousands of pounds in this way.

In one part of the fine sea-front at Eastbourne may be seen a number



SPLASH POINT, EASTBOURNE.

F. A. Bourne, Photo

of heavily shuttered houses, survivals of the time when this sort of protection was all that could be had against the columns of drenching spray and blinding shingle cast up by the sea. A corner opposite one of the principal hotels goes by the name of Splash Point, and when a heavy ground swell is on, hundreds of people congregate to see the huge breakers come swishing and dashing in, and falling right over the promenade to the roadway beyond. Hastings is also noted for its fine rough-

is more fascinating than that portion which skirts the shore from the Exe to Teignmouth. It is a doubtful delight, however, to have the spray dashing, when one is quite unprepared for it, right over the train and into the carriage windows.

Blackpool, with its great wheel and tower, can not infrequently offer its multitudinous visitors an added attraction for which, at present, there is absolutely no charge. As the Corporation have recently

found it necessary, however, to promote a Bill for lengthening and strengthening the promenade at a cost of £360,000, that very astute public body may ere long think it desirable to levy a small toll on sight-seers during rough-sea days. So much are Blackpool's billow effects appreciated that telegrams are sent out when the sea is in specially good form, and visitors flock to the town from all parts of the North to enjoy the spectacle.

Two of our photographs were taken in the Land o' Cakes. One shows "a bit

o' sea" off the Aberdeen breakwater; the other the Fraserburgh breakwater during a gentle nor-easter. The post of lighthouse-keeper during the prevalence of such seas is hardly an enviable one. The lamps must be lit every evening at all hazards; in fact, the rougher the sea, the more essential the light. Some breakwaters, such as that at Newhaven, are so constructed that a sheltered passage on the landward side affords access to the lighthouse in all weathers.



FASHIONS IN SEA—"A HEAVY SWELL" AT BRIGHTON.

sea effects, of which the illustration on page 86 is a fair example.

Cornish seas are often the theme of remark amongst painters, on account of their brilliancy of colour. On page 85 is shown a Cornish sea of a different type, equally worthy of the painter's brush, though it is doubtful whether even the cleverest artist could convey so striking an impression of these awful breakers as does this simple photograph.

No part of the route to the West Country



OUR MONTHLY GALLERY
OF BEAUTIFUL AND INTERESTING PICTURES.



By Permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., Bond Street, W.

A FAMOUS PICTURE.

From the Painting by Gustav Richter.



By Permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., Bond Street, W.

SOFT PERSUASION.

From the Painting by A. J. Elsley.



Lafayette, Photo

A NICE LITTLE FELLOW.



SUMMER.

From the Painting by Alfred Glendenning.

By Permission of H. G. Zett & Co., Dean Street, W., Publishers of the Large Photographure



DOROTHY.

Infantile, Photo



By Permission of Messrs Jean Bousso, Manet, Joyant & Cie.

WHAT WAR MEANS.

From the Painting by Janet Lange.



By Permission of the Berlin Zoologisches Garten, Berlin, Germany.

"WILL HE NO COME BACK AGAIN?"

From the Painting by Marcus Stone, R.A.

*Solveig, Lund, Photo**By Permission of Mr. H. Edwards, Redhill*

A NORWEGIAN VILLAGE BELLE.



Fry, Brighton, Photo



By Permission of Messrs. Hildesheimer & Co., London & Manchester

THE RING.

From the Painting by Lady Alma-Tadema.

GARDENING FOR MILLIONAIRES.



SOLD FOR 1,000 GUINEAS.

THIS ORCHID IS VALUED
AT A THOUSAND
GUINEAS.

SOME BIG
PRICES PAID
FOR FLOWERS.

BY BERNARD
OWEN.



PRICE 50 GUINEAS.



PRICE £250

GARDENING is frequently called the poor man's pastime, and with reason, for the cultivation of flowers lies within the scope of everyone who has the use of a scrap of land in which to grow his plants and a few pence to spend in the purchase of seed.

But there are flowers and flowers; and while some are so cheap that they adorn the window-boxes and tiny gardens of humble cot-



A £100 ORCHID.

tages, others are so costly and rare as only to be seen in the magnificent hothouses of the millionaire.

Among flowers for which a long price must be paid, the orchid, with its strange, fantastic forms and its general air of mystery, towers supreme. Growing frequently from a scrap of bark, with long white roots dangling in the air, as if in search of foothold, with thick, fleshy leaves and slender spikes of bloom of loveliest colours and most eccentric shape, the orchid never fails to attract the attention and arouse the

curiosity even of those who care little for the ordinary run of flowers.

Nothing, perhaps, in the vegetable world

a dove, from which fact it has gained the title of the flower of the Holy Spirit.

The other day, when wandering through the hothouses of one of our most noted amateur orchid growers, we noticed a beautiful insect with showy wings reposing in the corner of a window-frame. But, on more careful examination, the insect proved to be merely an orchid bloom, attached to the parent plant by a long slender stalk. Instances might be multiplied where orchids have thus deceived the hasty observer.

Great, however, as is the wonder usually expressed by people at their first sight of a collection of orchids, it is as nothing to the gasp of astonishment with which the mention of the prices paid for the specimens is received.

A thousand pounds for a plant! The thing seems impossible. Yet it is

calls forth more wonder than the bizarre forms which orchids assume. A whole family of them—the Cypripediums—bear flowers resembling a slipper surmounted by hood and wings. Others, for reasons doubtless good, but at present quite unknown to botanists, mimic the insect and even the animal worlds.

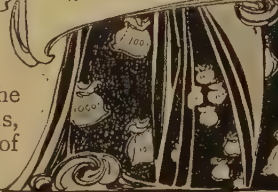
Amongst the curious English representatives of the family we have the butterfly and the bee orchids, and it needs no stretch of the imagination to see the appropriateness of the names. Then there are the frog and man orchids, and in South America a species flourishes which produces a flower in the shape of



FIFTY GUINEAS WILL PURCHASE THIS PALM.



A £500 JUNIPER.



FORTY GUINEAS THIS GRACEFUL PLANT IS WORTH.



THIS PALM SELLS FOR FIFTY GUINEAS.

not merely possible, but is an accomplished fact. More than once, indeed, this colossal price has been realised by a

new and beautiful orchid. One needs the roots, or by raising from seed, the to be a millionaire if one is to keep up number of specimens in existence be- to date with one's collection of orchids!

Two of the beautiful plants of which we give illustrations have brought their fortunate possessors the handsome sum of a thousand pounds each. A new variety of Reinecke's *Cattleya* was sold by auction, at the dispersal of part of the Hardy collection at Manchester, for 160 guineas. The purchasers, Messrs. F. Sander & Co., of St. Albans,



A BENCH OF ORCHIDS WORTH
£1,000.



THIS ORCHID IS WORTH £100



A £150 ORCHID.

grew the plant until the root was fit for division, when they got a thousand guineas for it.

A similar amount was realised by a plant of Sander's *Cypripedium* at a sale some short time ago, and formed matter for much comment in the newspapers.

These prices can, however, only be obtained for unique specimens of new and beautiful hybrids.

When, by repeated sub-division of

comes multiplied, the price falls rapidly, though it may never get below fifty guineas—a price still quite sufficient to preserve the exclusiveness of these aristocrats of the plant world.

One of the most interesting of our illustrations is that which shows the bloom of the

famous orchid

which rejoices in the fearsome name of *Cypripedium Godfreyae leucophilum* Godseffianum. We

apologise for inflicting upon our readers these names, but they have no English equivalents. This orchid formed part of the magnificent bouquet carried by Queen Victoria at her Jubilee. The plant in question was at that time quite unique, and its owner, a private grower, declared that he would

FIVE
POUNDS
WOULD
BE
NEEDED
TO BUY
THIS
LITTLE
ORCHID.



THREE-LEAVED PLANT WORTH £100.

not accept a thousand guineas for it. There are now a good many other specimens in

attempt to find the missing plant, but so far without the slightest success.

At the time of writing, a rare orchid is on its voyage from Brazil which has been sought for more than half a century. Not only have vast sums of money been spent, but many lives have been sacrificed in seeking after orchids.

Twenty years ago a beautiful Lady's Slipper Orchid was introduced to this country, and named after Dr. Masters, the editor of the *Gardener's Chronicle*. After a few years every plant in cultivation died, and for more than ten years not a single specimen was known. During these years travellers in



IF YOU WANT
THIS ORCHID FOR
YOUR COLLECTION, IT WILL
COST YOU FIFTY GUINEAS.

cultivation, but it is still one of the plants to be sought after.

At the present time an amateur grower in England has three orchids of one kind for which a thousand guineas would be readily given to-morrow by one firm of dealers. As a matter of fact, they have offered 350 guineas for one of the plants, but were refused.

Perhaps the best idea of the enthusiasm which animates certain millionaire orchid fanciers will be gained by the following fact. A collector in India has offered a thousand guineas for the rediscovery of an orchid which was sent from that country in 1857, and all trace of it lost since. Up to the present date over £2,500 have been spent in the



SOLD RECENT-
LY FOR 63 GUINEAS.



THIS ORCHID IS PRICED
AT 45 GUINEAS.

the tropics made ceaseless efforts to rediscover the plant in its native country, and at last a representative of Messrs. F. Sander and Co. was successful.

A very beautiful orchid is Chapman's magnificent *Cypripedium*, which is valued at £250. Our illustration on the first page is made from a photograph of the only specimen in existence.

Orchids are not the only plants by which

the millionaire may gratify his vanity and relieve his purse of superfluous cash. If he has a taste for palms, he can spend fifty guineas on Siesmayer's Iguanura, and if he gets a rare variety of the Phoenix palm for forty guineas he will not have paid an excessive price.

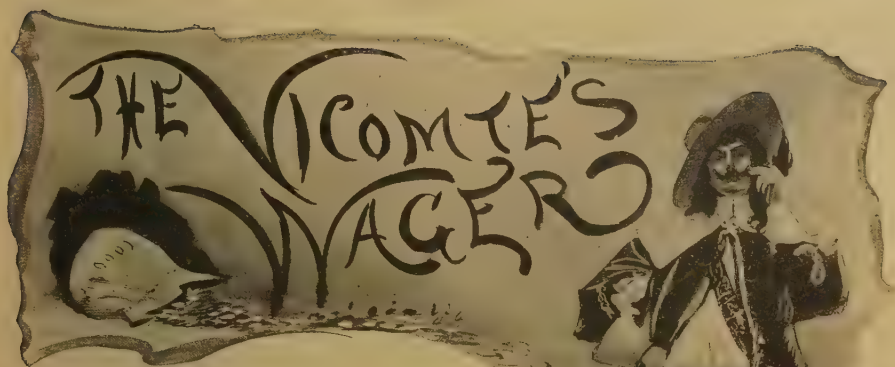


THIS UNIQUE ORCHID FORMED PART OF OUR QUEEN'S JUBILEE BOUQUET. THE OWNER OF THE PLANT VALUED IT AT OVER 1,000 GUINEAS.

Another treasure for the palace is Sander's Juniper, which has been recently introduced for the first time into this country from Tibet. Five hundred pounds is the price set upon the specimen shown in our illustration on page 100.



"I WILL PLEDGE HER!" CRIED DE BRISSAC. "I DRINK TO THE BRIGHT EYES OF THE MARQUISE DE GRANDCOURT."



THE STORY OF HOW HE MADE AND
LOST IT.

BY RAFAEL SABATINI.

Illustrated by Robert Sauber, R.B.A.

TO honour the fair sex is the first law of chivalry—a law well understood by the gay roysterers seated around the Comte de St. Auban's generous board; for in a few short hours we had paid right loyal homage to woman by toasting every beauty at the court of France, and for that matter at every court of Europe.

I was young then—let this be my excuse—and I fear me I was vain and foolish. At least, I know that my reputation was not quite what a young man's reputation should be.

But on that night at St. Auban's, what little wit the gods had given me must have been smothered in the fumes of wine.

The conversation had assumed a character which I cannot recall in detail, but which had for scope the discussion of woman's beauty—a very fit and proper subject for half a score of idle young fops who knew no occupations save the study of fashion, gallantry, and perfumery. I was appealed to for my opinion upon some question of feminine susceptibilities, and, with a boldness derived from much indulgence in the goblet at my elbow, I replied by a loud and lusty boast, that the woman was yet unborn that could withstand my personal charms and lover's wiles.

The burst of laughter which greeted this remark, instead of the silent awe to which I deemed it entitled, disconcerted me somewhat; but when the Chevalier de Brissac, leaning across the table, loudly announced that he could find a lady who

would be no more affected, either by my personal beauty or charm of manner, than one of the marble statues in the Louvre, I became angry. Had it not been that de Brissac's fame as a swordsman was apt to make him in a degree respected, and cause one to think twice before saying that to him which would have been unhesitatingly said to another, I doubt not but that some smart witticisms would have been exchanged. But I washed down my annoyance with another goblet of Anjou, and sweetly desired him to name this modern Penelope. "I will pledge her!" he cried, rising to his feet and lifting his glass on high, with fingers that shook ever so lightly. "I drink to the bright eyes of the Marquise de Grandcourt."

It was *de règle* that we should stand to pledge a lady, and so our chairs were pushed back, and several unsteady pairs of legs supported their owners' bodies, which swayed, some gracefully, some otherwise, as the toast was noisily responded to.

The Marquise de Grandcourt had the reputation of being as heartless as she was beautiful, and many were the ardent



woosers whose discomfiture she had encompassed. I remember how upon many occasions, when I had met her at the Louvre, she had been wont to glance disdainfully at my brave apparel, and turn up her perfect nose as if my delicate perfumes of *ambre* and *iris* were offensive to her dainty nostrils. And as I remembered this I was inclined to regret the rashness of my boast.

Still, when presently I encountered de Brissac's sardonic smile, and heard him murmur in bantering tones, "Are you satisfied, Vicomte?" I laughed derisively.

"Satisfied? I am satisfied that what I have said is true, and I will prove my words."

"Or eat them," he added. "Chut, Vicomte, I'll wager you a hundred louis that not if you pester her with your scented attentions for a whole year, will you so much as obtain her permission to kiss her finger tips."

"Bah!" I laughed, "a hundred louis would not pay the expenses of my wooing."

"If you require tempting, Vicomte," came St. Auban's voice from the head of the table, "I will gladly lay you a thousand louis."

"Done, with you!" I roared, utterly oblivious of the fact that if I were to employ every blandishment I could think of, towards every Hebrew gentleman of my acquaintance, I should not succeed in raising half the sum. "How long will you give me?"

"What say you to three months?"

"Three months!" I echoed. "Do you take me for a clown? I should indeed be a clumsy wooer could I not earn your money in a month."

"No, no," replied St. Auban, generously, "there is no fairness in the arrangement. You have taken a good deal of wine, Vilmorin, and I think it would be better for me to repeat my proposals to-morrow, when your head is cool."

"La, la!" I answered, quickly, for the smiling eyes that were turned upon me had aroused my temper. "Undeceive yourself, St. Auban. If you were half as sober as I am you would be less willing to put a thousand louis into my pocket."

The shout of laughter that applauded my courageous coxcombry well-nigh shook the glasses on the table.

"As you will," answered St. Auban; "'tis then a wager that within a month you

will have conquered the heart of the Marquise de Grandcourt."

"Neither in one month nor twenty if I know the lady!" ejaculated de Brissac.

"Say you so, Chevalier?" I cried, springing to my feet, and angered by so much opposition. "Say you so? Then hear my answer. My name is not Camille de Vilmorin, if I do not bring the Marquise de Grandcourt on her knees to me—on her knees, mark you—before I am a month older. And failing to do so, I shall forfeit a thousand louis!"

With that I sat down amidst the wild vociferations of the assembled company, and emptied my newly filled bumper to quench the thirst which my vigorous speech had excited.

II.

WITH an aching head and a sluggish mind did I set about recalling, next day, what had been said and done at the Comte de St. Auban's supper-table. But the memory of the whole evening was as blurred and confused as a quickly revolving wheel of many colours.

One thing, however, stood clearly defined before me, and sent a stab of regret through my heart—my drunken wager.

Misunderstand me not. I would scorn to appear before you in false colours, for, whatever may have been my sins, I never was a hypocrite, nor do I wish to be one now. My honour was not father to my regret, as it should have been. Like many of those who prate loudly of honour, and make it their most sacred oath, it seems to me now that I but understood the practice of that virtue dimly. My regret was born of a fear that I should fail to win my wager, and be called an idle boaster.

I met St. Auban and de Brissac at the *levée* in the Louvre that morning, and they, smilingly inquired whether I had yet paid my addresses to the Marquise. My answer lacked much of that suave flippancy which I affected, and was unaccompanied by my wonted laugh.

It must have been my brusqueness upon this occasion which gave rise to the rumour among those who, having been present at St. Auban's supper-table, were privy to the wager—the affair was kept amongst us in the profoundest secrecy—that I had no intention of paying court to the lady, or, in fact, of approaching her.

When I heard of this, two days later, my dormant energies were aroused, and, as ready money was an uncommonly absent

commodity, I must perforce set to work without further dallying to bring the Marquise a-kneeling before me, or else resign myself to the sale of my horses and jewelry.

As a Vicomte de Vilmorin would cut but a sorry figure in the world without these accessories, the sacrifice was not to be thought of.

Therefore I set about discovering what manner of man the Marquise would consider as at all approaching her ideal. I soon gathered that if this living icicle had any *penchant* towards the opposite sex, it was for soldiers and warlike men. I winced at the information, for such men, in my estimation, always reeked of leather, and were prone to brusque, unseemly manners, which I had no stomach for emulating. That thousand louis, however, danced before my eyes like a tormenting sprite, and must be conquered.

I looked about me for a sombre suit that might have escaped the scent bottle, but, not finding any such within my wardrobe, I was forced to visit a tailor whom I honoured with my patronage, and who, in virtue of my handsome figure, was not too pressing in his demands for payment.

This commodious threader of needles sent me out into the world garbed in a sombre suit of velvet with silver lace, over which I buckled on a baldrick of embossed black leather, bearing a bronze-hilted rapier, of prodigious length, in a leathern scabbard.

Imagine me—whose baldricks had ever been of gaily coloured and richly embroidered silks, whose sword had been more hilt than blade, and all ablaze with jewels—thus fashioned, like some moping night bird, or some canting, moral-mongering follower of the English puritan Cromwell.

Nor was that all; for when, at home, I surveyed my appearance critically before a mirror, I cursed the smooth skin and meek expression of my girlish face, and, having got a servant to bring me a hot iron, I attempted, by an upward curling of my moustachios, to give them a warlike, bristling look, which might add ferocity to my otherwise gentle beauty.

When that was done, and I had pressed upon my locks a tall-crowned hat decorated

by a single feather, I sallied forth a-wooing. And de Brissac, whom I met as I went, and who knew me not at the first glance, seeing me—the gay, roystering Vilmorin—thus spurred and booted, and begirt with such a sword, puffed out his cheeks in wonder, and asked me what adversary I was going to meet.

"There is no duel afoot," I answered, in stiff accents, born of the dignity borrowed from my raiment; "I am about to visit the Marquise."

"Then, by the Mass," he cried, eyeing me from hat to spurs in a sardonic fashion, "why come you not armed back and breast?"

But, heeding not his sarcastic allusion to



"'THERE IS NO DUEL AFOOT,' I ANSWERED; 'I AM ABOUT TO VISIT THE MARQUISE.'"

my apparel, nor his parting request that I should present his compliments to the Marquise, I hurried on.

I found the lady whose favour had an intrinsic value for me surrounded by a group of lisping gallants, whom, but a few hours back, my finery would have extinguished wholly. As it was, they looked askance at me, and some who knew me marvelled greatly, no doubt, at the change which had been wrought, whilst some who knew me not eyed me in a supercilious fashion, as I might eye a lacquey.

But I threw back their scornful glances, and, clanking my scabbard, drew their attention to the length of my rapier, with a significance which they could not

misinterpret, as I elbowed my way to the Marquise, to whom I made my courtliest bow.

"Monsieur le Vicomte," she murmured, when I had announced myself, "I cannot clearly recollect you. Is it long since last we met?"

"Some little time," I answered, suavely, remembering that it was exactly a week, and praying to heaven that she might not remember it too.

We entered upon an interesting con-

sparkled with enthusiasm for a subject which, I soon discovered, she was herself never tired of expounding.

When I arose, at the end of an hour, "It does one good to see a *man*," she said, "in these days of scented puppets."

And as I bent over her shapely hand, so white and slender, she murmured a wish that we might meet again—a wish that, for obvious reasons, found a fervent echo in my heart.



"AS I BENT OVER HER SHAPELY HAND, SHE MURMURED A WISH THAT WE MIGHT MEET AGAIN."

versation, and it was not long ere I realised how well-advised I had been to clothe myself with such sobriety. For soon those gilded, lisping fops who stood about us began to move away, until at last the beautiful and greatly courted Marquise de Grandcourt and the warlike Vilmoren were left alone.

We discussed the men that filled the room, and, having ascertained that I was not likely to be overheard by any of my acquaintances, I launched forth upon a vigorous abuse of their effeminate dress and manners, whereat her glorious eyes

III.

SUCH was the commencement of my courtship. And for a week it continued more or less as it had begun, save that each day my tongue shaped bolder words and my eye more ardent glances, until the Marquise could have no doubt but that it was to her that my court was paid each time I visited the Louvre, and not to His Majesty.

It was then that, deeming matters to have gone far enough in this fashion, I bethought me to fill her boudoir with flowers, and letters couched in tender

language, which, strange to tell, were all returned to me.

This set me pondering, and I concluded that perchance the Marquise, being a lady of exalted and fastidious tastes, cared not to be wooed in prose. So I hired me a poet, who wrote me odes and sonnets by the score, which I sent along with my floral offerings.

But here again no better fortune met me; for, like the prose, the verses too were returned.

I cast about me for some new means through which to show her my devotion, and hit upon the idea of engaging some minstrels then performing at Court to serenade her. I paid them well, and bid them do their best. But either they ignored my injunctions, or else the lady had no more stomach for serenades by night than for elegant prose and tender verse by day; for of the three I sent, but one returned—and he with a broken head—to tell me that they had been set upon by her ladyship's servants, and that his companions had been carried home on shutters.

He cursed me roundly, and called me some names, which, out of pity for the fellow's lack of manners, I withhold. Suffice it that it cost me fifty louis—twenty-five of which I borrowed from a friendly Jew—to pacify him.

That night I slept but ill, for it seemed that my courtship took not a favourable turn, and as my busy thoughts were searching means wherein to mend affairs, they banished sleep.

But in those waking hours I determined upon a plan which must perforce succeed, and in accordance with which I boldly visited the Marquise upon the following day. I chose an early hour whereat she would have no visitors, and therein I was

successful, for I found her alone and in a gracious mood.

I chided her gently for having treated my messengers with such scant compliment, whereat she looked regretful and cast down her eyes.

Noting my advantage, and deeming the citadel of her heart now ripe for storming, I knelt to her—as I had knelt to a score of women before her—and told her, in words that from much repetition had acquired an eloquent fluency, how deeply I loved—I who had never known before what it was to love.



"WERE I TO LIVE A HUNDRED YEARS,
I SHALL STILL REMEMBER THE TER-
RIBLE LOOK THAT FLASHED UPON ME
FROM HER EYES."

She heard me through with a gentle hanging of her lovely head—a symptom which, experience told me, should augur well—and when for very want of breath I stopped, she laughed in tones that made me wonder had the long-concealed passion which she had fostered for me turned her head.

Thinking it must be so, and hearing already the chink of St. Auban's gold pieces in my pocket, I sprang joyfully to my feet, and, catching her round the waist, I awoke the echoes of the room with the sound of a hearty kiss.

Were I to live a hundred years, I shall

still remember the change that came over her face, from which all colour fled, and the terrible look that flashed upon me from her eyes.

I liked it not, and, scenting danger, I became suddenly aware that it had grown late, and that I had an appointment at noon, which must perforce be kept.

I looked about me for my hat, and, having found it, I made shift to go, when suddenly she broke the painful, uncanny silence.

"Tarry a moment, monsieur," she cried, and methought her eyes had taken fire. "Tarry a moment, I am loth to part with you!"

Had I heard her aright? Did she desire my company, and were these signs of impending storm but affected, so that—womanlike—she might conceal her joy? Thinking it must be so, "I am your slave," I murmured, with a gallant bow, "your humble slave, Marquise. Command me as you will, and those others may wait."

She laughed curiously, and her eyes wandered towards a riding whip which lay at hand, and which had I seen betimes, mayhap I should have been more prudent.

"You have given me something, Monsieur," she said, "and as it hurts me to remain a debtor, I will give you something in return."

In vain did I protest that what I had given her was of no consequence, and required no payment. She was of a different mind.

"I will call again, Marquise," I exclaimed, "you can repay me then." And, knowing full well what was in store for me did I tarry, I stalked towards the door.

But she forestalled me, and barred my passage, whip in hand.

Seeing how matters stood, and having no illusions left, I deemed it best to grow dignified.

"I trust, madame," I ventured in my gentlest tones, fearing to arouse her anger further by any too great a show of firmness, "I trust that you will remember that I am a gentleman."

"I never knew it, sir," she thundered back, in withering accents, "and from what I know of you, I can but remember that you are a knave."

Had I lived to be knaved by a woman? *Mordieu!* she carried her jests somewhat far!

"Let me pass, madame," I exclaimed

angrily, advancing towards her as I spoke.

But her hand went up, and the threatening whip checked my progress of a sudden. I deemed it best to effect a compromise.

"I assure you, Marquise ——" I began; but she cut me short.

"I need no assurances from you, monsieur. You imagined that I was your dupe when first you came to me, tricked out in warlike feathers. You imagined that I scented not the coxcomb they masked—the *roué*, Vicomte de Vilmorin. How dull you were!"

And here again her laughter jarred upon my nerves.

"Deeming that you had made a deep impression, and that you had an easy conquest, you pestered me with your letters and your poems, and, lastly, with your musicians. Nor did you take warning when your offerings were returned, and your musicians carried hence with broken heads; but you must come here, to me, to offer me this crowning insult! You hound!"

And with that gentle apostrophe her whip came down about my shoulders, causing me to regret that I had not come to do my wooing arrayed in back and breast, as de Brissac had suggested.

This was a disillusionment! And, *mordieu!* what an arm she had; and yet, how beautiful she was!

Had I witnessed her thus chastising another I might have bent admiring eyes upon her; as it was, I withdrew into an angle of the chamber, so as to present as little surface as possible to her vindictive lash.

Huddled up in my corner, I shrilly denounced her as a coward.

But my loquacity only served to arouse her shrewish temper further, for, seizing me by the collar of my doublet, she dragged me forth from my shelter into the middle of the room, and there, despite my groans of pain and my entreaties, she did so mercilessly belabour me that the memory of it sets me writhing even now.

And when at last she paused, exhausted, and I, crushed alike in body and in soul, sank down upon the floor, a mass of aching bruises, she bent over me to whisper in my ear a piece of sound advice—"Next time your fancy leads you into a drunken wager, see that there be no listening servants."

How I reached home it matters not.

Suffice it that by the aid of some kind soul I was enabled to crawl into my bed-chamber an hour or so after my interview with that fury in female form.

I penned a note to Monsieur de St. Auban, begging him to hold me excused from the revels he was holding that night,

name of the Marquise by recounting the story of her outrageous conduct towards me. But, despite my own reticence, the thing was known all over Paris the next day.

That gay city seemed to grow suddenly dull and uninteresting to me, and, after



"SHE DID SO MERCILESSLY BELABOUR ME THAT THE MEMORY OF IT SETS ME WRITHING EVEN NOW."

and alleging that a fall from my horse had injured me somewhat painfully.

I will not offend the nice sense of my readers by a recital of the humiliations that were put upon me by my erstwhile boon companions. Needless to say, I was too much the gentleman to smirch the fair

paying St. Auban in full, I deemed it best to leave court—at least for a while.

I have since lived the peaceful life of a country gentleman, which somehow seems to suit me better than the vicissitudes of a roysterer's career, and the consequences attendant on it.

A TENNIS IDYLL.

By A. S. LAIDLAW.

ONE lovely summer's afternoon
In charming sunny weather,
Accounted for the tennis fray,
We sallied forth together.

And she was such a pretty girl,
So sweet and bright and fair,
With hazel eye and peach-bloom cheek,
And sunny golden hair.

"That's fifteen—Love: that's thirty—Love";
So she sang out while *I* tried
To hope it might no omen prove
The love was all on *my* side.

I laughing strove to drive "love" back,
Her racquet still preventing.
At last her failing strokes betrayed
A tenderness relenting.



In strong delight I kept her side,
And talked of this and that,
For joy to have her answer me
In simple friendly chat.

Her dainty feet danced o'er the
lawn
To take the ball uprising,
My clumsy hand lost game on
game
Before her skill surprising.

I pressed her hard with
volleys swift
Till, former scores reversing,
I echoed back the glad refrain
My heart had been rehearsing.

"That's fifteen—Love: that's thirty—
Love;
You too love now or never.
Dear girl, your heart is all my own,
And I am yours for ever!"



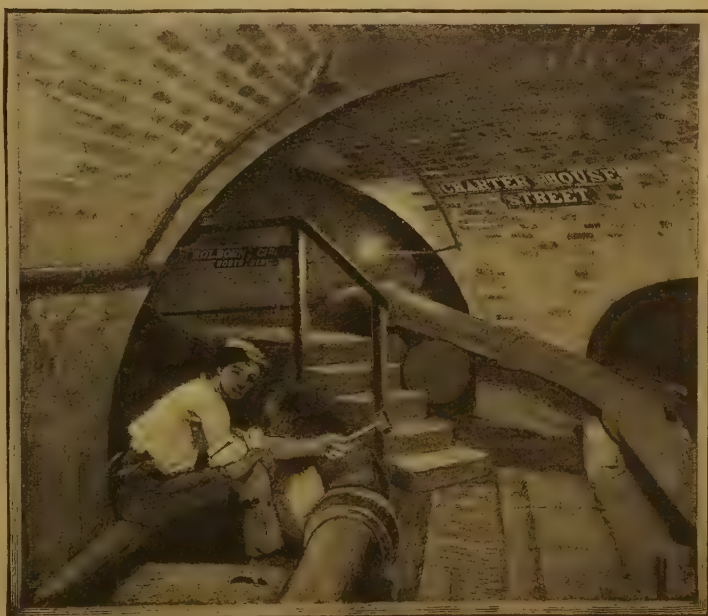
THIS TRAIN ON THE CITY ELECTRIC RAILWAY WAS SPECIALLY STOPPED FOR US UNDER THE BED OF THE THAMES SO THAT THIS PHOTO MIGHT BE TAKEN.

A VISIT TO THE SUBTERRANEAN CITY.

By W. J. WINTLE.

THE Kaffirs who have been displaying their qualities at the Greater Britain Exhibition this year have more than once aroused the merriment of visitors by their persistent reiteration of the conviction that there was another city underneath London.

They based this opinion upon the supposed impossibility of accommodating such vast crowds in the houses above ground, and upon their observation of areas and entrances to underground railways and the like.



ONE OF THE STREETS OF UNDERGROUND LONDON—CHARTERHOUSE STREET. NOTE THE NAMES ON THE WALLS.



THIS RAILWAY STATION IS
66 FEET BELOW A
BUSY STREET.

Our South African visitors were far nearer the truth than their amused audience supposed; for, unknown to the bulk of the dwellers in our great metropolis, and hidden even from the view of the inquiring visitor from the provinces, there exists an underground London whose wonders equal, and in some ways excel, those of the city above ground with which we are familiar.

Hidden away in the depths of the earth are wonderful structures which, in their actuality, exceed the mysteries of the fabled caverns of the Arabian Nights. Beneath the surging traffic of the great thoroughfares there are other streets—well paved and drained, and lighted with gas—which run for miles, but only echo the footfalls of a privileged few.

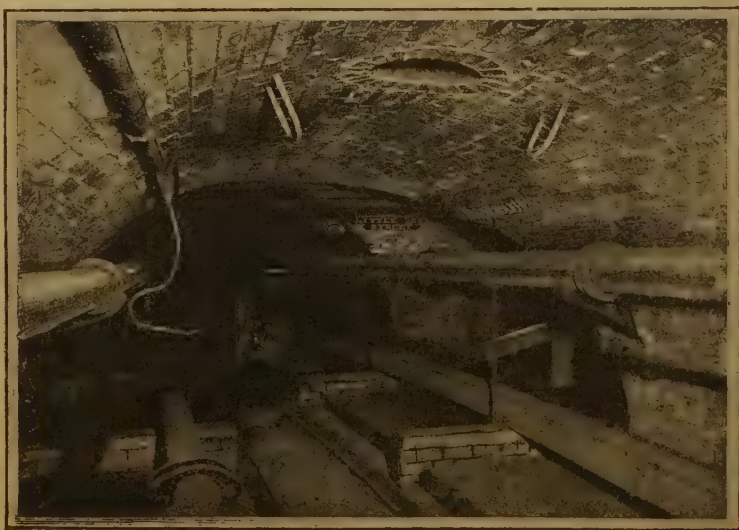
When we ask how many rivers flow through London, the answer comes with the promptness of certainty, "Only one—the Thames." But the answer is wrong, for there is another river,

with notable historic associations, which still flows through the City, fed by many a tributary, and here and there falling into rapids and cascades—but it is underground!

Then there are railways beneath the surface, and in some cases second railways below the first,

which pass unnoticed on their way under the churches and houses, and in some cases even below the great river itself.

You can't not only travel by subterranean ways, but you may take your meals underneath the dense traffic in St. Paul's Churchyard; you may buy your newspaper at a bookstall underneath an historic City church; you may have your dinner cooked in a bakery which has never seen the light of day; you may quench your thirst—but do it moderately—in twenty-eight miles of subterranean wine vaults; you may cool yourself in the dog-days in an underground ice-house; and you may take your plunge in a subterranean Roman bath fed by a holy well that has long since disappeared from view.



"SHOE LANE" AS FEW LONDONERS HAVE SEEN IT.



At intervals streets branch off bearing names identical with those above. Thus we, who have long since lost all sense of direction, note with surprise from time to time that we are in Shoe Lane, St. Bride Street, Charterhouse Street, Snow Hill, and the like.

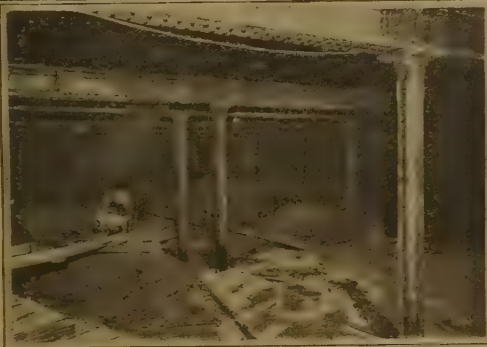
Not only have we here a street nomenclature below stairs, but the numbers of the houses appear on the walls and pipes at regular intervals. Each house has its supply pipes passing from the mains in the subway to the basement of the dwelling.

Let delinquent householders take note that at each of these junctions with the main there is a tap! If the water rate or the gas bill remains unpaid, there comes an official who passes

In commencing our exploration of the silent streets of underground London, we pass through massive iron gates under the bridge by which Holborn Viaduct spans Farringdon Street, and are at once taken in charge by Mr. Liberty, the City Inspector of Subways. Having lighted our lamps, we soon find ourselves in a perfect labyrinth of miniature streets, where the silence is only broken by the distant murmur of the traffic overhead.

We are now underneath the Viaduct, and are in a vaulted passage more than sufficiently high for walking in, well paved, spotlessly clean, and provided with gas-jets at frequent intervals.

Beside us run vast pipes, the mains of the gas and water companies, the hydraulic power supply, and troughs containing the wires of the Electric Lighting Company and the telegraph wires of the General Post Office. Overhead run the pneumatic tubes through which the written telegrams are blown from the district offices to St. Martin's-le-Grand.



Four views of the same spot opposite the Royal Exchange, which is honeycombed.

1. Above ground.
2. Underneath will be the Booking Office of the Central London Railway.
3. Under that are the water, gas, and other pipes.
4. Sixty feet lower are the tunnels of the railway.



unseen along the subway and cuts off the supply without sound or warning! In this way delay is avoided, and the street need never be broken up.



It is interesting to notice that historic spots which have long since disappeared above ground are still to be found below the pavement. For example, it would be a difficult task to find Poppins Court, redolent of Johnsonian memories; but it still exists in underground London.

For the benefit of our more practical readers we may point out that the City subways are faced internally with white

At another point the roof of the subway suddenly descends and smites us, and we have to immediately reduce our stature to something less than five feet. Once more we are over the underground railway, and only an iron plate a quarter of an inch thick intervenes between our feet and the passing engines below.

At last, after much wandering about, we reach a short flight of stone steps. A shout from our guide causes part of the roof to open, and we emerge through a trap-door into the daylight once more, and find ourselves the subjects of the amused curiosity of the crowd that so quickly gathers when anything unusual happens in the streets of London.

Now we make our way to the spot where the beating of the heart of the world may be felt. If there is one place where the traffic is thicker than anywhere else, it is in front of the Royal Exchange. Here, if anywhere, the visitor thinks that he stands on *terra*



THE ROOF OF THE UNDERGROUND RESTAURANT IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

bricks, and the floors are of Yorkshire stone landings, built into the walls on either side. Drainage is secured by openings at intervals of twenty-four feet, which communicate by means of bell-traps with the sewers beneath.

The subways are ventilated in some cases by shafts rising from the crown of the arches, terminated by open gratings in the streets; and in others by flues carried up to the roofs of the houses. In other cases the ornamental lamp-posts in the middle of the streets contrive a double debt to pay, for their standards are hollow, and are really the ventilating shafts of the subways.

It must be admitted that these subterranean streets soon grow a trifle monotonous. Here and there, however, we find our surroundings varied. At one point the pavement sounds hollow as we walk upon it. Looking through a chink, we see Snow Hill Station beneath us, and our guide tells us that overhead is the front of Holborn Viaduct Station.



INTERIOR OF THE SUBTERRANEAN RESTAURANT.

firma. It must need solid ground to support such a vast entanglement of vehicles.

Nothing of the sort! There is no spot in London more honeycombed than this. The crowded street rests simply on iron girders, supported by slender columns rising out of a vast empty space beneath, which reverberates with the roar of the densest bit of traffic in the world.

We enter an enclosure hard by, and find ourselves close to what appears to be a mine, but instead of coal or ore it is London clay that is being brought to the

surface and carted away. Scrambling down a shaft by means of a ladder, we quickly have ocular demonstration of the hollow state of affairs to which we have alluded.

We are in a vast, unfinished hall, so large that in the uncertain light of flaring gas-jets we cannot distinctly make out its size. All around runs a large subway, with branch passages and steps leading to the footways of the various streets which converge upon the Royal Exchange.

In the centre, at a slightly lower level, gangs of workmen are busily constructing a booking office, for this is to be a railway station. It is the City terminus of the Central London Electric Railway, which will shortly be running between the Bank and Shepherd's Bush, a distance of six and a half miles through the heart of the metropolis. A sum of £3,000,000 has been spent upon this new line, which is expected to be in operation early next year.

But we must descend a little further into the depths of the earth. A cage conveys us to a lower level, and we now find ourselves in a fine subway, not unlike those we have already described, but larger. This contains the great water and gas



A SUBTERRANEAN WATERFALL OUTSIDE THE HARMSWORTH BUILDINGS.



THIS ROMAN STRUCTURE IS TO BE FOUND UNDER BUCKLERSBURY.

mains, as well as thousands of wires charged with electricity. The whole of these pipes ran through the streets at a depth of only a few inches, but were diverted into this deep subway without cutting

off the supply of gas, water, or electricity to the houses for a single hour. This is deservedly regarded as one of the most remarkable engineering feats of recent years.

But we have not yet exhausted the wonders that lie underground at this spot. We proceed to another shaft, enter a second cage, and are swiftly lowered sixty feet into the bowels of the earth.

Here we find two huge tunnels, through which electric trains will soon be conveying passengers. All is finished save a few yards in Threadneedle Street, which will be completed before these lines meet the reader's eye. Here the work of boring is being performed in compressed air. As the air lock is opened at our approach, the condensed air rushes out, and by its sudden expansion produces such a degree of cold that an outcoming truck is covered with hoarfrost. And this on a melting day in the heart of summer!

But it is time to leave these three stories of



THE LUDGATE HILL WATERFALL AS IT ENTERS THE OLD FLEET RIVER UNDER LUDGATE CIRCUS.

underground structure. We come up to the daylight, and right before us stands the church of St. Mary Woolnoth, once the scene of the ministry of the famous John Newton.

Looking inside, an extraordinary sight greets us. The floor of the church has been removed, and a vast gulf yawns beneath. Here are being constructed the booking office and shafts for a station on yet another subterranean line, the City and South London Electric Railway, for which we are now bound.

On our way we pass a station of the Metropolitan Railway, which reminds us that the metropolis is bored through and through with underground railways, as dis-

It was taken underneath the bed of the River Thames, and affords a view that has never before been seen by the public. By previous arrangement, the train by which we journeyed was stopped for two minutes under the river, upon which we sprang out, ran a few yards back, and took a snapshot of the train by flashlight.

It may add to the interest of the photograph if we mention that we stood (greatly to the terror of the photographer) within a few inches of sudden death—in the shape of the naked conductor charged with a terrific voltage of electricity—while we manipulated the camera.

Then the train went on its way, and a pilot engine rescued us from our decidedly novel situation.

Now we leave the railways and proceed to view quite another aspect of the underground city. On our way we pass through St. Paul's Churchyard, and are struck by a circular glass structure in the middle of the roadway on the south-east side. This proves on investigation to be nothing else than the roof of an underground restaurant, belonging to the British Tea Table, Limited.

No entrance is



ONE OF LONDON'S UNDERGROUND WINE VAULTS—FROM THE CEILING HANGS A THICK CURTAIN OF FUNGUS.

tinguished from the electric lines. Last year no less than 140,000,000 passengers were thus conveyed to their business along railways hidden beneath the streets and houses. But this feature of London life is so familiar that we must not stay to describe it.

Arriving at the Monument Station of the City and South London Electric Railway, we were speedily lowered by a lift to the platform, sixty-six feet below the roadway. Here, through the courtesy of the General Manager, we were enabled to secure the photograph which is reproduced at the head of this article, and is absolutely unique in character.

visible, but in Old Change we find a doorway by which we obtain access to a long passage running under a row of warehouses and leading to the restaurant under St. Paul's Churchyard. The interior is a surprise, for the glass roof makes it as light as day, but the numerous alcoves and side rooms are in Cimmerian darkness until the electric light is turned on.

There are plenty of basement restaurants in London, but we know of no other example under the middle of a road.

But we have to hasten on, for the underground river now calls for our attention. How many Londoners know that the historic Fleet still flows swiftly and noisily

through the heart of the City? Yet so it is, though the stream is now arched over and its waters no longer sparkle in the sunlight.

The well-known Farringdon Street marks its course, and the roadway rests upon the high vaulted passage which echoes with the roar of the flood when a sudden storm at Hampstead swells its waters and causes the stream to rise six or eight feet. To enter the Fleet on a showery day is simply to take your life in your hand.

Before we can explore this part of underground London we have to make a change in our apparel. Hidden away in a corner under the steps leading to the Holborn Viaduct is a small dressing-room. Here, by the courtesy of the City authorities, and under the guidance of the Inspector of Sewers, Mr. Dixon, we are soon completely transmogrified.

Long sea boots are drawn on; a rough blue smock, girt about with a leather belt,



THE LARGEST UNDERGROUND BAKERY IN LONDON. IT NEVER SAW THE LIGHT OF DAY.

takes the place of our accustomed coat; a sou'-wester covers our head; and the amateur sewerer stands complete.

"Easy is the descent to Avernus," sang Virgil long ago, but the descent to the Fleet is another matter. We go down a manhole in Farringdon Street, and are, for the time being, the centre of interest to a crowd of idle lads. Now, this process needs circumspection and utter indifference to dirt.

Hand over hand we descend by means of iron cramps until we reach the bottom.

Then, candle in hand, we follow our brother sewer-men along a passage, and soon step cautiously into the rushing waters of the Fleet.

It is rather an imposing sight. The vaulted channel is twelve feet high, and the river, stream, ditch, or sewer—call it what you will—rushes along with a rapidity that demands extreme care as we wade along its course towards Ludgate Circus.

Here an extraordinary sight awaits us. For some time a loud-roaring sound has been very



AN UNDERGROUND ROMAN BATH TO BE SEEN IN STRAND LANE.

apparent, and right under the centre of Ludgate Circus we discover the cause. Unknown to the hurrying crowds overhead, here is a veritable waterfall. The water from Ludgate Hill descends suddenly with a mighty roar into the Fleet. We will not pretend that this subterranean cascade rivals the cataract of Lodore, but it is by no means unpicturesque.

We make our escape through an adjacent manhole and proceed in the direction of the *Harmsworth Magazine* office. Close outside the door is another manhole, down which we disappear, to the intense amusement of certain members of the staff who chance to be passing.

Here we find another waterfall, down which we descend. If the truth must be told, the fact is that we *fell* down it and arrived at the bottom covered with filth and soaked to the skin with decidedly unclean water.

The photograph of this waterfall was taken kneeling in the flowing sewage within the narrow limits of a four-foot pipe at the bottom of the fall. Owing to the difficult circumstances under which the photograph was taken it fails to convey any idea of our extremely limited surroundings.

Emerging in an utterly demoralised condition, we tramp through the City to Queen Street, the indescribable state of our garments attracting a good deal of unwelcome attention.

Another manhole is negotiated, and we

crawl about two hundred yards along a four-foot sewer towards the Mansion House. This was a gruesome experience. There was no stream of water, and that made matters all the worse.

It goes without saying that there are details about sewers, especially when there is no flush of water, which are better imagined than described. The most hardened anti-tobacconist would alter his views if he had a few days in the London sewers.

Rats! Thousands of them! Everybody has heard of sewer rats, and here we see them in abundance. At every few yards they dash past us, great fat fellows, twice as large as the ordinary outdoor rat.

At last our crawl comes to an end, and we clamber through a hole in the sewer into a Roman structure under Bucklersbury. This shares with the underground Roman bath in Strand Lane the distinction of being the oldest structure in the metropolis.

It is supposed to be part of an ancient subway, but all record of its history has been long lost. Owing to its inaccessibility it is not a show place, and a photograph is now presented to the public for the first time.

We have not exhausted the wonders of the underground city by any means, but perhaps enough has been described to prove that the average Londoner sees only half his city.

A QUIET CORNER.



D. Hare, Photo

TRAGEDY IN CHESS. THE STORY OF A PRIZE SOLUTION.

BY BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL.

Illustrated by Fred Pegram.

“DO I look the sort of man who would be likely to go out of his mind?”

The man who spoke rose abruptly from the table, and crossed the room to the window, where he stood with his hands in his pockets, gloomily gazing into space.

The row of chimney-pots on the opposite side of Bruton Street did not admit of a glimpse into futurity, but in any case the gazer's vision was an introspective one and self-centred.

His fellow lodger and brother clerk in



“HAVELOCK STOOD WITH HIS HANDS IN HIS POCKETS, GLOOMILY GAZING INTO SPACE.”

the Foreign Office, Stanworth Brinkman, did not reply until after he had considered him attentively, and then said—

"One of the last, I should think. But I would not dwell on my own sensations if I were you, Havelock; we all of us feel a bit off colour at times—fagged, and so on. The best plan is to put it out of one's head. Take a matutinal ride in the Park, eat and drink well, occupy your spare thoughts with cheerful subjects, and it will all come right."

"I can't afford the matutinal ride just now," replied John Havelock, "and the other remedies I have tried; but," with a forced laugh, "as you say, it's no good dwelling on it. I'll go out for a stroll."

"Without your breakfast?"

An expressive gesture answered the query.

"Yet you slept well, you say?"

"Like the dead!"

"It is odd, certainly. But I would not worry over it. Give it time."

Mr. Brinkman pursued his own way through breakfast, cigarette, and newspaper, with his usual entire self-satisfaction, and divested his mind without difficulty of all problems connected with his friend's state of health.

Meanwhile his friend, dawdling downstairs, divided between a desire to go out and a desire to do nothing at all, met someone on the lower landing, someone whom he had often met before, and stopped to speak to her.

"Going out already?" he inquired.

"I have a new pupil to-day," she explained.

"How busy you are!"

She raised her eyebrows at his regretful tone.

"Why," she said, "it's a good plan, is it not? Occupation and an income are two very desirable things."

She was little more than a girl, and in her simple dress—her husband, a young gunner, was killed in a small frontier war just after their marriage—she looked absurdly childish to be teaching anyone to do anything.

As a matter of fact she was a brilliant musician, and finding herself in stress of poverty—for her relations were poor, and a subaltern's pension is not much—she had gained independence by giving lessons in singing.

Mr. Havelock studied her face as they went downstairs side by side, and won-

dered at the strength that it expressed in spite of its perfect sweetness. The beautiful eyes seemed to hold truth in their clear grey depths, the lips with their tender pleasant curves were eloquent of steadfastness, the rounded chin carried determination in its full contour that yet was negated by the gentle coquetry of its dainty dimple.

It was a face of contradictions that, charming at all times, held a special attraction for John Havelock just now, when his nerves were all on edge and his whole nature cried out for repose without lassitude. Her voice and manner matched her face, and soothed while they interested you, inviting confidence.

"You are earlier than usual, too," she said. "Are you going to Whitehall so soon?"

"Not yet; I am not feeling very fit, Mrs. Dundas, and thought a little fresh air might pull me together."

"The very best thing," she replied, with decision. "I noticed you were looking tired. Do you sleep badly?"

The haggard lines of unrest, the hollow, listless eyes, spoke of excessive brain fatigue. She had often thought what an intellectual-looking man he was, and had admired the dark, pale face, the tall, well-set-up figure, the whole personality of John Havelock. Even a less observant person than herself would have noticed the change that had crept over him latterly.

"I sleep more soundly than I ever slept in my life before," he said, slowly, as they emerged into the street. "That is what puzzles me so. I used to wake up refreshed and with an appetite for breakfast and any amount of energy. Now I feel more tired when I get up than when I go to bed, and breakfast is a thing of the past with me."

He spoke reflectively, and she saw that the matter was weighing upon his mind.

"I should go away for a change," she said. "A complete change, no work, no correspondence; new scenery, new occupations or amusements. There is my prescription. I hope you will take it, Mr. Havelock."

Her voice was very earnest as she concluded, and he thought gratefully what a sympathetic tone she had, and how fresh and untired and wholesome she looked.

It had done him good even to talk to her; it would have been delightful to walk

with her, but she had hailed a passing hansom, and in another moment was gone.

The old depression swept over him as he sauntered on to Parliament Street, and thought of another day and night to be got through in weariness of soul and body. Life had been a very agreeable thing for him up to within the last three weeks. He had few relations and fewer cares; not much money or expectation certainly, but with his honest temperate nature that did not trouble him.

There were years of honourable and not ill-paid work before him, and the usual chances of a happy future; he was content with these until now.

And now a profound distaste for everything and everyone had seized him; an immense fatigue, a morbid dread of some threatening illness or disease that nevertheless showed no symptoms of approach except those he had mentioned to Mrs. Dundas.

She thought of him at intervals for some days; she even lingered on the stairs in hopes of meeting him; but more than a week elapsed before they found themselves on the doorstep together once more, and, yielding to their mutual inclination, walked some distance side by side.

"You have not yet gone away for change of air," she began, reproachfully.

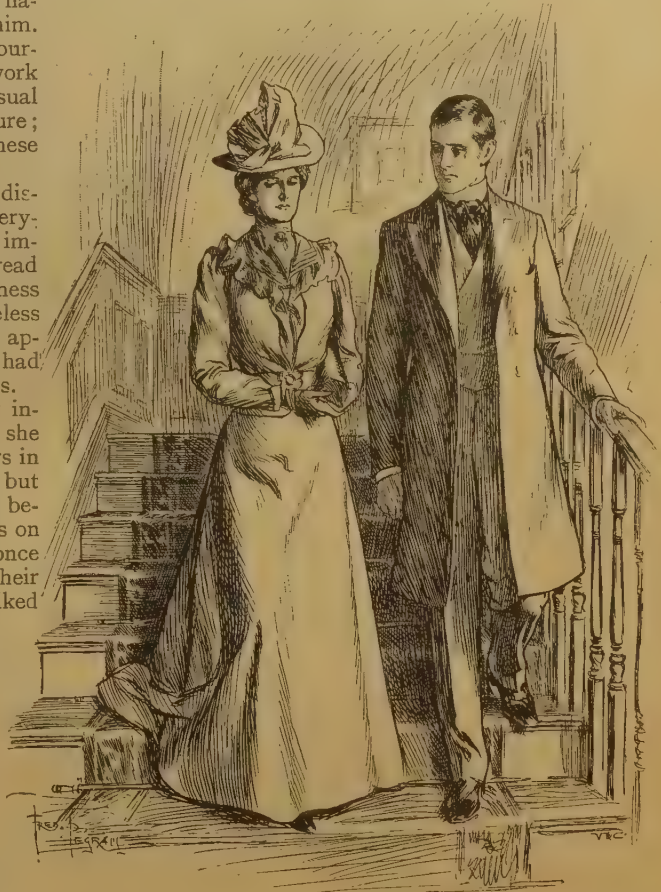
"No. The fact is Brinkman and I took our leave together last year, and he is anxious to do so this. He seemed so put out at my throwing him over that I thought I would try to hang out a little longer."

"But that is rather selfish of him, is it not?" She showed the surprise she felt, for her belief was that these two were great friends.

"Well, I don't know. You see, he thinks that I make too much of my health, that I am over-anxious. I expect I should think the same in his place. It is quite unlike me to bother about it."

She changed the subject, and they talked of other things—personal details of her life and his that developed their acquaintance into friendship, and when they parted he not only lifted his hat, but shook her hand in good-bye.

Again the impression she left on him was that of quiet strength of purpose; the clasp of her hand had deepened his sense of qualities in her which, for the first time



"MR. HAVELOCK STUDIED HER FACE AS THEY WENT DOWNSTAIRS SIDE BY SIDE."

in his life, he found himself lacking: those of courage, self-control, decision.

Hester Dundas was conscious of only one feeling concerning him, that of uneasiness. She had a passing acquaintance also with his friend Mr. Brinkman, and she resolved to make use of this for some sort of appeal to him.

It was easy to waylay him on the stairs as though without intention, and as he passed her to say quietly—

"I hope Mr. Havelock is feeling better. He is greatly changed just lately. I trust there is nothing serious the matter with him?"

Mr. Brinkman looked at her for a moment with a singular expression, and then answered lightly—

"Oh, he's all right, thanks. A little



"A PIECE OF PAPER FLUTTERED DOWN FROM THE STAIRS, AND SHE READ IT THROUGH SLOWLY."

nervous about himself, that's all. We are going off for a holiday soon."

"Don't you think," she said, "he would do better to go at once? The landlady was speaking of him to me this morning, and we agreed that he looks really ill. Women, you know, notice these things more than men," she added, apologetically, "and their intuitions are generally correct."

Mr. Brinkman's eyes rested on hers again, and this time she read in them the annoyance he felt.

"It would do Havelock a great deal of harm," he said, coldly, "to betray any sign of anxiety about him. Mrs. Dundas, I assure you," with a transient hint of impertinence in his accent, "you need be under no uneasiness concerning him. He is in very good hands. I understand him perfectly."

With a bow he passed her, and she felt that he meant to convey a rebuff, and that her solicitude was unwelcome.

That there was some underlying reason for his resentment she was convinced; and as she stood there pondering, her glance lighted on a paper that, fluttering down from the stairs which Mr. Brinkman had just ascended, lay at her feet.

A newspaper cutting, that was all! She read it through slowly, incomprehensibly; then suddenly with full understanding, as though a flashlight had been turned on and illumined the letters and their hidden meaning to her mind's eye. The resolve that took possession of her was emphasised by her swift retreat into her own room, and the decisive closing of her door.

That evening a note was brought to Mr. Havelock containing these lines:—

DEAR MR. HAVELOCK,

You kindly offered to lend me some books the last time I saw you. I should be very glad of one or two novels if you could spare them. Perhaps, if you have time, you will bring them down to me yourself to-morrow afternoon. I shall be in to tea at five.

Yours sincerely,

HESTER DUNDAS.

P.S.—Do you happen to have a good book on chess that you could let me have for a day or two?

He did not think it necessary to mention the note to his friend; Stanworth Brinkman and he had not hit it off quite so well latterly, though there seemed to be no definite reason for any change in their original good comradeship. But at five o'clock the next day he returned from the Foreign Office, and, presenting himself at Mrs. Dundas's sitting-room door, was admitted and made welcome.

"Here are some novels," he said, "and a book on chess, but I can't answer for its being a good one. I have not played myself for years, not since I was a boy at school. I had rather a turn for it then. It runs in our family. Do you play much, Mrs. Dundas?"

"Scarcely at all," she answered, smiling.

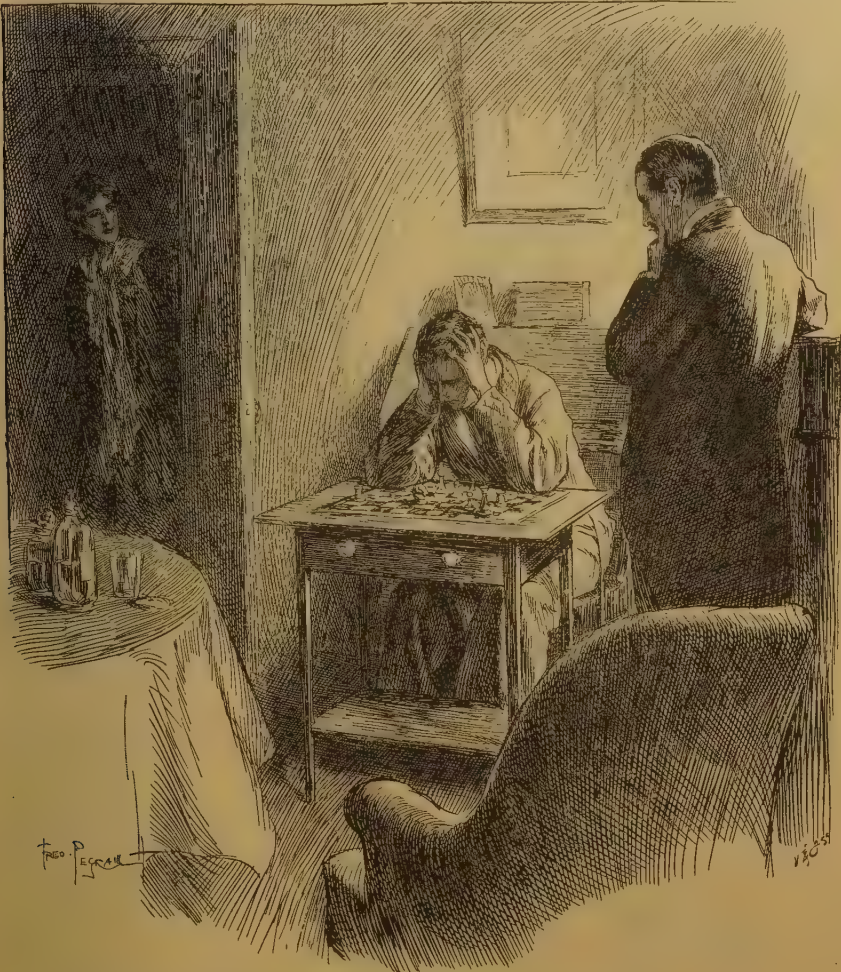
"I am not clever enough. It is the game for diplomatists, is it not?"

She gave him some tea, and afterwards she sang and played to him; all the while making no reference to his illness, though she could see that the latter, mysterious as it was, had been making strides. His eyes were strangely bright and anxious, his

Mr. Brinkman should not know of her request.

Mr. Havelock, rather surprised, but impressed by the evident sincerity of her interest in him, promised to do what she asked, and Mrs. Dundas waited to see the result of her first move. There was none.

Dr. Herschel prescribed, but without his



"SHE SAW MR. HAVELOCK SEATED AT A CHESS TABLE PLAYING WHILE ASLEEP, AND BRINKMAN STOOD BY AND WATCHED HIM."

face grey and strained-looking, his manner feverish and nervous.

When he was going away she asked him quietly whether he would do her the favour of consulting her doctor, who was especially good at diagnosing intangible maladies; and she added that she would prefer that

usual success, for Mr. Havelock grew rapidly worse, and on the third day was quite unable to get up and go to his work. He could neither rest nor eat; he seemed exhausted and overdone; yet he averred that he had passed a capital night as usual. So much Mrs. Dundas learnt, and later,

when Mr. Brinkman returned, she heard also that he had declined the landlady's offer to sit up with his friend, and had said that he would sit up with Mr. Havelock himself, if necessary, and that there was no cause for anxiety, nor sufficient reason to call in a doctor.

Then Hester decided to make her second move; for now she believed that she was playing for a life, and a life that had become unaccountably of value to her.

The house was silent when she crept quietly upstairs long after everyone had gone to bed, and stood in the shadow of the landing window listening and waiting for a sign of any sort from the room where she knew that Mr. Havelock slept.

The door of the sitting-room was ajar, and the room was still lit up, but she could not see whether it was tenanted or not.

She had not long to wait before something happened.

Mr. Havelock's door opened and he stood in the doorway, his tall form, wrapped in a long dark dressing-gown, outlined against the dim light of a shaded lamp that stood by his bedside. With a quick, sure step he passed along the passage, almost touching her where she stood, and into the sitting-room. She knew beyond a doubt that he was walking in his sleep, and she knew also what she would see when she glided to the open door of the sitting-room, and stood there, unseen, watching.

Mr. Havelock had seated himself beside a table set with chessmen, and, leaning his forehead on one hand, was with the other pushing the pieces here and there, now making a move and now retracing it, and then again sitting absorbed and motionless as though his whole soul and mind were bent on solving some question of play that taxed his mental powers to the utmost.

Leaning against the mantelpiece, his attitude betraying the intentness of his observation, stood Stanworth Brinkman. There was no sound in the room, and Hester felt that it needed all her self-restraint not to cry out against the dreadfulness of this silence in which a man was playing a game, with his own life and reason for the stakes on one side, while on the other was the wanton cupidity of a man who cloaked his relentless purpose under the mask of friendship. There was a long pause, during which the two who looked on held their breaths and strove to

still the beating of their hearts, while Mr. Havelock rested immovable, his head buried in his hands.

Had he, overcome with the effort, fallen into deeper slumber without accomplishing what he was there to do; or would he awake and learn his own and his friend's secret in the moment of recovering his consciousness?

The clock struck half-past one, and the sharp vibration clove the air and seemed to send an electric thrill through it to the sleeper's bent form.

He raised himself, pushed his hair back from his brows with a gesture of relief, and made three moves in rapid and assured succession.

And Hester read, in the face of the man who looked on, the confirmation of her fears and his hopes.

Then abruptly rising, John Havelock crossed to the door—Hester stepping back again into the shadow—and passing into his room threw himself on his bed as though overwhelmed with fatigue.

Mr. Brinkman, stealing after him to see that he was safe and to close the door quietly, did not notice Hester as she ran swiftly into the sitting-room and up to the table.

A second later he returned and was advancing with an eager light in his eyes and a smile of triumph on his lips, when he saw her.

He fell back a step in his amazement and anger, and they stood silently confronting one another.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded imperiously, and, recovering himself, stepped towards her; but with a movement of her hand she checked him.

"Stay there," she said, in a whisper that was more marked in its intensity than the loudest tone could have been, "or I will move the pieces."

He stared at her, dumbfounded.

"Listen," she continued. "I know your secret. I have known it for some time—ever since you dropped this."

She drew the newspaper cutting from her pocket and held it up, and he, defying her with his looks, made a menacing gesture with his hand.

"The prize for the correct solution of problem No. 270 has again been won by Mr. Stanworth Brinkman," she read out, in a low clear voice, "and fifty guineas has been forwarded to him. A prize of one hundred pounds is now offered to our

readers, subject to the usual conditions and to the exclusion of professional chess-players, for the solution to problem No. 271. White to mate in three moves."

She paused and regarded him with concentrated scorn for a moment before she went on.

"Will the world think well of Mr. Stanworth Brinkman when it learns in what an honourable manner he has won these prizes—that the solutions were worked out by his friend while in a state of somnambulism and were used by him as though they were his own—that he has played deliberately upon this abnormal power which his friend possesses, although he was well aware that it had undermined that friend's health, and might probably end in his death or removal to a lunatic asylum?"

He interrupted her with sarcasm.

"You are melodramatic," he said. "Your feelings have carried you away all along in this case, Mrs. Dundas. In the first place, who would believe you? I am known to be a chess-player——"

But she cut him short contemptuously.

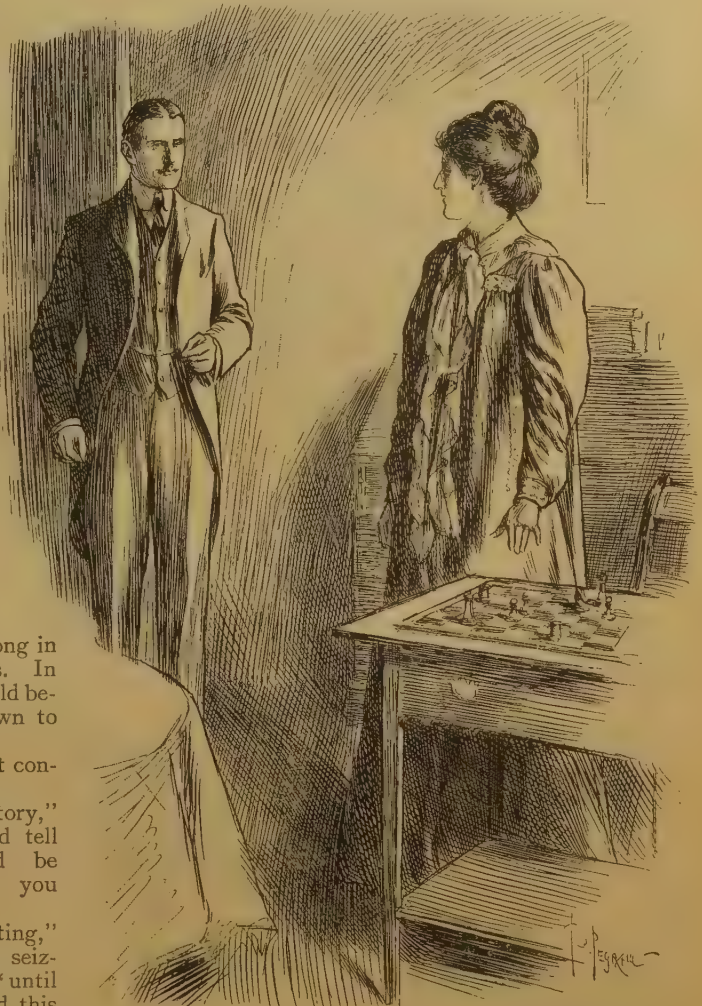
"I should tell my story," she said. "You would tell yours. Which would be believed most, do you think?"

"I was merely waiting," he said, his quick brain seizing on a new tack, "until Havelock had achieved this last success to tell him the whole thing and hand him the money. He would have thanked me then."

She looked at him steadily with even greater contempt than before.

"You were waiting for nothing," she said, "except for him to solve this problem

for you as he has solved others. Then you would have let him rest for a time, keeping him under your eye so that no other influence should divide him from you and prevent your profiting by him again in the future. Dr. Herschel has been attending him, unknown to you, and he said there was no chance for Mr. Havelock



"'STAY THERE,' SHE SAID, 'OR I WILL MOVE THE PIECES.'"

unless the pressure on his brain from some unknown source was removed. Listen! You shall have this money—blood-money gained by treachery—on condition that you hold your tongue for ever on this subject and that you leave these rooms to-morrow,

never to share them or any others with Mr. Havelock again."

He protested, defying her, insulting her; but she was firm.

She watched him with steady, scornful eyes while he took down the moves on a piece of paper and put the chessmen away.

Then he went to his room like a whipped

But of this John Havelock was quite unconscious, for when he awoke he felt strangely light-headed and weak.

The thought of his friend, the desire for any companionship, did not enter his head, and the only memory of which he was conscious was that of Hester—the steady gaze of her eyes, the firm clasp of her hand.

It was no surprise to him when he heard her softly speak his name, and found that she was bending over him, while by her side stood Dr. Herschel.

"Your patient is getting well," at length said Dr. Herschel. "He must never know the secret of his illness; and now that the cause is removed there need be no recurrence of it."

To young Havelock he said, "Don't thank me. Mrs. Dundas practically saved your life."

So it only remained for John to thank her.

But when at last she came, no words seemed adequate; he could only hold her hands, which she had stretched out impulsively to him, and think how lovely she looked with that colour in her face, and that glad light in her eyes.

The mere sight of her had shown him that this tumult of reverence, and gratitude, and tenderness, was love.

"Hester, won't you take care of me always?"

"Always!"

He had to bend his head to catch her answer, so softly was it spoken, and then she laid her face down on his shoulder,



"HE HAD TO BEND HIS HEAD TO CATCH HER ANSWER."

hound, averting his glance from hers, and saying not another word, judged by his own silence and by hers.

In the morning, before Mr. Havelock was awake he had gone, leaving a note for his friend with some feigned excuse for suddenly removing from Bruton Street.

FELLING CHIMNEYS.

THE RISKY BUSINESS OF A STEEPLEJACK.

BY ROBERT MULREADY.

SOME years ago I saw a chimney demolished in a very unique manner.

The condemned shaft formed part of the engineering works on the premises of a railway company. There was a large narrow space between two rows of metals, and it was decided to bring the mass down into this confined area. A mechanic first of all swarmed the chimney and fastened one end of a thick hawser, one hundred yards in total length, around the structure, about halfway up. A mason then set to work cutting away the bricks from the base of the chimney on the side facing the space into which it was to fall. When he had cut about half way through the chimney he relinquished his task, an engine was brought upon the scene, and the other end of the hawser attached securely to it.

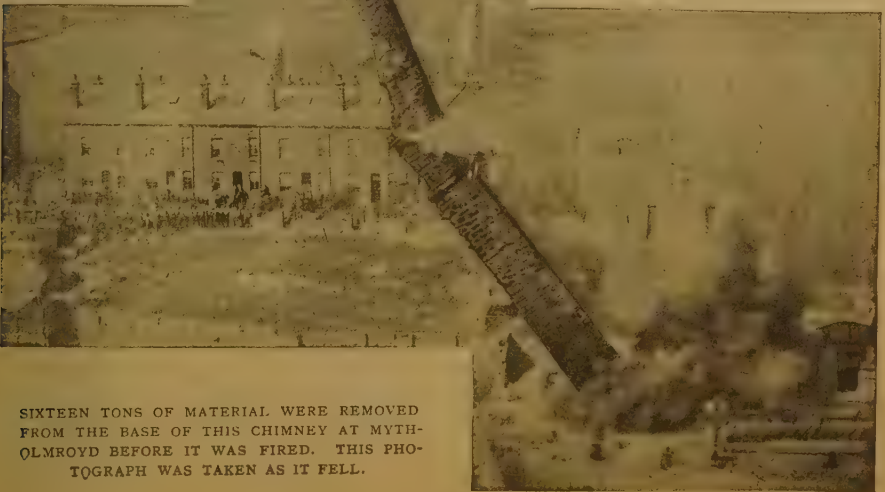
The locomotive was then set in motion and pulled the rope taut. At first the chimney did not budge, but

presently the strain on the rope became so severe that something had to give. So the chimney toppled over with a loud crash, and lay a broken mass of bricks on the ground.

Chimney felling has now developed into a fine art, and its exponent is Mr. J. Smith, a resident of Rochdale, near Manchester, known familiarly through the country as "The Lancashire Steeplejack." Probably Mr. Smith has no equal throughout the world in the remarkable handicraft of chimney felling, and certainly some of his achievements are decidedly extraordinary.

This champion "feller" has demolished over seventy chimneys in all parts of the country and the Continent, and not one has been attended with the slightest mishap, which speaks volumes for his thorough precision, skill, and judgment. True, on one occasion, when he felled a chimney at Rochdale, some years ago, three or four members of the huge crowd of spectators, always present on such occasions, were injured by the flying bricks, but the steeplejack was in no way to blame.

The *modus operandi* employed by



SIXTEEN TONS OF MATERIAL WERE REMOVED FROM THE BASE OF THIS CHIMNEY AT MYTHOLMROYD BEFORE IT WAS FIRED. THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN AS IT FELL.

Mr. Smith is delightfully simple. He cuts away a portion of the base of the chimney, and substitutes thick wooden props. These are afterwards set on fire, and directly they are consumed, the chimney, deprived of its foundations, comes down with a run. He considers that his two most noteworthy feats in chimney felling were the razing of a chimney at Preston and another at Mytholmroyd.

The chimney at Preston, pictures of which are given on pages 132 and 133, formed part of a disused wagon works, and the ground upon which it stood was required for the alterations of the New Electric Tram-car Manufacturing Company. It was a huge circular stalk, over 250 feet

carefully does he gauge his work that he will rope out a certain space on the ground in which he wants the chimney to fall, and not a brick will fall outside that enclosure.

The preliminary examinations made to satisfaction, work was commenced upon the chimney itself. He carefully measured the circumference of the chimney at its base, and chalked out the extent to which he wanted the masonry removed. He then cut away a portion of the bricks in the centre of the section of the chimney facing the direction in which it was to fall, and inserted a long timber beam five and a half feet in length by six inches in width, and the same in thickness. The dimensions of these props vary according to the height and weight of the chimney, and the size of the space into which it is to fall.

The reason he makes such a large gap in the base of the chimney is to ensure its telescoping—that is, breaking into two or three pieces as it falls over. If only a narrow cut were made, the chimney would topple over in one huge mass, and measure the same length on the ground as it towered into the air.

Having inserted the first prop, the work of underpinning, as the operation of inserting these props is technically called, was continued regularly right and left until about two-thirds of the shaft had been undermined. By this time the chimney had listed a little, and rested entirely upon the props. The cant was not discernible to the ordinary eye, but it was sufficient to show Mr. Smith that the props, to use his own expression, had “got it.” In this



FELLING LORD WANTAGE'S CHIMNEY—107 FEET HIGH. IT HAD TO FALL BETWEEN TWO GATES, AND TELESKOPED BEAUTIFULLY.

in height, most solidly constructed, and representing a total weight of something like 3,500 tons.

When the chimney feller arrived on the scene, he first of all ascertained the height and the approximate thickness of the shaft. Then he reconnoitred the surroundings of the chimneys, for he prefers plenty of room with which to bring his chimney down. So

particular case the chimney rested upon 160 of these wooden props.

It will be seen in our illustration that there is a heavy cross-piece of timber running along the top of the props, each of which is made snug and tight with a wedge. The setting of the chimney on to the props caused a slight fracture on the reverse side of the chimney, and the feller

knew that so far all had gone well. On some occasions, where the chimney is weather-beaten and decayed, Mr. Smith fixes an iron belt around the chimney a few yards from the ground, to prevent its bulging and clattering down around his ears while the underpinning is in progress. As may be supposed, this undercutting operation is a task which has to be executed with the utmost care. The steeple-jack carries his life in his hand, for even his experienced eye and knowledge cannot foretell the vagaries of a decrepit chimney shaft.

As the masonry was removed it was constructed into a wall inside the chimney, the reason for which will be seen later on.

The underpinning of the chimney satisfactorily completed, Mr. Smith prepared his fire. He always uses any combustibles—which, by the way, are generally supplied by the owners of the chimney—that come within his reach—shavings, coal, tar, paraffin, creosote, etc.

On the occasion of felling this chimney at Preston, there were used $6\frac{1}{2}$ tons of coal,

4 tons of pitch, 40 sacks of shavings, 108 gallons of tar, 126 gallons of paraffin, and sufficient materials for quite a huge bonfire. But the whole success of the felling operation depends upon the laying of this fire, and to ensure the task being properly and thoroughly completed, Mr. Smith attends to it himself. The shavings, coal, etc., are all piled up methodically around the props, which are thoroughly saturated with the oil and besmeared with pitch, so as to offer ready food for the flames.

It will be observed in our illustration that the props are also freely bored with holes. The reason for this is obvious. If the holes were not there, the wood would not consume evenly or thoroughly, but by boring the holes the flames quickly perform their allotted task.

The fire laid, Mr. Smith ordered everyone to stand beyond the space indicated for the reception of the falling chimney. The pyre was fired by a lady, and instantly there was a roar, and cracking and leaping of flames, as the inflammable substances caught



THIS PICTURE SHOWS HOW THE FALLING CHIMNEY ON PAGE 129 WAS UNDERPINNED BEFORE IT WAS FIRED.

alight, and dense, copious clouds of black smoke poured from the mouth of the shaft. Probably, no chimney ever smokes so freely as it does during the few minutes before its *coup de grace*. But though the bonfire was blazing away merrily, Mr. Smith's task was by no means ended. Owing to the impromptu wall Mr. Smith had erected inside the chimney with the detached masonry, the heat could not escape, but was confined to the props, which were soon burning furiously. Still, it is most essential that the fire should burn evenly, so that

crashed down with a rumbling noise like thunder, buckling up in its aerial flight into several pieces like cardboard.

With regard to the telescoping while falling, the "feller" trusts to a great extent to fate, for even his experience cannot foretell whether this will happen, but he has never yet been disappointed in this direction.

As the chimney toppled over, it presented a pretty, novel, and impressive sight, with the dense black smoke spouting from the top and every nook and cranny, and wreathing it like a pall. Then Mr. Smith packed

up his tools and returned homewards, for his commission is simply to bring the chimney down. Another contractor removes the *débris*.

Mr. Smith considers that the most difficult chimney he ever tackled was the one at Grange Mill, Mytholmroyd. The shaft was constructed in 1833 at a cost of £1,000, and towered to a height of just upon 200 feet. Under the agencies of rain and wind the summit of the shaft had become defective, and sooner than repair the stalk, it was decided to bring it down. The chimney, however, would have amply repaid any expense

devoted to its repair, for it was one of the most solid constructions ever erected in this country. A glance at our illustrations on pages 129 and 131 will confirm this fact.

The base, which was square in shape, measured eleven feet each way. The stone used was of the best quality—Mr. Smith characterised it as being "as fine as granite"—the walls were four feet in thickness, and the mortar was of such good quality that it had set nearly as hard as the masonry itself, while the total weight of the stalk was computed to be 2,000 tons. The cutting away of the base for the under-



UNDERPINNING THE CHIMNEY AT PRESTON, WHICH WEIGHED 3,500 TONS.
OVER $6\frac{1}{2}$ TONS OF COAL WERE USED IN BURNING THE PROPS.

the props all collapse simultaneously. Mr. Smith stood before the burning mass, and with his practised eye immediately realised whether his happy requirement was being fulfilled. Pailful after pailful of liquid he dashed upon the fire, here or there, as necessity demanded. Presently there was a loud groan from the dying chimney, and Mr. Smith ran to a place of safety. The groaning and cracking increased in volume, the chimney gradually canted a little, the crowd cried, "There she goes," and forthwith the stack fell right over as the consumed props collapsed, and

pinning was very laborious. Under ordinary circumstances, this part of the operation can be accomplished in a few hours, but this chimney occupied no less than a fortnight's hard work. The masons experienced a particularly hard time in removing the stones, some of which weighed two and a quarter tons, and altogether sixteen tons of material were removed from the base of the chimney, and 50 props inserted.

After much hard work, however, the chimney was successfully brought down. Our illustration of the falling chimney was taken at the psychological moment when it broke in two, and is in every way remarkable. As a rule the props take half an hour to burn through, but in this case the fire had only burned for the short space of $10\frac{1}{2}$ minutes when the stack toppled over.

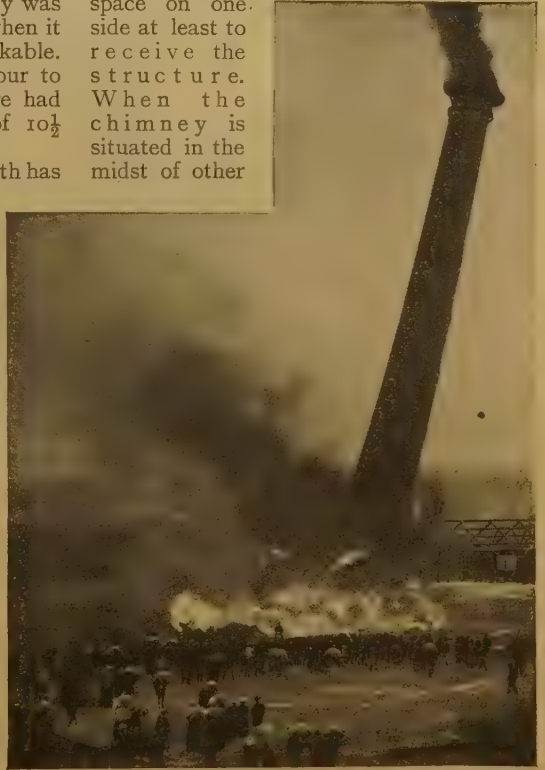
The tallest chimney which Mr. Smith has felled was that at the Broughton Paper Mills, Manchester. It was an octagonal structure, 270 feet high, with a circumference of 90 feet at the base. Over 1,000,000 bricks were utilised in its erection, 100,000 of which constituted the foundations, and the total weight approached 4,000 tons. The main difficulty in connection with this shaft was that it leaned over two feet in the direction opposite to that in which it was to fall! The octagonal base, too, necessitated more time in the underpinning, as five sides of the chimney had to be removed. One hundred and thirty props were required.

One curious circumstance must be recorded in connection with the underpinning of this chimney. As the props were inserted the shaft gradually returned to its former vertical position, and by the time everything was ready for igniting the fire, it had canted over to the reverse direction to what it occupied at the commencement of operations.

While the underpinning was going on the chimney groaned, or to quote Mr. Smith, "talked a good deal," as if it were minded to collapse at any unexpected moment. Whilst the fire was burning fiercely, the steeplejack ascended a small ladder fixed to the reverse side of the chimney, to see how the work was progressing. While on the ladder the chimney was seen to totter, and Mr. Smith had barely reached the ground when it collapsed. Many of the spectators

who had seen Mr. Smith's hazardous position thought he had been inevitably overwhelmed by the falling mass, but were considerably relieved to see him emerge safely and smiling from amid the cloud of dust. The felling of this chimney was very cleanly and accurately accomplished, for the whole of the 4,000 tons of masonry fell into an area of 75 feet in length by 40 feet in width.

The foregoing side-falling process, however, can only be employed when there is plenty of open space on one side at least to receive the structure. When the chimney is situated in the midst of other



AN INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PRESTON CHIMNEY FALLING.

buildings it has to be demolished in the manner in which it was erected—brick by brick—which is a very tedious and protracted task indeed.

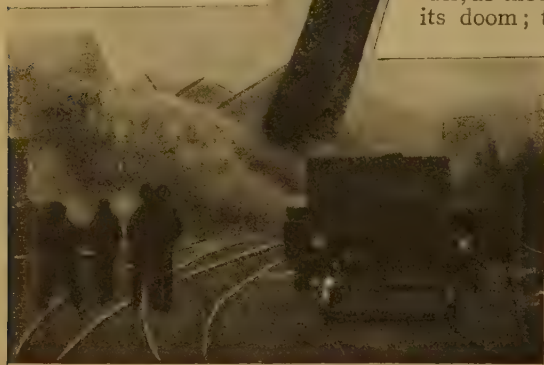
In one or two cases, however, Mr. Smith has had a small open space, about thirty feet in extent, at his disposal, and yet has brought the chimney successfully to the ground, notwithstanding such a confined area in which to receive it.

The process under these circumstances is

to cut away the whole of the base of the chimney and to support it evenly upon the props. As may be naturally supposed, this is a most risky procedure, for the chimney feller has to keep his eye with especial constancy upon the burning props to see that they all collapse at one and the same time.

If this be done properly the chimney will telescope perpendicularly into one large heap over its original foundations and not topple over. Again, in some instances the chimney has to be felled anglewise—that is, it has to fall over on one of its corners. This was the manner in which a chimney at Bury was felled.

On one occasion this intrepid "feller" demolished a chimney 180 feet high, and weighing between 500 and 600 tons, at Hollinwood, without having recourse to the services of the fire at all. The chimney was in a sad state of decay, and on his preliminary examination the steeplejack anticipated a premature collapse, for it canted four feet in the direction in which it was to fall.



THIS CHIMNEY WAS FELLED AT GORTON BY THE LANCASHIRE STEEPLEJACK.

He, however, stuck to the task of underpinning; but presently, while busy at work with the props, he heard it give a loud groan, and only just managed to spring away in time, when it came down with a tremendous crash.

The chimneys with which he prefers to deal are those constructed of bricks, for then the bond is even—that is to

say, the bricks are laid in regular rows. Some of the older chimneys, however, are built of stones, and in many cases are mere rubble when the outer facing is removed. Under these conditions, the underpinning is a very delicate operation indeed.

One of Mr. Smith's latest achievements was the felling of a lofty shaft on Lord Wantage's estates at Sutton Courtney, a picture of which is to be seen on p. 130. The chimney was 107 feet in height. The feller intended the structure to fall just between two gates, but by some means or other it fell a little to the left. It telescoped beautifully in falling, but the heavy solid crown of the chimney became detached and crashed through a disused outhouse, completely wrecking it. On this occasion, the now ubiquitous animatograph was on the scene, and the operator succeeded in obtaining a complete set of views of the falling chimney from the moment the props collapsed until it settled—a heterogeneous mass of masonry—on the ground.

It need hardly be said that the sight of one of these lofty monsters falling prostrate with a mighty roar to the earth is a very impressive one, and is not altogether suited to people with weak nerves. First comes a shudder, as though the giant shaft trembled to face its doom; then a rending sound—not unlike a groan of pain; and then the tall column bends slowly over and falls with a certain dignity to the earth.

A mighty thud, followed at once by a loud crash as the masonry falls apart, announces that the work is ended, though a dense cloud of dust completely obscures the *débris* from view.

There is something strangely human about the death of one of these great shafts, and it is not altogether surprising that the workpeople talk about them very much as living and sensitive beings. But considerations of this kind find

no place in the calm business-like view which the steeplejack takes of his difficult work.

I am indebted to Mr. Smith for the permission to use the photos illustrating this article, which he kindly lent me from his large collection of photographs of his many remarkable achievements in chimney felling.

THE BANK NOTE FORGER.*

A DETECTIVE STORY.

BY CUTCLIFFE HYNÉ.

Illustrated by Ernest Prater.

WE were running down to Aintree for Grand National day, and were taking it easy in a saloon.

O'Malley is a great man for making train journeys comfortable. We kept two rubbers of whist going for a couple of hours, and then, wearying of cards, lounged on the seats of the carriage and talked. Naturally we got on matters of sport, and discussed the varying size of Valentine's Brook, and the way Emperor had broken his neck on an in-and-out of fencing when dropped from the race, and kindred matters of parochial interest. And then we fell to chatting over heroes and idiots of the past, and with a reminiscent laugh Cope's name was chucked upon the carpet.

"There is no doubt," said Grayson, the Q.C., "that Master Willie Cope had been a young fool in the way of frittering away his money. He had been run with a very loose rein all his infancy, and at the age of twenty-two came in to a property which yielded him at least nineteen thousand a year in hard cash. He started fair: he cleared away a prosperous crop of *post-obits*; and then he, so to speak, stripped off his coat and saw how much money a man could spend if he set his mind to it.

"His methods were large-minded and various. "WE KEPT TWO RUBBERS OF WHIST GOING FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS." He took over a big racing stable, and ran at least one horse for every notable event on the turf. He had villas at Nice, Homburg, and Aix-les-Bains. He went in hot for yacht-racing, and on the strength of pulling off a few events for 10-raters, had a fling at the America Cup. He didn't bring that away with him, as

you may recollect; but the attempt cost him something like fifty-four thousand. And, of course, in addition to these trifling expenses, he had to keep up the shooting lodge in Argyleshire, which was tacked on to the deer forest, and a big house near Hyde Park, as well as Castle Cope in Fermanagh, and Bordell Priory in Yorkshire.

"In fact, during the first four years of his reign, he purchased supreme popularity



at the mild charge of nine-and-a-half times his income.

"The scandal papers very naturally got a nickname for him. They dubbed him 'The Flutterer.' He really had a jumpy, nervous manner about him; and so, as the sobriquet seemed happy, it stuck.

* Copyrighted by Cutcliffe Hyne in the United States of America.

"He had got an agent fellow, by name Presse, to dry-nurse him; and I have reason to know that Presse was continually crying aloud against outrunning the constable. But Cope's domestic motto was, 'Whilst we live, don't let's have any doubt about it'; and as he thoroughly enjoyed the pace, he didn't feel in the least inclined to clap the brake on. So he got tighter and tighter nipped every rent day.

"Now, when a poor man commences ruining himself on a small scale, nobody out of his own parish pays any particular heed. But when a millionaire starts going a mucker, then proceedings get interesting to the mob at large. In Cope's case the aforesaid scandal papers made four long interesting paragraphs out of him every week. All the British Islanders watched with prim curiosity the pace at which he was going it. That's an amiable way they have. It makes them feel they aren't so bad as they might be; which is a pleasing sensation to anyone.

"It was when, in his own particular line, Cope had created himself the biggest celebrity in the country, that his earthquake arrived. He was accused of systematically uttering forged Bank of England thousand-pound notes. It seemed that he had negotiated at least fifty-four of them, and there might be others which had not yet come in.

"Now, as this is a crime which, in the British decalogue, comes very little short of brutal murder, Cope stood a very good chance of remaining in gaol from the first moment of his arrest; because, at the magistrate's inquiry, the case was proved against him up to the hilt. However, after they committed him for trial, great pressure was brought to bear, and he was released on bail that was simply enormous.

"Barnes was given the case, and he retained me for the defence; a pretty sick sort of defence it was. The principal argument I was bidden to use was, that Master Willie Cope felt quite convinced of his own innocence. It was his habit to make all his bets in thousand-pound notes. This avoided arithmetical calculations, which he was not good at, and also brought him fame. It is very easy to purchase notoriety of that brand in Great Britain—if only your purse is long enough to pay the price.

"The prosecution, on the other hand, could prove beyond argument that the last fifty of these trifling pieces of paper which Cope had drawn from various banks had been carefully and cunningly duplicated;

that Cope, with his own fingers, had paid away the reproductions; and that the originals, after being saved up till their number amounted to some fifty odd, had been simultaneously cashed in Constantinople, Moscow, Berlin, Genoa, Monte Carlo, Marseilles, Lyons, and Paris. This pointed to an extensive organisation; but none of the confederates could be traced. Bank of England notes are good all the world over; and these which were passed on the Continent were genuine.

"The counterfeits, too, were, paper and all, so artfully made that they passed unchallenged through all the country banks, and for awhile even at the Bank of banks in the City; and it was not until the other pieces of crisp water-marked paper, bearing the signature of Mr. May, and the promise to pay bearer £1,000, began to dribble in from Europe, that the trouble commenced.

Then it was observed that $\begin{smallmatrix} E \\ 65 \end{smallmatrix} 16626$ had been negotiated before, as had also $\begin{smallmatrix} R \\ 16 \end{smallmatrix} 23360$,

and likewise $\begin{smallmatrix} P \\ 84 \end{smallmatrix} 86162$. The documents bore the blue impress of rubber stamps, and the scratchings of pens, which in part traced their circular tours; and the authorities easily collected other records of the hands passed through, because the majestic movements of thousand-pound notes are spied on with far more interest than the rambles of the commoner and more garden fiver.

"When they found that the last comers were undoubtedly orthodox, and the previous series superb forgeries, then there was one of the solidest rows inside that building ever known since Threadneedle Street was paved. The men at the top thundered at the carelessness of those immediately beneath them; the men at the bottom looked preternaturally grave, and hoped for their step; and the wretched tellers who passed the first batch of notes had to bear the brunt of all these bombardments. Most of the notes had been burnt; but enough were left to show—with the more glaring light of after-knowledge—that they were most accurate forgeries.

"Now, savaging your own underlings may, as sheer dissipation and amusement, be very pleasant in its way; but it isn't solid satisfactory vengeance, and it has no connection with the *lex talionis*, both of which are far more businesslike and to the point. So after the preliminary scratching and

swearing match, the directors looked round them and demanded blood. Obviously the supply would have to come from Master Willie Cope; and, as no one else appeared to share the brunt, from him alone. He was a very fit and proper person to be made into an awful example, and so they set the mill of the law in motion, and it looked as though he would be mangled up very small indeed before he was done with. The *Morning Post* mentioned this in a most stately leader.

"Now, those are the outlines of the case, and Barnes quite agreed with me that matters for the defence looked very sick indeed. The prosecution would show that Cope was excessively hard up, that he had been losing very heavily on the turf, that he had drawn good thousand-pound notes from various banks, and then with his own fingers passed bogus notes on to the bookies. All this was absolutely true: we admitted it.

"Look here,' said I to Barnes, 'we must find how and by whom these spurious notes were manufactured.'

"Precisely,' said Barnes, 'that's obvious. The only trifle waiting to be discovered is the method of doing this. I confess that beats me, and what's more, it's too big an order for Cope. His inventive faculties are stimulated just now; he's got as good and solid a scare in him as a man can well carry amongst his ribs without tumbling down; but even that hasn't screwed him to the necessary pitch. He no more knows how those notes got into his pocket than Elk, your clerk, does.

"You see, the young fool was, in a way, most awfully slipshod about his money

matters, though there was method in his madness. A thousand-pound Bank of England note isn't a thing an ordinary pickpocket can get rid of like a tenner. In consequence of this, Cope used to leave his money lying about anywhere, confident that it would not be stolen; and forty people might have had complete access to it. He says Presse was constantly blowing him up for his carelessness, and that he was always chaffing Presse for being a nervous old woman. Presse took a big interest in the fellow, there's no doubt about that.'

"Then, do you hint that this officious agent fellow forged the notes?'

"I hint nothing, Grayson; but I suspect everybody. I



"THE MEN AT THE TOP THUNDERED AT THE CARELESSNESS OF THOSE BENEATH THEM."

might remark, though, that Presse messes about with a hand camera, and photography certainly had something to do with the production of these forged notes.'

"Why on earth didn't you tell me this before?'

"Because I can add nothing to it. Between making bad amateur photographs

with a half-plate camera and turning out perfect thousand-pound notes, there are many lengthy gaps which I can't fill in anyhow. I'm not exactly a fool, Grayson. You can bet your boots I've tried to father the job on Presse.'

"Yet it strikes me it's *aut Presse aut nullus*. Look here; from what you tell me, nearly all these forged notes were passed at Doncaster during the Leger week. Cope was then staying at Bordell Priory. Do you mind my sending Elk down there to see if he can hunt out anything?'

"You can send a whole menagerie if you like," said Barnes. I could see he didn't like my trying further where he himself had

bobby. When I send him off on any bit of business, he puts all his wits into it, and does it as well as possible in the hope of soon being packed off again on some other job. Of course, it isn't often that he comes into use; but I'll give him credit for working up some cases into a win which would otherwise have turned out an absolute fizzle.

"This matter of Cope's is a very good instance of Elk's nosing powers. He went down to Bordell Priory fully determined to shift the trouble on to Presse's shoulders, and he left no stone unturned to do it. Presse was away at Castle Cope in Fermanagh, and the coast was entirely clear.

"Cope was vastly civil to the little man. 'He treated me quite as the gentleman, sir,' said Elk,

'and gave me a most magnificent dinner. He had had a very bad scare given him that very morning. Some anonymous Fleet Street scoundrel had written an article about the bank-note scrape, giving the whole thing, chapter and verse. He gallantly disregarded the Court of Queen's Bench, and pronounced sentence on his own brazen hook. He pointed out that without the least doubt the whole bar

could not argue Mr. Cope clear, and was kind enough to assure the young gentleman of fourteen years' toil on public works. He said that when a person of his record gets before a jury of upright tradesmen, they weren't in the habit of taking lenient views of his failings; nor is a judge, when passing sentence, able to restrain himself from making an example.

"Indeed, I think, sir," said Elk, rubbing his hands, 'that it was owing to this scare that I banqueted with Mr. Cope in the dining-room. Otherwise I might have found myself taking high tea with the upper servants.'

"Yes, yes," said I, 'but get to the point. Have you pinned the onus of this affair on Presse?'



"COPE GAVE ELK A MOST MAGNIFICENT DINNER."

failed; and if I had seen any other chance of bringing Cope off clear, I shouldn't have suggested the thing. But it seemed to me then that our only hope was to shift the blame on to Presse's shoulders, and if anyone could do that, I believed my queer head clerk to be the man.

"I told Elk what I wanted of him, and the fellow's eye brightened up at once.

"Think you can tear yourself away from the domestic hearth for a day or two?' I asked.

"Elk grinned like a fiend. He's a little man, and he has married into a nest of gaunt sisters. His home life is one continuous harlequinade, with himself as the

"Elk grinned. 'I worked to do that, sir, from the very first moment I set foot in the house. Mr. Cope didn't like it, but I told him it was the only chance we saw of saving his own skin, and so he went away to his own room, and let me do as I pleased, without interfering. I started by overhauling Mr. Presse's photographic tackle.

"Ye know, sir, I'm a bit of an amateur in that line myself; got a quarter-plate, and do a touch of portrait work amongst friends against the rustic seat in my back garden; and so I could bring expert knowledge to bear on Mr. Presse's outfit.

"It was stowed in a hump-roofed attic which he used as a dark-room, and didn't seem to have been cared for recently. I took up the camera—an early Meagher—and examined it carefully. At first I thought the thing was sound enough, but on looking still more closely I found the bore-hole of a wood-worm barely an inch away from the lens. Now that, sir, would have formed a second superimposed picture of its own; and probably fogged everything as well. The worm-hole was comparatively old, and I took it for certain that the camera had not been used since it was drilled.

"This, of course, didn't prove that Mr. Presse had no second camera somewhere stowed away. But I fancied he hadn't, for this reason: The developing bottles had not been used for a long time. Their shoulders were heavy with dust. The pyro. solution was black. The hypo. bottle had a cauliflower crust round its cork. Of course he might have had a second set of bottles, but that seemed rather far-fetched.

"The floor was swept, but on the shelves and in the sink there was evidence that the place hadn't been used as a dark-room for many a month. There was thick dust everywhere, except on one thing.

"Tilted by the side of the sink was an ebonite half-plate developing tray. The upper half was clean and shining; in the lower angle lay a drop or so of dark-brown liquid covered with a faintly opalescent scum. Now, that was pyrogallol developer, recently used; and I took the tray to the window to have a closer look.

"On one flange was a thumb-mark, faint indeed, but absolutely distinct in all its lines. Now, Mr. Presse has large hands, as I have seen from his photograph, he being an enormous gentleman; and

Mr. Cope has also "eights," as I noticed from himself. This thumb-mark could have been made by neither of them. It was small, and long, and delicately shaped. I fancied it was the mark of a woman's thumb, and a lady's at that.

"It puzzled me much. Mr. Cope is not a lady's man: he does not get on with the other sex. He told me himself that he has none but men friends to see him, and that the only women under the roof are the kitchen staff. And my thumb-mark seemed too delicate for anyone who could come from these last. But as I could think of no other way out of it, I went



"I TOOK THE TRAY TO THE WINDOW TO HAVE A CLOSER LOOK."

down to consult with Mrs. Jarrett, the housekeeper.

"I found Mrs. Jarrett a very nice lady, sir; much above her present station in life. She mentioned that before she had her misfortune, she drove her own pair—"

"'Bother Mrs. Jarrett, Elk,' said I, 'get along with your tale.'

"Certainly, sir. As I was saying, Mrs. Jarrett was very kind, and rendered all the information in her power. I wanted to know if she had noticed one of her staff who constantly had stained finger-ends. Mrs. Jarrett was on the point at once. There had been an under kitchen-maid whom she was always chiding at for this very fault; a nice, pleasant-spoken young woman she was, Mrs. Jarrett said, and—yes—her hands *were* small and nicely shaped, when she came to think about it. But I was rather knocked, sir, when Mrs. Jarrett told me she was gone away from the Priory. It seems that for no special cause,

which had been undisturbed since she left. It was a plain enough attic room, sir—bed, chest of drawers, two cane-seated chairs, and the usual utensils; and for a good half-hour I stared about it without seeing anything suspicious. Then I trod on a drawing-pin, which was lying point uppermost on the floor, and on picking it out of my shoe, I noticed the white of plaster on the shank.'

"Elk paused, grinned, and then proceeded—

"There was nothing very remarkable in that, sir, you'll say. Perhaps not; but it made me stare over the walls more closely, and on one of them I saw three other pins driven into the plaster, and the hole where the fourth had been. Now, I didn't know the size of a thousand-pound Bank of England note, but I had with me the fiver you gave me for expenses, and, guessing it would be the same shape, I flattened that out over the drawing-pins on the wall. It fitted exactly.

Each of the brass heads clamped a corner without the pins perforating the paper.

"So, thought I, that's all right. Now, where could it be photographed from? I looked round. The chest of drawers against the opposite wall would make a perfect camera stand; the gas bracket over them would give light in the right direction. I was prepared to stake a good deal that this was the



"THE YOUNG WOMAN GAVE MRS. JARRETT SAUCE."

except a sudden spasm of temper, the young woman gave her sauce just two days before Mr. Cope's misfortune, and was bundled out of the house with a month's wages and no character, there and then. Her place had not been filled, and Mrs. Jarrett had no objection to my examining her bedroom,

first step in the process by which those fifty thousand-pound notes had been duplicated. But a lot more detailed proof was wanted before I could fill up a brief which you could handle. So I began to reason it out further.'

"I wish you would cut short your

beautiful reasonings,' I said, 'and give me the bare result. To begin with, how are these things forged at all?'

"'Photographed, sir,' said Elk, 'as I have shown you, from the original note on to a zinc plate covered with sensitised film. That is developed like an ordinary negative, and then placed in a bath of dilute nitric acid. The acid eats away what corresponds to the bare part of the note, leaving the lettering in bold relief. This is inked, placed in a press, and printed from on to specially watered paper in the usual way.'

"'I see. Well, did you find the camera, and the press, and the negatives which these notes had been printed from?'

"The little man looked at me with a comical air of reproach. 'No, sir. Why, you'd hardly expect a woman who was clever enough to go through all these processes would be sufficiently green to leave the tackle behind. No, sir, when she had finished her job she sauced Mrs. Jarrett, and packed the outfit in her boxes, and went. But she did leave one or two mementos behind her. She used another attic at the end of the passage as her dark-room, a windowless, littered place which was never disturbed. Everything was well hidden even there; but, knowing what to look for, I found a good deal. She had developed on the top of a packing-case, which is all stained with her chemicals, and she poured her slops down into a hollow of the walls. She had also dropped into that niche another thing, a spoiled plate—under-exposed—of the note marked P 86162. On the corner,

over the drawing-pin head and a flower of the wall-paper, was a thumb mark, identically similar line for line with the thumb mark on the vulcanite developing tray.

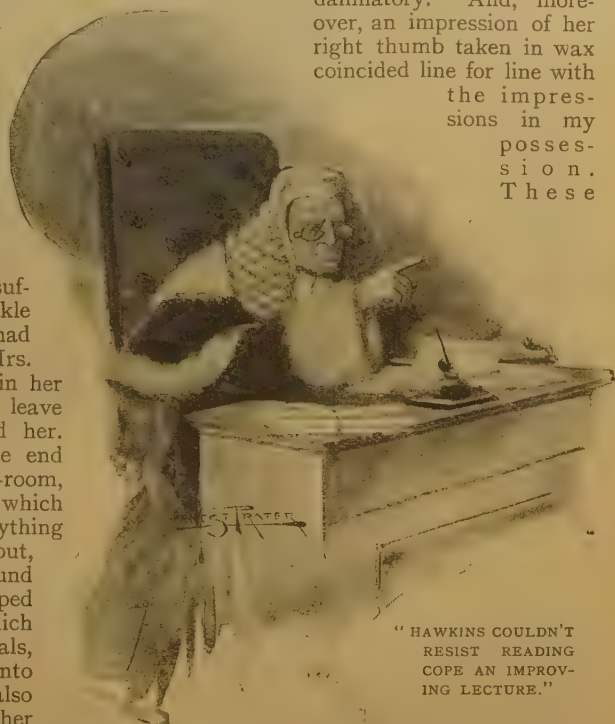
"'You have probably heard, sir, that the markings on the thumbs of no two individuals are the same; and on this matter—'

"'Oh, confound you, do get on.'

"'Yes, sir. Well, being able to do no more there just then, I ran up to town and gave at Scotland Yard an accurate description of the young person I wanted. They knew her at once—they've a remarkably wide acquaintance with a certain artistic

set at the Yard, sir—and within half a dozen hours they'd got her. She was living in comfort in my own neighbourhood, Brixton; and they found in her house a light, handy lithographic press, an extremely good half-plate camera, with a rapid rectilinear lens, and several unexposed zinc plates coated with bromo-iodine emulsion. This property in itself was doubtless innocent, but in the light of what I could bring forward it was very damnable. And, moreover, an impression of her right thumb taken in wax coincided line for line with

the impressions in my possession. These



"HAWKINS COULDN'T
RESIST READING
COPE AN IMPROVING
LECTURE."

facts were put before the young lady, Mr. Grayson, and I am pleased to inform you that she has owned up to making all those notes which Mr. Cope so unluckily fingered.'

"Elk rambled on a good deal more, because he wanted to go down to Bordell Priory again to gain further holiday from the gaunt sisters. His excuse was that he wished to complete the evidence. I knew that was rot, but I let him go out of gratitude. I'm afraid that's all he got out of the case, as I naturally gathered in the public kudos myself."

"Naturally. Then you got your man off all right?" queried O'Malley.

Grayson rubbed his hands. "Yes, and

had a clinking trial of it, a regular *cause célèbre*. There were two counts, Forging and Uttering. There was no question about the Uttering, and we pleaded 'guilty as an unconscious instrument.' However, expert evidence from the Bank of England showed how marvellous had been the imitation, so I had little fear of sentence on that score. Still, we had a grand fight of it over the Forging, and some of the most head-aching inductive evidence ever heard in court. But we got a Not Guilty on it most triumphantly.

"Old Hawkins was on the Bench though, and you know his way. He couldn't resist reading Cope an improving lecture. It was, perhaps, unfair under the circumstances; but it certainly did that enterprising ass no violent harm. Master Willie Cope ripped out the old leaves and ranged himself most wonderfully afterwards; and, thanks to Presse, the estates are pretty nearly on their feet again by now."

"But what about the girl?"

"Oh, you see, she was a sinner much in request. She'd done time before for the same game, and came of a fine old criminal stock. Consequently she got it hot."

"Accomplices?"

"Were many, naturally. The whole thing was worked most scientifically by a large gang. But the girl was staunch, and she wouldn't tell. The rest of the crowd are at large to-day, and we shall probably meet some of them on the racecourse. If any of you chaps can spot one of them out, the Bank would give you more money than you're likely to make in the afternoon over backing gee-gees. Because, you see——"

The grinding of brakes made the Q.C. look out of window.

"Hullo! My faith, here we are at Aintree. How you fellows have kept me babbling. Here, tell me, someone, ought I still to get 25 to 1 about Canoptic for the National? I want him for a long shot."



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Freak Philanthropy

REMARKABLE
CHARITABLE GIFTS.

BY ARTHUR BIRNAGE.

TWO HALF-SOVEREIGNS ARE SENT EACH YEAR TO THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE SOCIETY EMBEDDED IN A PIECE OF TOAST—THUS.

PEOPLE nowadays do not leave money for Bibles which involves the throwing of dice in a church or the picking up of sixpences from a grave, the recital of the Ten Commandments for half a sovereign, and so on; but charity and philanthropy still take freakish forms.

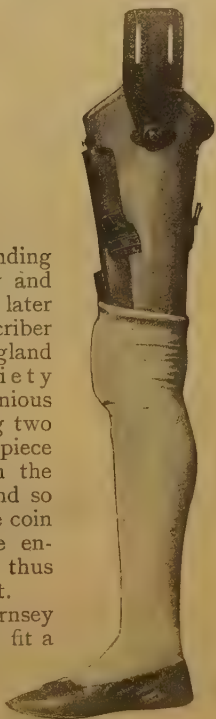
There are some people who do not trust the Post Office, and if they send a £5 note to a charity, take the precaution

tion of halving it, sending one portion one day and the other part a little later on. One lady subscriber of the Church of England Temperance Society adopts a most ingenious safeguard by sending two half-sovereigns in a piece of toast—as seen in the above illustration—and so avoids the risk of the coin breaking through the envelope and thus getting lost.

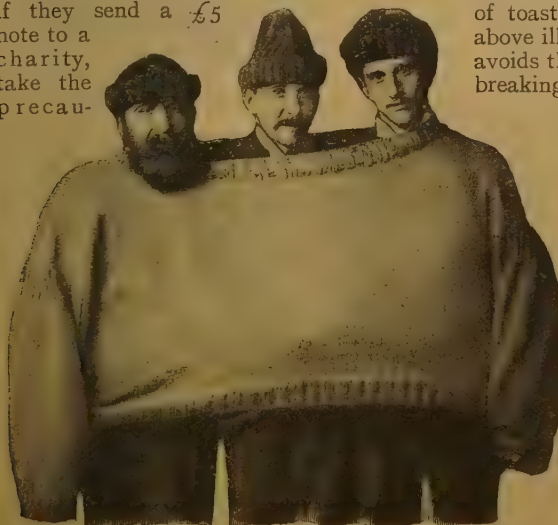
“A guernsey that would fit a crew” is the description of a gift made by a lady friend of

the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen. It is without doubt the biggest garment of its kind in the world, and, as a man who saw it once remarked, would be about the right size for a whale.

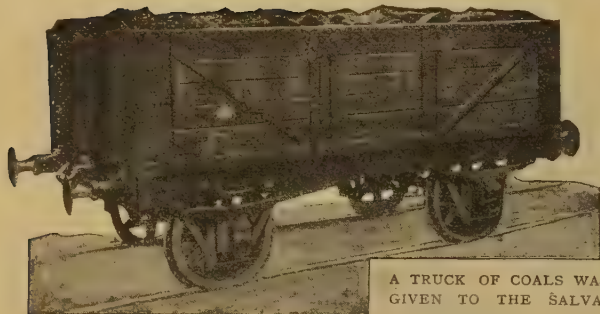
Some idea of its bulk will be gathered from the fact that the



PHILANTHROPIC LEG
GIVEN TO THE MUL-
LER'S ORPHANAGE.



A GUERNSEY THAT WOULD FIT A CREW—GIVEN TO THE MISSION
TO DEEP SEA FISHERMEN.



A TRUCK OF COALS WAS GIVEN TO THE SALVATION ARMY—

best of their kind will be evidenced by the illustration of one of them, and the authorities of the home were only too glad to use them for a couple of the inmates of the institution who were in need of such appendages.

A Punch and Judy show is decidedly a novelty in donations. This was sent quite recently by an admirer of General Booth, who always proclaims his readiness to

guernsey hangs very loosely about the three men who are wearing it in the photograph specially taken for the purposes of this article. Naturally, such a society as the Mission to Deep Fishermen requires a great number of woollen garments for the fishermen of our coasts; but the lady who made the guernsey in question broke all records in the free garment line.



SO WAS THIS MANGLE.

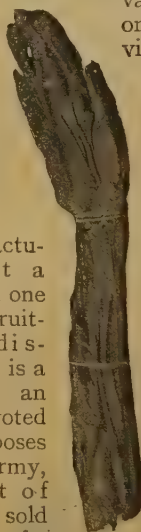
mission to Deep Fishermen requires a great number of woollen garments for the fishermen of our coasts; but the lady who made the guernsey in question broke all records in the free garment line.

"Muller's Homes" at Bristol

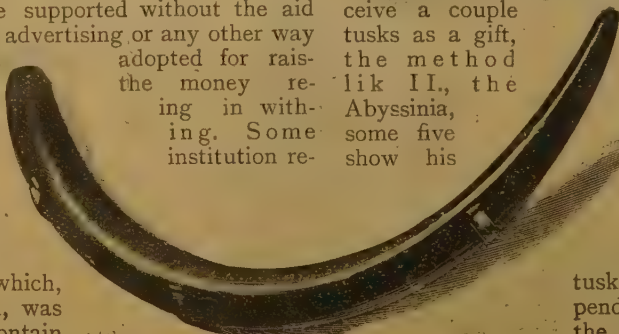
are famous all over the world from the fact that they are supported without the aid of appeals by advertising or any other way generally adopted for raising the money required without asking. Some time ago this institution received a very strange donation in the shape of a large parcel which, when opened, was found to contain two false legs. That they were the very

receive anything and everything. Doubtless it will prove a great attraction at many of the Salvations. On other individuals of coals, by no means an unacceptable gift; while some other friend of the Army actually sent a mangle. In one of the fruit-growing districts there is a portion of an orchard devoted to the purposes of the Army, the fruit of which is sold every year for the benefit of its finances.

It seems somewhat strange for the British and Foreign Bible Society to receive a couple of tusks as a gift, the method which Menelik II, the Abyssinian, some five years ago showed his



MUMMY PHILANTHROPY. THESE HANDS WERE GIVEN TO THE CHURCH ARMY BY A SURGEON.



MENELIK, KING OF ABYSSINIA, PRESENTED THIS VALUABLE ELEPHANT'S TUSK TO THE BIBLE SOCIETY.

tusks have been suspended on the wall of the Bible Society's offices, with the letter which accompanied

them, the seal of which interpreted means "The Lion of the Tribe of Judah hath conquered." Amongst other strange gifts received by the society are a cameo and a malachite egg, contributed by the widow of a Crimean officer.

The Church



THE RAGGED SCHOOL UNION HAD THIS FINE DONKEY AND CART PRESENTED TO IT.



hair, and an abundance of old clothing of all kinds. In addition over a ton of harvest produce has been received in one year.

Perhaps, however, the most remarkable gift ever received was that made some time ago by a well-known London surgeon, who sent some mummy hands and arms which he brought with him from Egypt when on a visit to that country. They are believed to be at least three thousand years old, and were sold at the wish of the donor for the society's work amongst the poor and the outcast.

A donkey and carriage is the most unique gift received by the Ragged School Union. It is known by some as the "live subscription," because its activity is evident all the year round. It is exceedingly useful to the thousands of children who, at one time or another, visit the

DR. BARNARDO'S CASE OF MILK—IT CONTAINED A STURDY BABY BOY.

Army is one of the societies that receives a great deal of help of this kind. But the authorities of that organisation secure other things besides jewellery, amongst their regular gifts being musical instruments, old books and new books, bicycles, banners, jam, butter, cheese, pictures, cats, dogs, artificial teeth and



GIPSY VAN GIVEN TO THE CHURCH ARMY FOR MISSION SERVICES.

homes
of the
Union,
and, in
the bright
weather,



THE SALVATION ARMY'S PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW.
A FREE GIFT.

and his homes are well known, and it is not surprising to learn that he, too, has at times received some strange gifts. One of them was a mysterious wooden box used for packing a well-known brand of condensed milk, and when its contents were exposed to view, the surprise at finding a sturdy baby-boy waif who rejoiced in the name of "Frankie" can be better imagined than described. The little chap, however, had a rival who reached the home packed in a hamper.

Peripatetic missions are now in great favour, and the Church Army was one of the first institutions to adopt them. This method of religious work appealed particularly to a friend of the society, who had a special van built at a cost of £100, and what is more, not only fitted up the vehicle throughout, but still continues to pay its working expenses year by year.

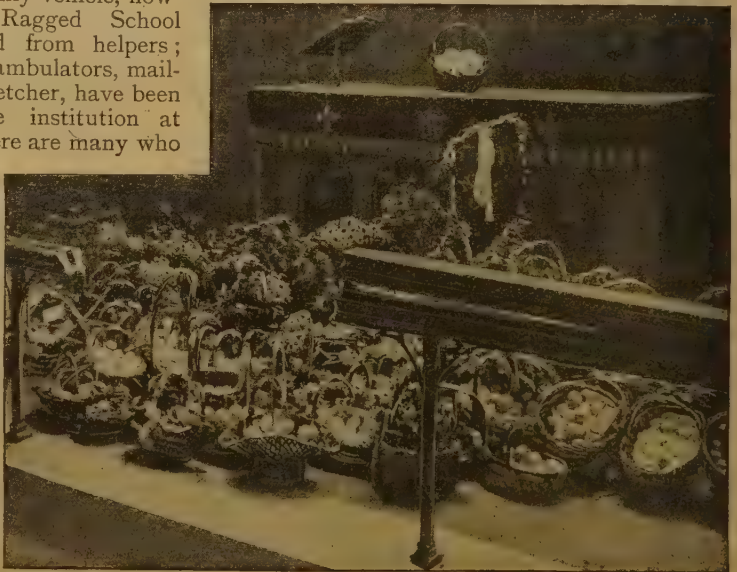
Hospitals do not receive many quaint donations, though perhaps some will think that a bequest of £45,000 in Consols, which yields annually a dividend of £1,300, comes under this head. The church of St. John, Streatham, however, helps these institutions in a unique way by holding what is known as an "egg service" on "Hospital Sunday."

few donkeys put in a better day's work.

This is not the only vehicle, however, which the Ragged School Union has received from helpers; for bath-chairs, perambulators, mail-carts, and even a stretcher, have been despatched to the institution at various times. There are many who evidently think that children require amusement, for during the last year mysterious packages have appeared which on being examined were found to contain such things as a bagatelle-board, concertinas, croquet and lawn-tennis sets, a rocking-horse, and white mice in a cage.

Dr. Barnardo

The congregation are invited to bring eggs, and these are afterwards distributed among the hospitals



AN EGG OFFERTORY—TAKEN AT ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, STREATHAM, FOR
THE HOSPITALS.

A DARK SECRET.

DESCRIBING MY STRANGE ADVENTURE ON THE YORKSHIRE MOORS.

By LOUIS WOODROFFE.

Illustrated by H. H. Flère.

IT was a cold, dreary day in January. In the cheerless grey dawn of a winter's morning I had started for a walk across the Yorkshire moors, and I had lost my way.

It was now rapidly growing dark, and I scanned the desolate landscape far and wide for the slightest sign of humanity.

My joy may be imagined when suddenly, upon the further side of a gentle slope, I descried at last a small cottage and a few tumble-down out-buildings.

As I neared the house an indescribable feeling of coming danger overtook me. What could have occasioned the feeling I do not know. Perhaps it was the appearance of a lonely house on the desolate plain; perhaps it was only the imagination of a tired man.

Hunger, however, mastered my fears at length, and, walking up the uncared-for pathway, I knocked several times at the door—first with my knuckles and then more loudly with my stick. No answer came, however, and thinking the house uninhabited, and not relishing the idea of camping out on the wind-swept moor, I made for the stables and entered.

There were two stalls, divided, as usual, by a high wooden parti-

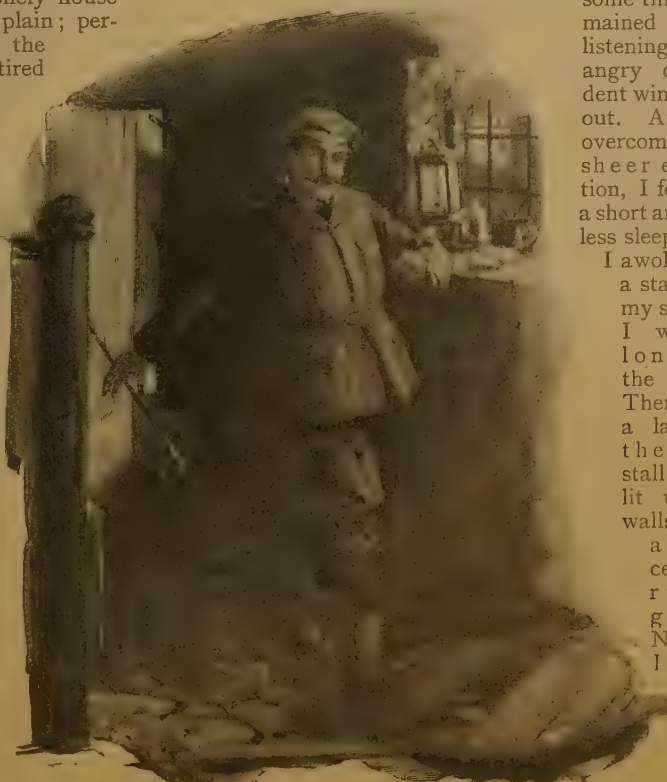
tion. The first seemed to be in use as some kind of living-room; there was a rough table in the centre and two or three chairs; a rickety ladder evidently led up to a loft above, but I could not distinguish much in the gathering gloom.

As I moved on to the next stall I nearly fell headlong into a small uncovered well; I caught a glimpse of dark, glistening water, and walked on shuddering. It seemed to my morbid imagination an ideal spot for a murder. I little dreamt how soon were my idle thoughts to be realised.

In one corner was some dried bracken; I spread it out thickly on the stone floor and lay down contentedly to rest. For

some time I remained awake, listening to the angry despondent wind without. At last, overcome by sheer exhaustion, I fell into a short and restless sleep.

I awoke with a start. To my surprise I was no longer in the dark. There was a lamp in the next stall which lit up the walls with an uncertain ruddy glare. Nor was I alone;



"I NEARLY FELL HEADLONG INTO A SMALL UNCOVERED WELL."

someone was speaking; but, seated as they were, I could see nothing but their shadows upon the grimy ceiling.

"I knew she would be going across the moor to Thirston," he was saying, with a



"I SAW THEIR SHADOWS ON THE ROOF."

decided American twang, "so I lay in wait for her behind a broken-down old cowshed. When she was three or four yards away, I sprang up and had a shot at her before she could speak. I must have sighted her wrongly, though, because I missed her. I daresay I was a trifle nervous. But my second shot did the trick. I had to be careful when I brought her here, though."

He stopped a moment, and then added, in a tone of self-congratulation—

"She had a beautiful filigree necklace on, and of course I took that as well."

I was in a den of murderers!

"Bring her out, Blount," the Yankee said, "and we'll finish her off."

Great heavens! Their miserable victim still lived, and now they proposed in cold blood to torture her to death.

I braced myself for an effort to rescue the poor girl. But hunger and fatigue had deadened what courage I possessed, and I crouched there weak and trembling with fear, straining my ears to catch every sound at the further side of the partition.

There was a pause for a few seconds. The heavy old door groaned on its rusty hinges; the wind howled more dismally than ever. At last the American broke the ominous silence.

"I hope you've kept it dark, man. Otherwise I fancy our little game is spoilt."

I was determined that I at least would not keep the fiendish plot dark, if ever I was given a chance of revealing it.

Blount now spoke for the first time; his voice shook with excitement.

"Shall I fetch down the stuff to dose her, Hanson?"

"Lock the door first. That wretched servant might pass, and I don't want any light thrown on this little scene. It would never do to get it exposed, you know."

Blount walked with quick and nervous steps across the creaking boards, and barred the door.

A rickety shelf, burdened with a row of blue bottles, was rudely nailed against the wall. I saw a long bony hand stretch upwards, and carefully select one of their number, then I heard the deadly contents trickling into a glass.

"I guess it's time for the operation to commence," the Yankee drawled out with a yawn. "Haul her out, man."

Blount obeyed with servile promptitude; I heard the shuffle of his feet as he crossed the floor. But neither struggle nor groan proceeded from their victim; she was mercifully unconscious.

Their large distorted shadows were thrown against the wall; I saw them kneel.

"Hold her tight, you fool; you're precious particular not to dirty your hands with this kind of work."

"I'll be more careful, old man," came the fawning answer.

Poor wretch, he was but too evidently a mere puppet in the American's hands.

There came a long interval of anxious silence. I heard their rapid breathing. My heart beat with sickening rapidity.

"Her face is turning black," Blount cried, with agitation.

My flesh crept.

"She'll turn a sight blacker than that before long," Hanson replied, with the air of a man who has had experience.

"How ghastly the whites of her eyes look." The other laughed lightly and began to whistle, then broke into a plaintive Spanish song with a sad little refrain at the end of each verse.

"She's taking a dashed long time over it," Hanson said at last. "You made the dose too weak, you fool."

"You should have mixed it yourself. You know so much more about it."

The American chuckled. He was much flattered by this doubtful compliment.

"Is it too late to go back?" Blount cried—he was repenting of his crime.

His companion laughed—a brutal laugh. "Ha, ha! You're not the first, my dear fellow, to try that little game. You must go the whole hog or not at all." He seemed to enjoy to the full the anguish and remorse of his miserable tool.

"I wish you had done it," the poor fellow said.

"You see," the other answered, unconcernedly, "it's good fun watching a new hand. Besides," the hypocrite added, with a snigger, "if anyone found out that I had done a thing like that, it would tarnish my spotless reputation. Now, you don't keep such a thing, you see; so it doesn't so much matter, does it, old pard?"

Blount made no answer to this cruel remark. There was a moment's silence. I imagine the scoundrel must have been watching with enjoyment the terror-stricken face of his companion, as it worked with the agonies of fear and disgrace.

"Is it really too late?" he asked again, trembling.

"Try it, if you like," was the indifferent answer. "I don't advise you to."

He must have collapsed utterly under the weight of these last words, as for some time he was silent. When he next spoke, his voice was filled with pity.

"I hope I haven't hurt her."

"It's no use hoping after you've done it," the Yankee retorted, with a triumphant twang.

Blount's manner instantly changed. He now tried to curry favour with his brutal master; the compliment he chose was well adapted for its purpose.

"You're beastly cool about it," he said, in slavish flattery.

Hanson was appeased. "You forget, my dear fellow, I'm an old hand at it. You'll soon get into it," he added, encouragingly.

How I loathed the man!

"Who's this?" said Blount, of a sudden. "Shall I fetch him out?" and he rose as if to carry his words into effect.

Good heavens! I was discovered! I knew the scoundrels wouldn't spare me a moment. A tongue to clatter is a dangerous thing, and they would know that too well. I waited trembling for their onslaught.



"I SAW A LONG BONY HAND
STRETCH UPWARDS AND CARE-
FULLY SELECT A BOTTLE."

"One's enough at a time," the Yankee said, calmly. "Leave this fellow to me. I'm a bit more versed in the fair art than you, and I think I can manage him a

That I was on that occasion the most dastardly of cowards I admit to my shame. But I venture to assert that the bravest of men, situated as I was, would have quailed with terror ere he faced his death at the hands of men who could find their delight in the doing to death of a helpless girl.

I was never a very strong man, and now, spent and worn with my exertions, tormented by the pangs of starvation, and torn with anguish and fear, it was all I could do to fight against the deadly feeling of faintness which oppressed me. Their voices began to sound far away, and their shadows on the ceiling grew blurred and misty. With an effort I strained my ears to listen.

"I am getting a bit tired of this," the American was saying. "It's time we finished her off. Dig the thing in, Blount, and then we'll chuck her into the water. Don't be afraid, man."

Blount was breathing heavily. I saw his shadow on the ceiling, as he stooped to do his deadly work.

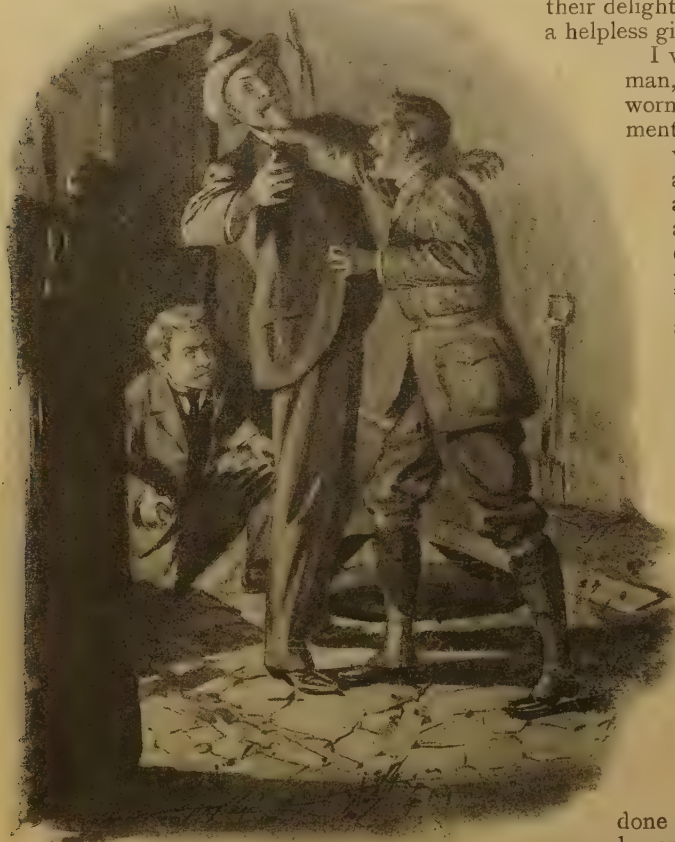
"I believe I've done for her," he gasped, lowering his voice to an anxious whisper.

The girl was stabbed to death! Hanson examined the body.

"I should just reckon you have. You've murdered her, and no mistake. How nicely, too, you've ripped her face up; why, her own mother wouldn't know her!"

"I do hope he won't find out!"

"Her intended? Not he; unless, of course, he got hold of a decent proof. He'll guess that somebody has taken a shot at her; but, unless we choose to tell him, he'll never discover who did, or when and where it was done. It will give him a pleasant surprise; and won't he be just thankful to his generous benefactors! May as well put her in the water now—carefully, mind!"



"I HURLED MYSELF AT THE YANKEE'S GIGANTIC FORM AND SEIZED HIS THROAT."

trifle better. Besides," he added, "I don't see why you should have all the fun."

Then I was going to be tortured to death after the poor girl! Could I escape? Impossible; the door was locked, and even to reach it I had to pass those cut-throats. But it was worth an effort; if I failed, it only meant dying a few minutes earlier. I would spring upon them. I summoned up all my courage to make the attempt; but hunger and cold had so numbed my spirits, the ghastly tragedy enacted with such brutality in my very hearing had so completely unnerved me, that I dare not act.

They made their way to the boarded well and lifted the cover. I waited in breathless suspense. The wind howled mournfully, and mingled with that there came another sound—a soft, gentle splashing.

I knew that the dark waters enclosed the body of a murdered girl.

"I think I'll wash my hands, old fellow," said Hanson's wretched tool, affecting in vain an air of nonchalance. "They're—" and he hesitated—"they're all stained. I could never sleep comfortably with this stuff on me."

"Rot, man! It's not poisonous."

"But—well, I don't like going about like this."

"Who's to see you? Put the bottles back and come and have some grub."

Once more I saw the bony hand stretched upwards, this time dark with its victim's life blood. The sight of those fingers stirred me to sudden frenzy. Before, I had only heard their voices, only seen their shadows; now, I beheld in the living form the hand that had dealt the fatal stroke. I then realised to the full the evil I had done, and, though that crime was past reparation, I swore at least to avenge it.

Hanson stood facing the well at a couple of yards away; Blount knelt at the edge and was peering into the black depths below.

I sprang from my place of concealment, and, as the Yankee turned to confront me, I hurled myself at his gigantic form, fury lending me a strength I had never before possessed. I seized his throat between my fingers, and I hoped that the impetus of my onset would bear him back upon the body of his kneeling friend and throw them both headlong into the well beyond. I thought every moment to gain my end, and as my grip tightened and I saw the growing terror in his eyes, I felt that I had him in my power.

But I little knew the strength against which I had to contend. He tottered a moment; then, with a powerful

effort, wrenched my hand from his throat and forced me backwards step by step. I struggled wildly in his clutch, but I felt myself an infant in his giant grasp, and I staggered back and fell with a crash upon the floor, raging, yet powerless, defeated, and doomed to die.

"Murderer!" I shrieked, "do not stain your hands with the blood of a second victim."

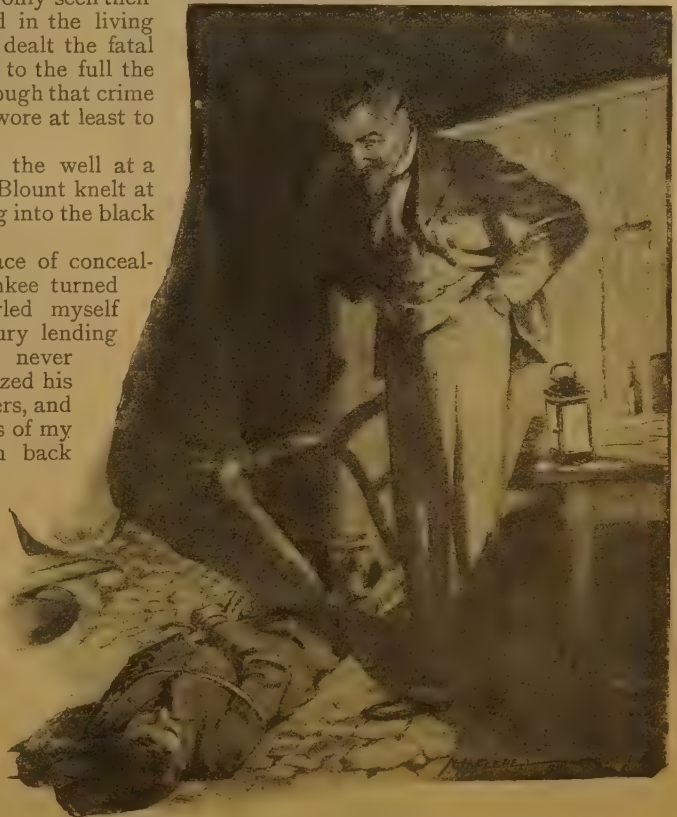
His hand went to my throat, and he shook me in his iron grip as a terrier shakes a rat.

"You venomous little beast!" he cried; "where in the wide world have you come from?"

He bent down over me, and fixed his dark scintillating eyes upon mine. Then he relaxed his hold.

"Mad, Blount; mad as a coot, poor devil."

Now that it was too late my courage returned to me, and, though I died for it, I



"I LAY BOUND AND HELPLESS AS THE PROVERBIAL LAMB."

would tell the villain that I knew and abhorred his crime.

"I know how you waited, crouching like the cur you are, for your victim, and shot her, and brought her wounded into your hell; then you and your tool there poisoned and stabbed her to——"

His vice-like grip closed again on my throat, though his eyes glistened with diabolical humour.

"Stow that," he said, simply. "Will you run up to the loft, Blount, and fetch me a piece of strong rope; you'll find it in the corner by the window, and we'll bind up this fine gentleman who comes and

last and went to his companion, talking to him earnestly in a low voice. That they were debating how I should die, I never for a moment doubted. All that I prayed for was that my death should be swift.

On a sudden Hanson leant forward, and seized something from his friend's hand. I saw it glisten in the lamplight.

It must be a dagger. My doom was sealed.

I clenched my teeth, and, with closed eyes, waited, shivering, for the blow that would hurl me into eternity.

I must have waited some minutes, and I could bear the suspense no longer, when—

"My word, she is clear!" broke on my astounded ears.

"Mine's atrocious," said Blount.

I opened my eyes with a start.

The lamp had undergone a change; the red glass had been removed. Both men were standing by the table, holding to the light—two shining negatives.

My murderers were amateur photographers!

I had misconstrued the most simple of photographic phrases into words that reeked of murder and bloodshed.

I saw in the ruby light a hand wet with pyro: to my fertile brain it was blood. They had spoken of a shot: the idea of a camera had never crossed my mind. I heard them talk of "she": I little dreamt of the natural substitution of the girl for her photographic image. They mentioned the necessary bath: I jumped to the conclusion that the depths of the well were to receive her last remains. A photographic thimble inserted to remove the plate, an innocent scratch on the gelatine, became in my phantom tragedy the plunge of a dagger, and a gash across the victim's face.

I read my death-warrant in Blount's innocent exclamation, when on the discovery of another negative he cried, "Who's this?" I interpreted wrongly the breathless excitement of a beginner at his first attempt, the consummate coolness of an older hand, and lastly their anxiety to keep the photo secret as a sudden and pleasant surprise for the girl's intended.

A few minutes later I was a free man. My strange introduction to Hanson and Blount ripened into a friendship which continues to this day, but I am never likely to hear the last of my adventure.



"THE MEN WERE STANDING BY THE TABLE, HOLDING TO THE LIGHT—"

sleeps in our stalls and then calls us murderers."

His companion ran across the floor and up the rickety ladder; then I heard his feet moving noisily over my head, and come gingerly down again.

"Tie up his legs securely," the American drawled, and soon I lay bound and helpless as the proverbial lamb in the slaughterhouse.

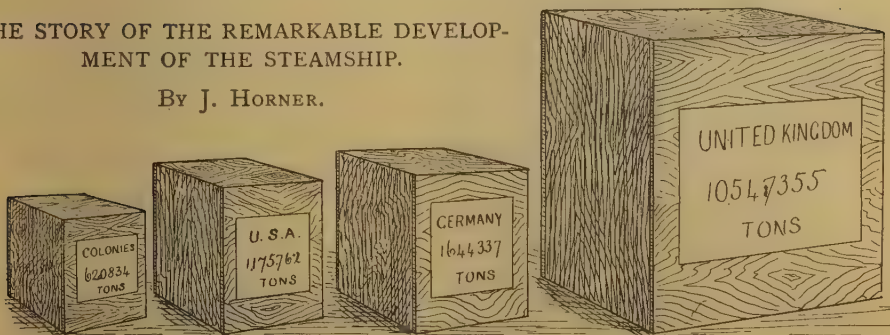
Blount returned to the well, and splashed something to and fro in the water.

In the centre of the room was a small table, littered with two or three little dishes and some glass-stoppered bottles; a lantern cast a ruddy glow over all. Hanson stood over me, eyeing me quizzingly out of his half-closed eyes. He turned away at

THE CONQUEST OF THE SEA

THE STORY OF THE REMARKABLE DEVELOPMENT OF THE STEAMSHIP.

By J. HORNER.

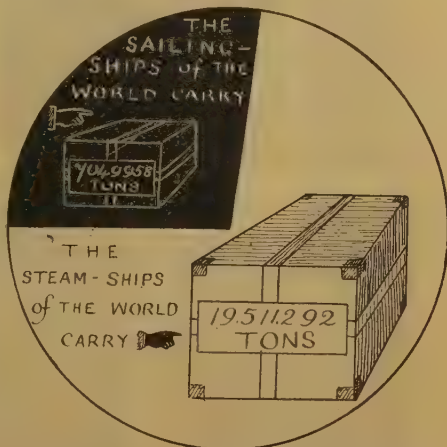


1. THESE DIAGRAMS SHOW THAT GREAT BRITAIN IS THE WORLD'S CARRIER, AND CARRIES OVER TEN MILLIONS OF THE NINETEEN MILLION TONS CARRIED BY STEAMSHIPS.

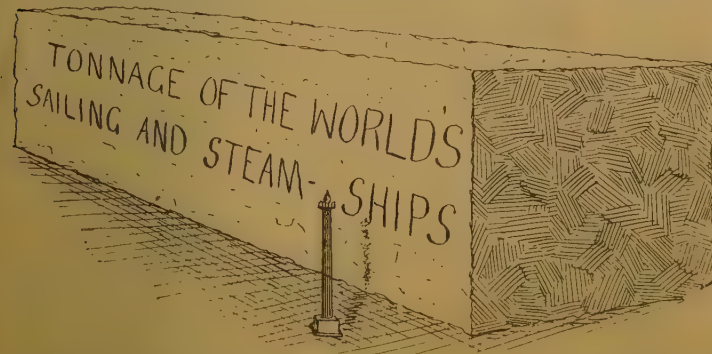
WHEN our Queen ascended the throne no line of ocean steamships was yet permanently established. To-day, as the diagrams on this page show, the tonnage of the world's steamships is 19,511,292 tons, of which the United Kingdom possesses 10,547,355 tons.

In this article we propose to tell something of the extraordinary development of the steamship. It has not yet ousted the sailing vessel altogether, as diagram No. 8 shows, for there are 13,351 sailing vessels as against 14,701 steamships.

The real era of ocean steam navigation commenced with the *Sirius* and the *Great Western* in 1838, and with the first Cunarders in 1840. It well befits our national character that the history of English enterprise in this department began with a race between the first two vessels, each of which came into New York Harbour within four hours of one another, on April 23rd, 1838.



2. STEAMSHIPS CARRY NEARLY THREE TIMES AS MUCH AS SAILING VESSELS. THE PROPORTION IS SHOWN BY THE BLACK AND WHITE SEGMENTS OF THE CIRCLE.



3. THE 26,561,250 TONS OF COMMERCE CARRIED BY THE WORLD'S SHIPPING ARE SHOWN BY THIS BLOCK, WHICH WOULD MEASURE 388 FEET SQUARE BY 806.17 FEET LONG. THE LONDON MONUMENT IS INSERTED TO SHOW ITS PROPORTIONS.

The first regular steam service dates from 1840, when the Cunard vessels commenced running between Liverpool and Boston. Only two years earlier, Dr. Lardner had gravely informed the people of Liverpool "that the project which was announced in the newspapers, of making the voyage directly

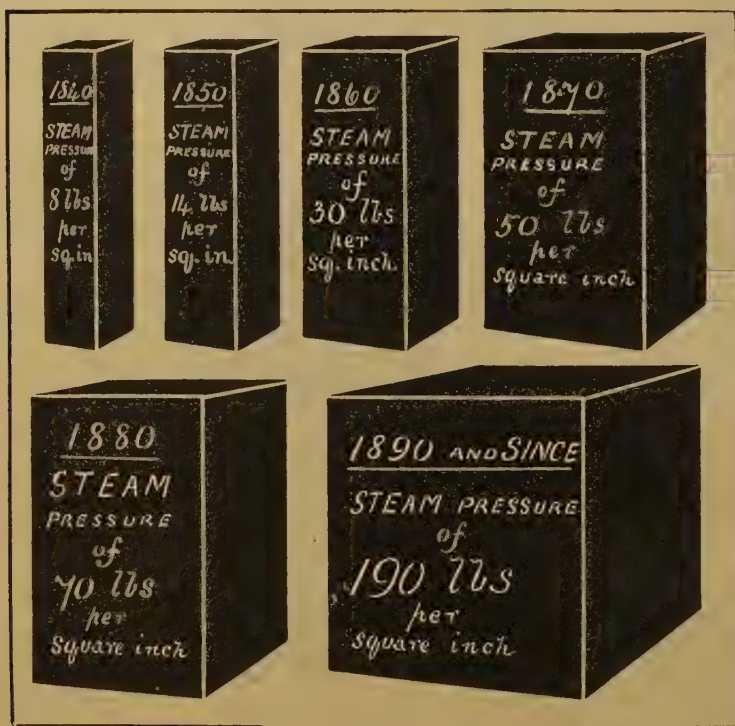
from New York to Liverpool, was perfectly chimerical, and they might as well talk of making a voyage from New York to the moon."

First we will consider the increase in the dimensions of the ships. The first four steamers of the Cunard line—the *Britannia* and her sister ships, which were put in service in 1840—were only 207 feet long and of 1,139 tonnage. These wooden craft, no larger than many coasting pleasure steam-

largest vessels now in the Cunard fleet—is given as a tail-piece, and affords a striking contrast to the pioneer ship the *Britannia*. The *Campania* measures 625 feet in length, is of 12,950 tonnage, has engines of 30,000 horse power, and accommodates 1,400 passengers. If the two ships left Liverpool at the same time to-day, in four days their relative positions would be as given in the map on page 157.

The largest vessels of the present day are roughly three times as long as the old *Britannia*. That may not strike everyone as being a remarkable fact. Nevertheless it has taken sixty years of the keenest competition to accomplish. It involves a great deal besides the mere question of length.

Two obstacles have contributed to render the progress of steam navigation so slow. One is the weight of vessels—increase in which increases volume of water displaced, and the friction between the water and that portion of the vessel's sides which is below water level. The enormous volume of water displaced by a big ship is illustrated



4. THE GREAT IMPROVEMENT THESE BLOCKS. IN 1840 THE WAS ONLY 8 LBS., NOW IT IS

IN BOILERS IS SHOWN BY PRESSURE PER SQUARE INCH 190 LBS. THE SMALL BLACK SQUARE WHOLE PRESSURE OF EACH BLOCK IS CONCENTRATED.

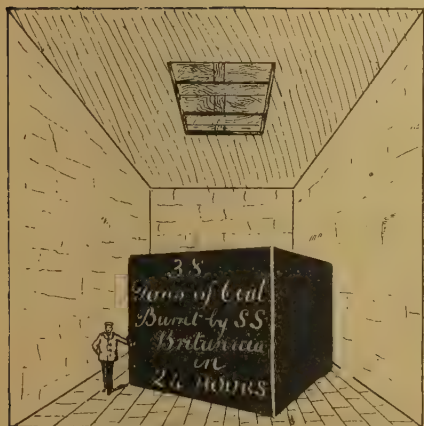
ships and large private yachts of the present period, commenced the long career of that line whose proudest boast is that they have never lost a passenger's life.

Readers of "American Notes" will remember that the *Britannia* was the vessel in which "Charles Dickens, Esq., and Lady" took passage to America in 1842, which voyage he describes with such inimitable humour.

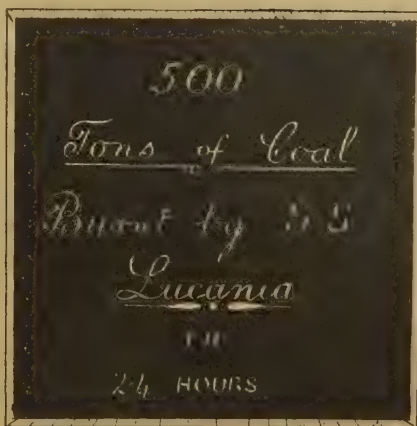
A photograph of the *Campania*—she and her sister ship the *Lucania* are the

in our sixth diagram, and represents the largest steamship at present afloat—the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, of the North German Lloyd fleet, which displaces enough water to float the Prince of Wales' yacht.

The other obstacle is that high speeds require additional power for propulsion, far in excess of the increased speeds. To put the case in a concrete form: The first Cunarders occupied from thirteen to fifteen days on the Atlantic voyage. Those of the



5. THE "LUCANIA" BURNS 500 TONS OF COAL A DAY AS COMPARED WITH 38 TONS A DAY BURNT BY THE OLD "BRITANNIA."



present period accomplish the distance in less than one half the time.

To double speed, the propelling power has to be increased about eight times. So that if a vessel like the *Campania* could be built to cross the Atlantic in three days, she would have to burn about eight times her present consumption of coal. If we bear these facts in mind and remember how largely weight and speed have each been increased in sixty years, we shall understand the difficulties which have been overcome during that period.

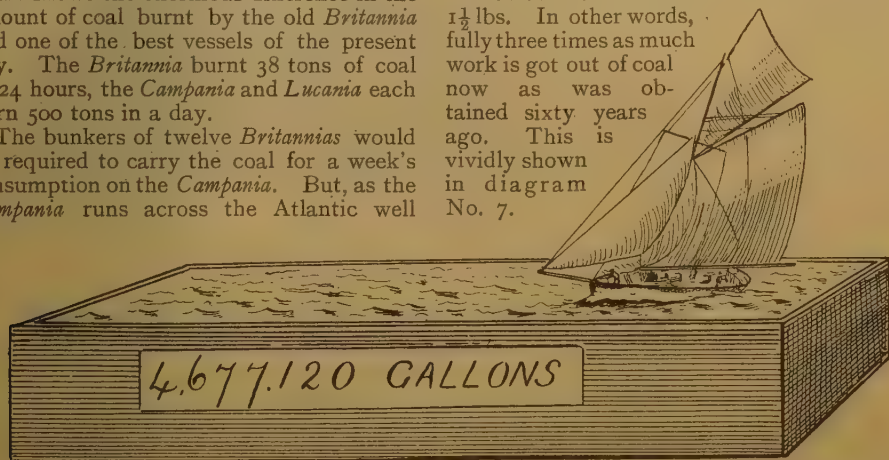
Power on a steamship is, while other conditions remain the same, equivalent to the amount of coal burnt. The fifth diagram shows the enormous difference in the amount of coal burnt by the old *Britannia* and one of the best vessels of the present day. The *Britannia* burnt 38 tons of coal in 24 hours, the *Campania* and *Lucania* each burn 500 tons in a day.

The bunkers of twelve *Britannias* would be required to carry the coal for a week's consumption on the *Campania*. But, as the *Campania* runs across the Atlantic well

within six days, and the *Britannia* occupied from thirteen to fifteen days, the former vessel burns only about five times as much coal as her first predecessor. Yet out of that quantity she develops about forty times more power for propulsion.

The *Campania* burns little more coal than the *Great Eastern* did, but the propelling power is three and a half times as great, and the speed more than half as much again.

But if the old boilers and old engines were now in service, the coal consumption would be vastly in excess of these amounts. They used five or six pounds of coal for each horse-power developed; the best liners now do not burn more than about $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. In other words, fully three times as much work is got out of coal now as was obtained sixty years ago. This is vividly shown in diagram No. 7.



6. THE "KAISER WILHELM DER GROSSE"—THE LARGEST STEAMSHIP AFLOAT—DISPLACES ENOUGH WATER TO FLOAT THE PRINCE OF WALES' YACHT.

What this means is, that if a vessel like the *Campania* consumed fuel at the extravagant rate of sixty years ago, she would, when starting to cross the Atlantic, require about 10,000 tons of coal in her bunkers,

instead of, as at present, 3,000 tons!

Another great change is in the steam pressure used. The boilers of the *Britannia* were worked at a pressure of 12 lbs. only to the square inch, the average pressure of the period was 8 lbs., while the present day boilers work at a pressure of from 180 to 190 lbs., 190 being the usual average of the newer boats.

Engines now are constructed in such a way that the steam is used three to four times over, until its entire capacity for work is appropriated, and then finally it is made to heat the cold water for the boilers.

Notwithstanding the practice of the most minute economies in the use of coal and steam, the size and power of the engines has been con-

yet immensely strong; rigid, though 600 feet and more in length. It is cellular—a ship within a ship—and practically unsinkable.

When the engineer has done his best, there still remains the question of carrying capacity. For vast though the engines and boilers are, and though enormous quantities of coal have to be stored to supply them with fuel, yet a big liner must earn several thousands of pounds on a trip if she is to bring profit to her owners. And she must start to the minute, no matter whether she has a full complement or a light one.

There are two sources of profit to set against the enormous expenditure of a steam vessel—passengers and freight.

Passenger accommodation did not figure so largely in the early steamers as it has since. Atlantic liners had been running for ten years before any accommodation was found for steerage passengers. A few first class only were taken on the Cunard steamers during their early years.

The *Britannia* had accommodation for 115 only, but she seldom carried 100. The modern liner takes from 1,000 to 1,600, so that one of these big vessels will carry more people in a single trip than one of the first Cunarders carried in a year. In fact, it often happens that in a single week in the autumn as many saloon passengers leave Liverpool as sailed



7. $1\frac{1}{2}$ LBS. OF COAL WILL NOW CREATE THE POWER OF ONE HORSE FOR ONE HOUR. IN 1840 IT TOOK $5\frac{1}{2}$ LBS. TO DO IT.

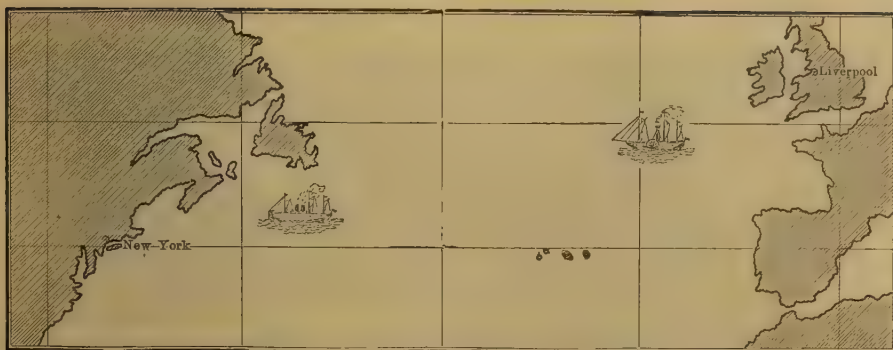
stantly increased in order to propel the ever-growing vessels at still greater speeds. The *Britannia*'s engines gave out 740 horse-power only; those of the *Campania* and *Lucania* yield 30,000 horse-power.

Two other matters which have contributed to the development of steamships are the substitution of iron, and then of steel, for timber in the construction of the hull. The old wooden steamers were strained severely by their engines and paddles.

Without steel, the construction of ships of the dimensions of those of the present time would be utterly impossible. The steel ship is, relatively speaking, light,



8. TO-DAY THERE ARE 1,350 MORE STEAMSHIPS THAN SAILING VESSELS IN THE WORLD.



9. THIS MAP SHOWS WHAT WOULD BE THE RELATIVE POSITIONS, AFTER FOUR DAYS, OF THE TWO VESSELS, IF THE FIRST AND LAST OF THE CUNARD LINE WERE TO LEAVE LIVERPOOL TOGETHER.

during the first year in the four vessels of the Cunard fleet.

The first regular line of ocean steamships—the Cunard—was a mail service, subsidised for mails primarily, at the rate of £60,000 a year. The passenger service was an adjunct. The proportion of goods carried was also greater relatively to passenger accommodation than that which is taken at present. During sixty years past that proportion has been slowly yet surely changing, until now the crack liners take no heavy cargo, but only mails and express parcels. And this in spite of the fact that the capacity of the steamers has increased enormously.

Frequently 1,000 to 2,000 bags of mails are carried on a liner, a single mail from London often requiring the service of two trains. And the mail-room of a big steamship measures about 50 feet in length by 15 feet in width, and 7 feet in height.

The fact is, that the carriage of heavy goods is being relegated to a class of steamships entirely distinct from the greyhounds of the ocean. The cost of freight on the latter is prohibitive. The freight ships occupy about twice as long on their trips, but they cost much less to run in coal and wages, while they carry enormous cargoes.

The cargo steamers now on the Atlantic and

Australasian services are of mammoth capacities. The *Georgic*, a White Star boat, is 558 feet long, and carries 10,000 tons of cargo. The *Cymric*, of the same line, the largest in this fleet, has a tonnage of 12,552!

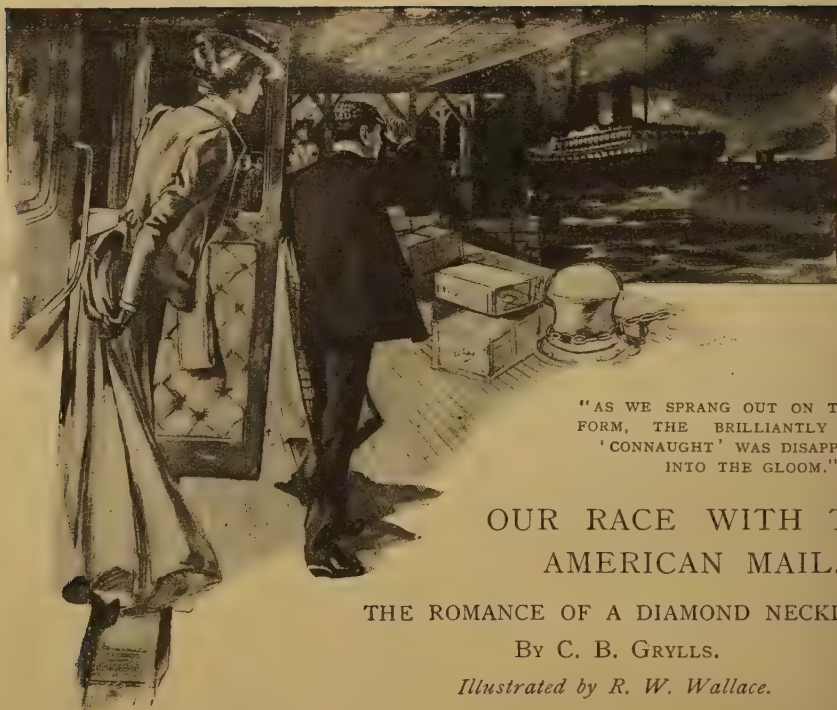
To-day, of 26,561,250 tons carried in steam and sailing ships—the latter, as shown in the diagrams on the first page of this article, carry only 7,049,958, while the steamships take 19,511,292 tons.

We began our steamship career with a race between the *Great Western* and *Sirius*. Britain has since beaten the foreign clippers which strove so hard for the sovereignty of the seas, and still leads far ahead of all nations in the number of vessels and of tonnage.

The United Kingdom owns 6,783 steamships of a tonnage of 10,547,355 tons; while the other nations follow at an immense distance behind. This is the story which our title picture tells.

10. THE "CAMPANIA"—THE LARGEST BOAT OF THE CUNARD LINE, THE PIONEER OF STEAMSHIP COMPANIES.





"AS WE SPRANG OUT ON THE PLATFORM, THE BRILLIANTLY LIGHTED 'CONNAUGHT' WAS DISAPPEARING INTO THE GLOOM."

OUR RACE WITH THE AMERICAN MAIL.

THE ROMANCE OF A DIAMOND NECKLACE.

By C. B. GRYLLS.

Illustrated by R. W. Wallace.

I WAS looking forward with considerable pleasure to dining with the Summers at their pleasant little house at Richmond.

A few months before the date of this story, Dick Summers had married, and had migrated from his diggings in Surbiton to a bijou cottage at Richmond. His wife was a pretty woman and a pleasant hostess, if a trifle light-headed and frivolous, and always made me very welcome at the house.

Moreover, an old maiden aunt of Dick's had just died, and his young sister Violet, who had lived with her, had come to pay her brother a long visit.

I had never seen Violet previously, and I immediately fell in love with her. In consequence my visits to Richmond doubled in frequency; and lately I had begun to think that the young lady had perceived where the attraction lay, and I had even presumed to imagine that she was not displeased at her discovery.

To-day I was going over about half-past five to have a little tennis, taking my dress clothes with me, and I felt naturally elated with the possible prospect of a long *tête-à-tête* with the fair Violet.

It was a perfect evening in June, and for once the course of true love ran smooth. Summers, I learnt, had been unexpectedly called out, and his wife was lying down with a slight headache, so Violet had to entertain me by herself. I need not say that her endeavours were entirely successful, and I spent a most delightful hour.

At last she excused herself, saying she must attend to her sister-in-law before dressing for dinner, and I was left alone with a pipe on the lawn.

Before ten minutes had passed, however, Summers himself appeared, full of apologies for his absence.

"I hope Violet has entertained you properly," he said.

Of course I protested that Miss Violet was a perfect hostess, and smiled as I thought how needless his excuses were under the circumstances.

Summers was junior partner in a well-known private bank, and he had been called out, much to his disgust, to have a business talk with one of his clients—a thing he detested after office-hours, but this particular client was a big man and had to be humoured.

"By the way," he presently remarked, "you have no doubt heard of Mrs. Smith-Pieter's diamond necklace?"

Of course I had. Was it not the most famous necklace in London? Her husband, a new South African millionaire, had paid a fabulous price for it, and it was an object of envy to all the fair sex.

"Indeed I have," I said. "I should like to see it, I have heard so much about it."

"Your curiosity can be easily gratified," he replied, "for it is in my house at this moment."

"What!" I exclaimed, "the famous necklace here in your house? What do you mean?"

Summers smiled.

"You see, we are Smith-Pieter's bankers, and Mrs. Smith-Pieter left it in my care

moment at Richmond, in spite of my host's assurances to the contrary.

However, it would not do to let him see my alarm, so I observed carelessly—

"Well, I for one wouldn't care to have so valuable an article about my house; but I suppose you bankers get used to that sort of thing. As it is here, I certainly would like to have a look at it; but if you'll take my advice, you'll run up to town after dinner, and leave it in the bank safe before night."

"Oh, nonsense!" laughed Summers. "Go and titivate yourself, and I'll bring it down to the drawing-room and show it to you before dinner."

When I entered the drawing-room the ladies were already present. I had just congratulated Mrs. Summers on having got rid of her headache, when her husband



"SUMMERS' LOOK OF BLANK DISMAY REVEALED TO ME THE HORRIBLE TRUTH—THE NECKLACE WAS GONE!"

yesterday. Ethel was very anxious to see it, and so I brought it down to show her to day. It was rather foolish of me, no doubt, but I didn't like to refuse her, and there is really no risk, for besides ourselves not a soul knows it is not in the safe at the bank."

For a moment I said nothing. Summers' rashness in bringing this magnificent jewel to his house, and not less his wife's want of thought in asking him to do so, appalled me. No doubt half the criminal population of London were aware that Mrs. Smith-Pieter's diamonds were at that

entered, carrying the necklace-case.

"Now, then," he cried, "one, two, three. Open sesame!"

He pressed the spring, the lid flew open, and disclosed—nothing! For a moment I thought it

was a hoax, but Summers' look of blank dismay revealed to me the horrible truth—the necklace was gone! Mrs. Summers gave a piercing shriek, while Violet turned as pale as death.

"Whatever shall I do?" stammered Summers. "What an infernal idiot I was ever to bring the thing down here."

I saw that something must be done immediately.

"Let me go for the police at once!" I

exclaimed, "while you try to think of any clue to the disappearance."

"No, no! stop, in heaven's name!" he cried; "if once the police hear of it, and it gets into the papers, I am a ruined man. Who would ever trust a banker who is criminally negligent of the safety of his clients' property?"

By this time Mrs. Summers was a helpless mass of silk and sobs, and Violet was regarding us both with an almost terrified stare.

"Then you must catch the thief yourself, Dick," said I. "Come, pull yourself together; is there nothing you can think of which will throw a light on this terrible affair?"

Dick buried his face in his hands. In a few moments he looked up. "By Jove, I have it," he shouted; "I came in the back way this afternoon, and as I was coming up the lane I saw a man skulking about, and I told him to clear out, as I didn't like him loafing about my door. He murmured something about being out of work, so I gave him sixpence, and he went off down the lane. Depend upon it, he is the man."

"What sort of man was he?" I asked.

"Oh, a middle-sized, ordinary-looking kind of loafer, with brown hair and a beard. But he had a very remarkable pair of eyes. They were very light blue, hard and staring, with a slight squint. I am sure I could tell him again by that, however much the rest of his face might be made up. But how or where to look for him—oh, it is hopeless!"

"I think I can tell you where to look." This coming unexpectedly from Violet, caused us both to stare at her in astonishment.

"You, Violet? What can you mean?" cried Dick.

"I saw a man at the station this afternoon who I am sure, from your description, must be the one you are speaking of. He and another man got out of the next carriage to me, and, as I passed, I heard one of them say, 'To-morrow morning at eleven we shall be boarding the *Germanic* in Queenstown harbour.'"

I clapped my hands with delight. "We have them; we have them!" I cried. I knew the working of the American mails, and in a moment had seen the thieves' plan. They would leave Euston by the 8.45 p.m. Irish mail, which, on Wednesday nights, carries the bags for America. These, with any late passengers, are sent on by special

train from Kingstown pier to Queenstown, where the big liner picks them up on Thursday morning.

This was Wednesday, and the fact of Summers bringing home the necklace on that day had just suited the thieves. They had, no doubt, calculated that he would not discover his loss till he got to the bank next morning, when they would be well afloat, and, even if he did, there would be no time to take the necessary steps to have the boats watched.

In a few words I explained all this to Summers, and we held a hurried council of war. A few questions established the fact that the tramp in the lane and the man at the railway station were unquestionably one and the same person.

I looked at my watch. "Twenty to eight!" I exclaimed. "Run upstairs and put on some travelling clothes quickly. There is a train to town at 7.53 which will land you at Waterloo at 8.20, just in time to drive across and catch the mail at Euston."

"That's it," cried Dick, "and when I spot 'em I must get them alone, and show them that all is up. They will be thankful to get off without being run in, I know, so I expect they will hand over the necklace readily enough when I promise not to put the police on the track."

He rushed off to change, and while I strode up and down the room, trying to think what must be done if this should prove a false scent, Violet endeavoured to soothe her sister-in-law.

But alas for our best-laid plans. I heard Dick come tearing out of his room and across the passage, and then came the noise of a tremendous fall. I rushed out and found him lying on the landing.

"No use, Charlie, old fellow," he muttered. "Just my infernal luck. Caught my foot in the carpet at the top, and now I believe I've broken my leg. What on earth shall I do?"

"I'll go," I replied.

"Charlie, you're a brick. Send someone for a doctor, and jump into some of my clothes. You'll find plenty upstairs."

By this time Violet was on the scene, and I quickly did his bidding. When I came down again the doctor had not yet arrived. I made Summers as easy as I could, and prepared to rush off to the train.

Suddenly a difficulty struck him. "Why, you don't know the man," he said.

"No more I do," I muttered, aghast. This was a point I had entirely overlooked

in my haste, and it bid fair to checkmate our plans.

"But I do," broke in a quiet voice from behind me. I turned and saw Miss Violet standing in the doorway, with her hat and jacket on. "I thought of that," she continued, and as I am the only one but Dick who has ever seen the man, I saw I should have to go, so I just went up and got ready; and now, Mr. Bourne, if you're ready, we've no time to lose."

I stood for a moment, amazed at the girl's ready wit and pluck, and then was turning to go when Mrs. Summers exclaimed: "You, Violet! Oh, you can't; and alone, too!"

But Violet came to the rescue gallantly. A slight flush mounted



to her cheek, and she cried, "Oh, I am sure I can trust Mr. Bourne to take care of me." As she spoke she turned to look at me, and as our eyes met I felt a proud thrill at the thought that my love had full confidence and trust in me.

"Go then, and God bless you," exclaimed Dick, and while Mrs. Summers was still weakly protesting we hurried out, got into the waiting cab, and drove at top speed to the station.

Alas, the delay had cost us dear. The 7.53 had gone. The next train did not land us at Waterloo till a quarter to nine, the moment when the Irish mail was leaving Euston.

"There is only one thing to be done," I said, "we must take a special and try to catch the mail."

We drove rapidly to Euston, but at that

hour it was difficult to find any one in authority, and when we did valuable time was unavoidably wasted while an engine and carriage were made ready for us at Camden Town. It was 9.45 before we were under way, and the thieves had an hour's start of us in the "Wild Irishman," one of the fastest trains in the kingdom.

We could do no more for the time. We must trust to the ability of the signalmen to find a way for us through the thick night traffic of a big trunk line, and to the pluck and skill of the two grimy men on the footplate to get the last ounce of power out of the mighty locomotive they controlled.

"'I AM SURE I CAN TRUST
MR. BOURNE TO TAKE CARE OF
ME,' SAID VIOLET."

A loud rattle proclaimed Conway tubular bridge; a second and a longer roar the great Britannia bridge. At last the speed slackened, and we slowly ran

through Holyhead station and crawled as it seemed down the harbour line to the mail-packets pier. We pressed our faces to the glass and strove to make out the boat as we approached. Then the mail train passed us, shunting back to the station. I felt my heart sink, and as we sprang out on the platform a curse broke from my lips, for there a cable's length from the landing-stage the brilliantly-lighted *Connaught* was disappearing into the gloom. Her Majesty's mails wait for no man, and we had missed the boat by five minutes.

This was too much, and I gave way to despair for a few minutes. It was Violet's

gentle voice that roused me. "Never mind, Mr. Bourne, we must think what to do next. I feel sure we shall win."

I made hasty inquiries about a special boat, but I was assured that that was an impossibility. There was none with steam up, and before any was ready the time would have come for the regular North-Western express boat to start for Dublin.

The special American mail left Dublin at 6 a.m., while the *Cambria* was not due there till 7.30. But against that was the fact that the liner might be late at Queenstown, and give us time to catch our men.

We went slowly back to Holyhead and boarded the *Cambria*. There was still an hour to wait before she started, and I think it was the longest hour in both our lives.

At last the London train arrived. Would they never get the luggage on board? It seemed to take ages, yet really at 3.55 to the minute we were off, moving down Holyhead harbour in the early sunshine of a perfect morning.

As we warped into the landing stage the clocks were chiming the quarter after seven. The North-Western boats are of unequal speed, and as the timing is suited to the slower ones, it is often the case that the "crack" arrives before her time, as it happened to our delight on this occasion.

Springing ashore we hailed a car, and were rapidly driven over the granite setts

with which Dublin is paved, to Kingsbridge station. I had wired from Holyhead for a special to be ready for us, so there was no delay at the terminus, and to our intense joy we learned that the American mail had been nearly half an hour late in leaving. It was now 7.30, so we were only an hour behind on a four-hour journey. An impossible task, no doubt, on an Eng-

lish main line, to catch a special express an hour ahead; but the speed on an Irish line, even on the Great Southern, and by the



"'THE GAME IS UP, LET ME TELL YOU,' I SAID. 'GIVE ME THAT DIAMOND NECK-LACE AT ONCE.'"

American mail, is not excessive.

As we flew through the pleasant smiling counties of Dublin and

Kildare I felt more at ease. Our engine driver evidently realised what was expected of him, and the speed could not have been bettered on the North-Western itself.

Violet, too, looked less strained; a feeling of coming success filled us both. We talked cheerfully, even confidently, of our enterprise. Thoughts of a totally different character would come crowding into my brain, but I resolutely fought them down.

Till this battle was won, I told myself, I had no right to think of anything else, far

less speak of it. At Limerick Junction we passed the Cork mail, which had left Dublin three-quarters of an hour ahead of us; we were evidently gaining on our men.

Still mile after mile was reeled off, and we were rapidly approaching Cork. At last we ran into Glanmire station. We leaped out, and in answer to our hurried inquiries, oh, joy! a porter pointed out to us the American mail at another platform, waiting to go on to Queenstown. The moment of success was almost too much. I seemed incapable of doing anything; it was Violet who once more came to the rescue. "Come on," she whispered, "we must find the men."

We walked quickly down the platform, scanning each compartment. Suddenly Violet stopped at the door of a first-class carriage. "In here," she said, and in another minute the door was shut, the train was off, and we were shut in with two men. They looked up as we sprang in, and I saw a sudden look of surprise flash across the face of one of them. He evidently remembered having seen Violet on the Richmond platform, but apparently dismissed the suspicion that rose to his mind as absurd, for he turned away his head and continued a low-toned conversation with his companion.

"That is the man," whispered Violet in my ear. "Look at his horrible eyes."

The person in question at that moment looked up, and as I caught his eye I saw in a minute what she meant. He had a pair of those hard light-blue eyes which are so commonly found in criminals, with a slight cast that gave them an even more sinister expression.

Violet again whispered that he had disguised himself with a false beard and whiskers, but that she was sure of him by his tell-tale eyes.

It was now my time to act. I had to do something quickly, for in twenty minutes the train would be at Queenstown, and all hope of attaining my object quietly would

be at an end. Addressing the man whom my companion had pointed out, I observed, "Pretty place, Richmond, sir."

He started violently, and angrily replied, "What the devil do you mean?"

"I mean that you ought to know a good deal about Richmond. The game is up, let me tell you,



"I TOLD HER OF MY LOVE FOR HER AS WE PACED THE DECK TOGETHER."

and the more quietly you take it the better for you. Give me that diamond necklace at once."

The fellow saw that there was no use in concealment. He sprang up in a threatening manner and made as though he would

have attacked us. His accomplice, however, pulled him back.

"Don't be a fool, Joe," he muttered, "don't you see it's a corridor carriage, so that game is no use."

Joe subsided into his seat, growling curses. I turned to Violet. "Leave this to me," I said; "you will find another compartment in the corridor; this is not a fit place for you."

With a grateful look she left the carriage. I resumed my conversation with the enemy.

"Now, I'll tell you my terms," I continued. "Give me the box containing the necklace before we reach Queenstown, and not a word shall be said of the matter. Refuse, and I will hand you over to the police, and you will get seven years to a certainty."

The two men looked at each other. Joe was evidently inclined to fight, but his friend was evidently desperately frightened, and not at all anxious to make acquaintance with the Scotland Yard contingent. They held a low-toned conversation for a few moments, and then Joe said—

"Do you swear, guv'nor, that you won't split on us if we give up the di'monds quietly?"

"Certainly," I replied, "on my word of honour."

"Then, here y'are."

And suiting the action to the word he produced the missing box from his pocket.

A moment's examination showed me that the jewels were intact. Then I thanked the pair politely and withdrew, and as I shut the door the barrier seemed removed from the thieves' lips, and I heard a very flood of imprecation and mutual recriminations break forth.

I found Violet anxiously awaiting me. Our joy at the success we had met with may be imagined; but the girl, who had been so cool and brave while there had been need of bravery and coolness, now broke down utterly, and after clumsy attempts to put matters right, I had to give her into the care of the women of the hotel at Queenstown.

However, by the afternoon she was feeling well enough to travel back by the mail to Dublin, and catch the night boat to England.

As we paced the deck of the steamer together I told her of my love for her, and it only remains to record the fact that her answer was entirely satisfactory.

Since then we have made the journey to Ireland together more than once, but the occasion on which we raced the American mail to save Dick from ruin and disgrace is marked out in our minds with a vividness that no subsequent journeys can impair.



Reid, Wiskase, Photo

HER MAJESTY'S WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

WHAT SHE DOES WITH IT.

By PHILIP ASTOR.

ECONOMY is said to consist in the due care of trifles, and of this the Waste-Paper Department of Her Majesty's Stationery Office affords an excellent example.

No less a sum than £6,250 is saved to the nation annually by the attention thus paid to the Government waste-paper basket.

Previous to the year 1852 the waste paper of the Government offices was an unrecognised perquisite of office-keepers and messengers, with the natural result that no small quantity of good stationery was thrown away, and in some cases large amounts of public property were systematically misappropriated.

Not only was this the case, but papers of an important and confidential character found their way into the hands of outsiders, sometimes with very unpleasant consequences.

On one occasion a pound of butter came home from the grocer's wrapped in a document which revealed to the purchaser a proceeding on the part of a relative which effectually destroyed the harmony of the home, and ended in



A CONFIDENTIAL DOCUMENT WAS ONCE FOUND ON A CHILD'S DRUM.

a separation between husband and wife. In another case a man found part of a deed that he had executed some years before forming the head of his child's drum.

Repeated instances of the evils of the existing system for the disposal of waste paper led to a Treasury minute in 1852, directing that all surplus and waste stationery should be collected and delivered to the Controller of Her Majesty's Stationery Office.

Arrangements were then made to reduce the paper to pulp in the United Kingdom, with the unfortunate result that some State documents of much importance which had been sold to dealers in America had to be brought back at great cost. After this the paper was sent to Coldbath Fields Prison, where it was sorted and torn up small before being sold to the dealers,



THESE SACKS CONTAIN ONLY ONE DAY'S WASTE FROM HER MAJESTY'S OFFICES.

But it was soon found that there were grave objections to letting the prisoners have the handling of State papers, and in 1885 the plan was finally abandoned. Premises were then secured in Earl Street, Westminster, a large staff of sorters em-

Surrounding a large yard, to which a succession of vans bring loads of waste material every hour, are to be seen spacious warehouses and sorting-rooms, where a large staff of workers are busily employed.

At one corner stands a disused chapel, which on the occasion of our visit we found crammed to the ceiling with fifty tons of waste paper.

Hither come 3,500 tons every year, the average day's receipts varying from ten to twenty tons. How vast is this amount will be realised from the fact that if a single week's waste paper from the Government offices was thrown into

Trafalgar Square it would almost bury the Nelson column. The contents of the waste-paper basket for one year would outweigh forty-three eighty-one ton guns.

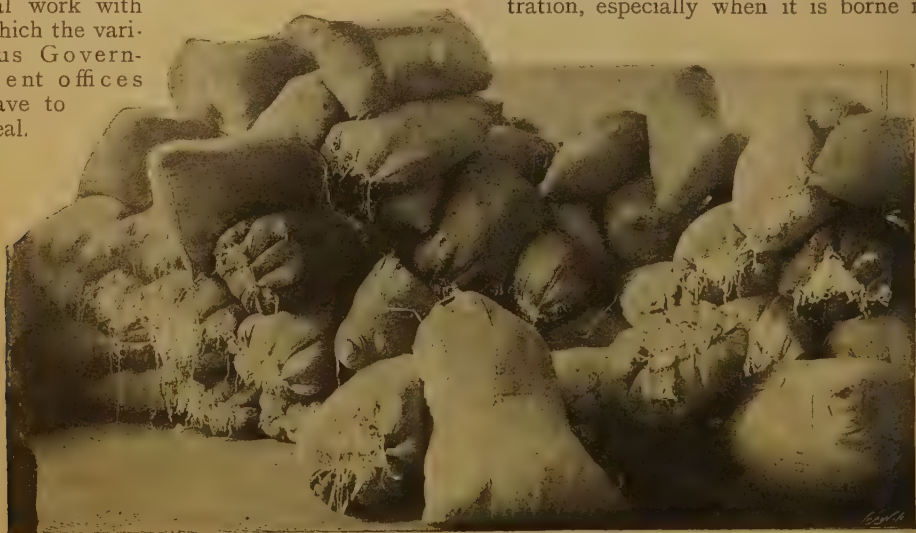
One day's accumulation is no small quantity, as may be seen from our illustration, especially when it is borne in



ALL THESE COVERS ARE BUT ONE WEEK'S WASTE FROM DISUSED LEDGERS.

ployed, and the whole of the Government waste paper dealt with under the eye of officials from the Stationery Office.

A visit to the Waste-Paper Department is one which forcibly illustrates the enormous amount of correspondence and clerical work with which the various Government offices have to deal.



947 MILES OF WASTE TELEGRAPH MORSE INSTRUMENT PAPER ARE CONTAINED IN THESE BAGS—THE WASTE OF ONE WEEK.

mind that the paper is packed as tightly as possible into the sacks. Vast as the present quantity is, it is steadily increasing at the rate of eighty tons every year.

The paper received is of the most miscellaneous character, consisting of old letters, State documents, printed matter, old account-books, and the like, by far the larger quantity coming from the General Post Office.

On receipt it is at once handed over to the

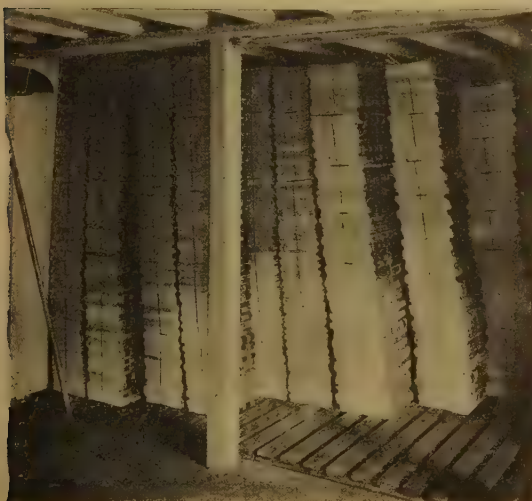
less than two and a half tons of these ledgers are received at the Waste-Paper Office every week.

Another section of the Waste-Paper Department contains the used ribbon from Morse telegraphic instruments. This

pours in at the rate of fifteen hundred-weight per week, measuring approximately 947 miles.

In five weeks the quantity received is sufficient to form a continuous line from the Capeto Cairo, thus realising — though not in a very practical manner — Mr. Cecil Rhodes' magnificent plan for a trans-African telegraph line.

THE WASTE MORSE PAPER IN FIVE WEEKS WOULD REACH FROM CAPETOWN TO CAIRO. THE MORSE HIEROGLYPHICS IN THIS MAP MEAN "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."



AND HERE ARE THE 2 1/2 TONS OF LEDGERS DESTROYED EVERY WEEK FROM WHICH THE COVERS ARE TAKEN.

sorters, who classify it under twelve heads, and pack it separately in large sacks. String and miscellaneous *débris* are thrown on counters covered with coarse wire sieves, by which means the dirt is got rid of.

Confidential documents receive careful and effectual treatment. They are taken by the officials to the cutting-machine, where they are thoroughly sliced up. When papers of an especially secret character are dealt with, the middle section of each pile is taken out and placed in a separate receptacle from the rest. The cut fragments are then placed in sealed sacks, and are conveyed in charge of an officer to a paper-mill, the locality of which is kept secret, and are there reduced to pulp under his eye.

In the case of ledgers and other account books, it is deemed sufficient to slice off the tops of the pages. The rest finds its way to the butter-factors, and so even in its last stage is made to serve a useful purpose. No

A RACE FOR A HUSBAND.

ACTRESS *v.* BARONESS.

BY ULYSS ROGERS.

Illustrated by Lucien Davis.

WHEN two men pay their attentions to the same woman, an open quarrel is the invariable corollary. If, however, it so happens that the sentimental vision of two women is concentrated upon one man, though hatred may be felt none the less keenly, yet feminine modesty usually allows no other outburst than an ocular dagger-dart or verbal side-thrust.

The Baroness Czernski furnished a striking exception, however, and when a rift in the lute of her happiness appeared in the shape of Miss Helen Montrose, the "new" American actress, the idol of the London footlights, and the society pet of the moment, she sat down and promptly challenged her to a duel.

Miss Montrose was sunning herself on the balcony of the Parade Hotel at Cowes when she received the offended Jewess's polite invitation to mortal combat. The actress read the note, and burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

"Really it is too ridiculous. The woman must be mad—raving, jealously mad. So the 'Yankee play actress' has managed to 'blanket' her, as these yachting folks say. 'Satisfaction,' 'rapiers,' 'revolvers.' See here, I'll just go round and view this woman. She's original. I'd like to know her some more. Duel! Ha-ha! It's too rich. Well, I don't know that I'm very anxious to get my face scratched to oblige my lady, and pistol-shooting

seems horribly inartistic and unromantic; but I daresay something can be fixed up to satisfy her, anyway."

She skewered a saucy-looking yachting cap upon her head, and set forth to interview her challenger.

The baroness was discovered at her hotel. They made a startling contrast, these two—the American girl, fair-skinned, merry-eyed, buoyant, gay, flushed with the full glory of a grand first London season—the baroness, dark, sombre, morbid, widowed, whose first youth was now a yesterday.



"TO REACH HER BOAT MISS MONTROSE HAD TO CROSS ANOTHER IN WHICH SAT THE BARONESS AND THE COUNT."

That Miss Montrose should be accorded the *entrée* to exclusive Squadron society was a circumstance that first tintured the baroness's cup with gall, and she had not hesitated in being outspoken upon the matter. When, however, at the R.Y.S. ball, the "play actress," the "board strutter," the "New York ranter," as the Austrian styled her rival, unconsciously—or was it purposely?—monopolised the attentions of Count D'Oulay, who hitherto had been considered the widow's fair game, Baroness Czernski, instead of reproaching the man, felt she had a personal quarrel with the actress. A lady friend of hers had once fought a duel—why shouldn't she? Hence the challenge, and Miss Montrose's visit.

The argument waxed fierce, and the baroness lost her temper.

"You do not love him," she cried. "It is his money. He is rich, very rich. That's it—that and his title; it is all you American girls think of. But I—I love him, ah! with all my heart. Not for his money as you—for I have much, too much."

Miss Montrose indulged in a light ironical laugh.

"You honour me by your confidences," she said, "and I admire the frankness with which you speak your mind. But your insult is based upon a misunderstanding. I do not love Count D'Oulay for his money, as you suppose."

"Ah! Then you, too——"

"Silence. If it is your fashion to speak lightly of your *affaires d'amour*, be at least good enough to respect my affections."

This speech, delivered with considerable fervour, drove the adversary back to a position of sullen defence.

"You received my note," she said. "Do you accept my proposal?"

"Certainly not," said the actress. "Pistol-shooting, in my opinion, is a vulgar exercise, and," she added, lightly, "I do not wish to do you any bodily injury by accepting the alternative."

"Coward!"

"Possibly, but wait until you have heard a proposal of mine. You pride yourself on your yachtswomanship, I believe?"

The baroness sniffed acquiescence.

"You can sail a yacht better than I?"

The widow's lip curled in very scorn of the comparison.

"Well, now, I'm going to challenge you. You shall steer your own yacht, the *Rosalie*. I daresay I shall have no difficulty in borrowing Lord



"MISS MONTROSE WAS ASSISTED ABOARD BY LORD VENTNOR."

Ventnor's *Oriole* just for the day. Course, between Lymington and the Warner. Each of us to give her word of honour that in the event of losing the race she shall absent herself from England and utterly avoid the Count's society for at least three months."

"Six," said the baroness.

"As you please," replied Miss Montrose. "Do we call that a bargain?"

"I am agreed."

"Of course the object of the race, you will not wish to be reminded, must be kept absolutely secret; it can leak out to-night that we are racing for a wager. Our event will be the most exciting thing at Cowes this season; better by half than poking at each other with rapiers, or play-

ahead." To reach her boat she had to cross another in which sat two figures about to start for the roads. These two proved to be the baroness and Count D'Oulay.

"So you have allied forces with my friend the enemy, eh, Count?" said Miss Montrose as D'Oulay moved for her to cross.

"Baroness Czernski has kindly invited me to view the race from her yacht," he replied, diplomatically.

"You are wise to accept, Count," she rejoined, smiling. "The stern of the *Rosalie* is a more comfortable vantage point than the bows of the *Oriole*."

"Thank you for the compliment," interpolated the baroness, coldly.

The men of the *Oriole* were already making preparations for the race. Miss Montrose was assisted aboard by Lord Ventnor himself, who was delighted to submit the tiller of his yacht to so fair a skipper.

"Boom!" The five minutes gun had given its signal, and the yachts were anxiously manoeuvring for position. The cutters were of nearly equal rating, the *Oriole* giving the *Rosalie* a matter of half a minute allowance.

"Boom!" again.

Immediately each fair yachtswoman jammed down her rudder, and stood on the port tack, which took them peak and peak across the line, and over towards the dark rim of Hampshire coast. A finer start had never been witnessed.

But when the vessels jibed for the beat islandwards, it was seen that the *Rosalie* had forged a trifle to the front, and each tack all the way down to the Lympington



"THE 'ROSALIE,' WITH SPINNAKER SET, WAS CAREERING BACK TOWARDS THE 'ORIOLE.'"

ing with firearms that neither you nor I know anything about."

The baroness's face cleared. It was a better bargain than any for which she could have hoped.

On the morning of the race Miss Montrose stepped briskly down the club stage, her cheeks aglow with excitement, her merry eyes beaming with the prospect of the sport

buoy put more water between the yachts. A final short leg, and the *Rosalie* was round the mark, and, with spinnaker set, was careering with racehorse speed back towards the *Oriole*.

"The bet goes with the baroness this time," remarked Miss Montrose, as she threw her weight against the tiller and brought the yacht peak on to the buoy.

"Not yet," said Lord Ventnor, smiling, but not raising his eyes from the chronometer he held in his hand. "Ah, they have beaten us two minutes working west. I thought they would. But the *Oriole* I fancy can teach them something before the wind."

And so it proved. But alas for the hopes of all true sport! Before Ryde was reached fickle Boreas had almost utterly deserted the craft.

A mile past Ryde worse trouble arose. The yachts drifted into a bank of heavy sea vapour, and lost sight of each other, of the wooded banks of the Wight, of everything except their level decks and flapping sails, with a hundred yards circle of the tideway.

"Well, you may as well settle the race with the dice-box now," said Lord Ventnor. "It's anybody's event. A mere drifting match—odds against us."

"Let us drift then," replied Miss Montrose, unconcernedly. "I'm sure I don't

care. We can talk better, drifting. Shall we talk? Come, some of your famous yachting stories."

The pretty actress lounged gracefully at the tiller, and his lordship threw himself on the deck by her side. They chatted away pleasantly, whilst the tide slowly bore them through the heavy fog to the



"MISS MONTROSE GAVE A TERRIFIC LUNGE AT THE TILLER, AND THE YACHT MADLY SHIFTED HER COURSE."

dreary-looking lightship. An hour passed—two. Still they slowly drifted.

"Yacht ahoy!" The sound came from astern. A huge white ghostly mass outlined itself, and bore through the gloom of the mist. It was the *Rosalie*.

"Ahoy, there!"

This time the cry was from the bows of the *Oriole*. The Warner was almost directly ahead. Baroness Czernski had stolen her leeway, and was prepared to round within a few seconds of her rival. Just a glimpse of the widow's anxious, set face did Miss Montrose gain, and then the yachts drew separate and were swallowed up in the fog.

Miss Montrose put the yacht well over towards Southsea to escape the tide, and little by little they slowly worked back, until at length they cleared the fog and picked up the wind, which had shifted a point or two. Still hugging the mainland, the *Oriole* started to work up to Lee, whence she would chop her way home by a series of short tacks.

But scarcely had the sails been trimmed for the first of these manœuvres than the *Rosalie* was sighted, two miles over towards Ryde. She had risked the current to stand a chance of falling in with the full breeze sooner, and was now bowling comfortably along in the middle of the channel.

Miss Montrose set her teeth, and braced herself against the tiller. The sudden changes from port to starboard in the last two or three miles were a test of a woman's endurance as well as skill, and she was not so experienced a yachtwoman as the baroness. Yet the *Oriole* still maintained a lead.

One short beat, and the *Oriole* would be over the line. Would she do it? She was heading out to sea, but the *Rosalie* had skipped a tack, and, sailing finer to the wind, was staking the result on one direct reach for the line.

"Now, I think," said Miss Montrose.

"You're quite right," said Lord Ventnor. "Stand by!" he shouted to the men.

Miss Montrose gave a terrific lunge at the tiller. The yacht madly shifted her course, and flew for the line with her rival barely half a minute astern.

Lord Ventnor, watch in hand, gazed anxiously at a little black speck in front of the castle; it was the signal-gun. There was a man standing at its side, with his back turned to the yachts, watching the clubhouse for the order to fire.

Suddenly he gave a quick jerk at the lines in his hand; there was a flash, followed by the boom of the explosion, and Lord Ventnor started the seconds hand of his chronometer.

One swift glance back at the *Rosalie*. "Done it, by Jove!" he exclaimed, joyfully. He counted off the seconds; five—

ten—fifteen—twenty—twenty-five—thirty. "Bravo!—my congratulations," he cried; whilst the crew gave vent to a round of huzzas, which found a thousand echoes ashore and afloat.

At thirty-three seconds the gun again boomed out, but it spoke three seconds too late to save the *Rosalie's* credit and spare the baroness's chagrin.

An hour later, when the excitement of congratulation ashore was over, the baroness called upon her successful rival. The visitor was dressed in a dark travelling gown, and there were deep lines beneath her eyes.

"You have won," she began. "I do not congratulate you. I cannot. I hate you—with all my heart I hate you. But for you I should have been a happy woman, for he loved me—does love me—I know it, I discovered it on the yacht. But you—you have fascinated him—have bewitched him. I have come to tell you that I hold to my promise, and go away by the next boat for Southampton, and—and"—the tears welled to her eyes—"may you be happy with him. They say you have made others your sport. For God's sake don't sport with him."

Miss Montrose looked quietly on whilst the woman spoke. A quiet smile played about her mouth.

"You needn't go. There is no necessity. I am going instead."

"You?"

"Yes, I leave in a few days possibly. On my—honeymoon."

The baroness's face blanched.

"Your honeymoon?"

"Yes, and Lord Ventnor's. He intends thanking you for the opportunity of the race. Personally I am more obliged to the fog."

"But—the Count?"

"Is everything to you—nothing to me. You were jealous—a jealous woman sees things the wrong colour through green glasses. It is foolish to imagine every woman adores the man you love. As foolish—if you will permit a 'mere play actress' to say so—as foolish as it is rude to speak slightly of the profession to which I have the honour to belong."

"I humbly apologise. Pray pardon me."

"I, too, have caused you pain. Shall we call it quits? Good-bye! Oh, by the way, you would oblige me if you could incidentally drop a hint to the Count as to my engagement."

And never was news more readily conveyed.

FAIR SPORTSWOMEN



W. & D. Downey, Photo

THE DUCHESS OF FIFE AND ONE OF HER FAMOUS CATCHES ON THE DEE.

BY IGNOTA.

TILL recently the term "sport" when mentioned in conjunction with a lady invariably meant fox-hunting. From time immemorial women have taken a leading part in the chase; indeed, one of Lord Salisbury's ancestresses, a former mistress of Hatfield, hunted her own pack. As a young married woman, Queen Victoria occasionally rode to hounds, but few of the changes brought about during Her Majesty's reign have been more complete than that concerning the position of the fair sex in modern sport.

It is a very curious

fact that the first lady who established her right to go out with the guns should have been a Frenchwoman, namely, the Comtesse de Paris. The Orleans and the Bourbons were always devoted to sport, and the Comtesse de Paris, in whose veins flows the blood of a hundred kings—she is, of course, directly descended from St. Louis of France—was for many years one of the best shots, irrespective of sex, in the United Kingdom.

When staying at Sandringham the Comtesse, who was treated by her courteous host and hostess as if she were Queen of France, astonished the natives of Norfolk with her prowess; and as her husband did not show the slightest objection to her joining, in an active sense, the



THE COUNTESS OF ANNESLEY IS ALSO A VERY SKILFUL FISHERWOMAN.

Prince's shooting parties, it was not for those about her to criticise the French Princess's enthusiasm for what had always been considered a peculiarly masculine form of sport.

Where the Comtesse de Paris led, a group of enthusiastic Englishwomen soon followed, and now some of the "smartest" and, it may be added, most feminine women in Society are noted shots and anglers.

As regards fishing, the example has been set them by the Princess of Wales and her daughters, who each autumn

Lodge she goes out fishing almost every day, accompanied either by a friend or by her husband.

Foremost also among fair fisherwomen is the Countess of Annesley. She first discovered the charms of angling before her marriage, when staying on Deeside, and the first salmon ever caught by her weighed twelve pounds. Fortunately Lord Annesley shares his beautiful young wife's tastes, and together they make many delightful fishing expeditions, not only in Scotland, but also in Ireland, where their beautiful place, Castlewellsan, is situated.

Lady Annesley, like most sportswomen, has very distinct theories as to what is the right equipment for a fisherwoman; unlike some of her sister-anglers, she considers a heavy rod to be a severe handicap, and she recommends a single-handed fly-rod of split cane, with steel centre,



THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE IS AN ALL-ROUND SPORTSWOMAN, AND KEEPS A PACK OF HARRIERS.



THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD IS ONE OF THE BEST LADY SHOTS IN THE WORLD.

spend a considerable time on the banks of one or other of Scotland's most famous salmon rivers. The Duchess of Fife is an enthusiastic fisherwoman; on one occasion, some two years ago, she caught to her own rod the largest number of fish ever taken by a lady in one day, on the Dee, and when she is staying at New Mar

weighing about eight ounces, while she attaches even more importance to the weight of the reel, herself always using one made of aluminium, and weighing under three ounces. Lady Alington is another enthusiastic fisherwoman, and few ladies whose custom it is to go North each autumn but are experts in the use of line and rod.

It is an interesting fact, and says much for feminine endurance, that two of the best big-game hunters in the world should be women. Both Mrs. Alan Gardner and the Duchess of Somerset have gone far afield, and met with many hairbreadth escapes and adventures.

Mrs. Alan Gardner is one of the most many-sided women in Society. She is best known as a notable sportswoman, and some of her sporting expeditions have resulted in her joining the band of authors,



SOME OF MRS. ALAN GARDNER'S TROPHIES AND THEIR BEARERS.



MRS. ALAN GARDNER AND A BEAR SHOT BY HER.

Russell & Sons, Photo

her volumes being illustrated by sketches made by herself; but she also plays a great rôle in political society, being a member of a well-known Liberal family, while her husband has contested a London constituency. Her marriage to Colonel Alan Gardner, a younger brother of Lord Burghclere of Walden, took place thirteen years ago, and notwithstanding her many interests she is a devoted mother to her four children, who bid fair to become sportsmen and sportswomen as notable as their mother.



LADY TWEEDMOUTH IS THE CHAMPION LADY DEER-STALKER.

THE COMTESSE DE PARIS WAS THE FIRST TO INTRODUCE SHOOTING FOR LADIES INTO ENGLAND.

Mrs. Gardner is familiar with the wildest parts of Central India, and she counts among her friends a considerable number of Indian princes, who are enthusiastic admirers of her prowess with rifle and spear. Accompanied of course by her husband, she has scoured not only India, but also many of the wilder and least-known corners of Africa, including Somaliland, in search of big game. She is certainly one of the few women living who have taken part both in tiger hunts and in lion hunts; and some time ago she wrote

a most interesting account of "A Day with the Tigers," which proved conclusively that she is more than ready to take her full share of the peril, as well as of the excitement, of this kind of sport.

Not content with shooting lions in Africa and tigers in India, Mrs. Gardner is also an adept in many other forms of sport, notably deer-stalking and fishing. It is indicative of her many-sided personality that Mrs. Gardner is an enthusiastic supporter of the Needlework Guild, and is herself an exquisite needlewoman.

The Duchess of Somerset, like Mrs. Alan Gardner, unites a love of literature with sport. After an adventurous sporting expedition undertaken with her husband in the Far West of America, she published a delightful book, entitled "Impressions of a

Tender foot." Following the custom of those true sportsmen whose first object is the business in hand, the Duke and Duchess of Somerset during their hunting tours always live in camp, roughing it in every sense of the word; indeed, the Duchess could probably give points in outdoor camp housekeeping to many of her less gently-nurtured sisters.

She is an expert in camp cookery, and enjoys the wild and untrammelled freedom of the life.

An interesting group of fair sportswomen devote their energies and attention almost entirely to deer-stalking. In this connection it has been said that the honours may be very fairly divided between Mrs. Platt, Lady Tweedmouth, and Lady Breadalbane, though the Duchess of Hamilton is also a famous shot, and deer-stalking is becoming more and more

every year a feminine pursuit. The illustrations which we give of Mrs. Platt's prowess are very interesting; the huge imperial was the best stag shot in Scotland in the August of last year, while the other, a nine-pointer, is a record head.

Lady Tweedmouth, who was for many years of her married life known to the world as Lady Fanny Marjoribanks, though the wife of a keen politician, and as such compelled to play a considerable part in London Society, has but one hobby—namely, sport. Though a good fisherwoman, her real interest is deer-stalking, and her family declare that after a really long and fatiguing Season her one idea of restful change is to have a whole month of deer-stalking, whatever be the weather, and however unfavourable the conditions under which the sport has to be pursued.

Lady Tweedmouth may be said to hold the championship as regards deer-stalking: she has brought down some of the finest stags ever killed by a woman, not excepting those shot by the Duchess of Hamilton. Every autumn Lord and Lady Tweedmouth spend some weeks at Guisachan, Beulay, N.B., a place which has been called the Highland Paradise. In addition to a beautiful park and exquisite gardens, there is a splendid deer forest, which in one year yielded a hundred and twenty head.

The present Marchioness of Breadalbane, who was the youngest daughter of the late Duke of Montrose, is one of the most enthusiastic of modern sportswomen. Rarely indeed is a man both poet and sportsman. More than one literary woman, however,

has practically proved her love of the chase, and Lady Breadalbane is the writer of very charming verse. But though fond of literature and society, Lady Breadalbane is never happier than when staying at one

of her husband's Scottish seats, for there she is able to indulge her passionate love of sport.

In the group of



Thomson, Photo

PRINCESS VICTOR DHULEEP SINGH IS DEVOTED TO HUNTING.

fair sportswomen who devote themselves to what may be styled small game shooting, it is difficult to say who should be singled out for special appreciation, for once ladies had adopted this style of sport, they soon proved that they could rival their husbands and brothers both

in endurance and in sureness of aim.

Adeline Duchess of Bedford, though best known as a philanthropist—for since her widowhood she has closely identified herself with her sister Lady Henry Somerset's efforts on behalf of temperance—was for many years an enthusiastic sports-

woman, and she and the late Duke of Bedford used to spend long days tramping over their splendid estates, shooting "over dogs" in the good old-fashioned way.

The present Duchess of Bedford, though one of the best lady shots in the world, only took up sport after her marriage to the second son of the ninth Duke of Bedford. *Née* Miss Mary Tribe, she was the daughter of the Venerable

two good spaniels or a retriever, and she often carries her own game bag.

The Duchess of Newcastle has long been an enthusiastic sportswoman. Although she is best known as having introduced into this country the beautiful Russian wolf-hounds known as Borzois, she has long made a speciality of fox terriers, and has exhibited some charming dogs of this breed at leading shows. In old days former Duchesses of Newcastle took a special interest in spaniels, and all those concerned with such matters are familiar with the world-famed Clumber spaniels. But it remained for the wife of the present Duke to introduce a new breed into the Clumber kennels.

In this connection it may be stated that her Grace of Newcastle is not only an all-round sports-woman, but she has long kept her own pack of harriers, seventeen couples in all, and during the season she goes out constantly. So esteemed is the Duchess's knowledge of Borzois that at one of Cruft's great shows, when a judge telegraphed his inability to be present, the Duchess was asked whether she would kindly take his place. She accordingly did so, ruling the group of her own beautiful dogs out of court, as she felt that it would be quite impossible for her to adjudicate on exhibits sent in by herself.

Princess Victor Dhuleep Singh was before her marriage known to the world as Lady Anne Blanche Coventry. She was the youngest daughter of the Earl of Coventry, and is still on the right side of five-and-twenty. The Princess, like her husband, who

inherits his love of sport from his father, the late Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, is devoted to hunting. Although since her marriage it has constantly been her fate to entertain parties of the most notable sportsmen in the United Kingdom, for Prince Victor has long been the tenant of Hockwold Hall, Norfolk, she does not personally care much for shooting, although she is a very steady shot; but she is an enthusiastic angler, and has taken part in more than one deer-stalking expedition.



MRS. PLATT AND TWO
DEER TROPHIES WHICH
FELL TO HER GUN.

Archdeacon Tribe, of Lahore, a popular Indian clergyman, and she made the acquaintance of her future husband when Lord Herbrand Russell was A.D.C. to the then Viceroy, Lord Dufferin.

The Duchess uses a small gun, made especially for her, and she—unlike, it is whispered, many sportswomen—is eminently a safe shot. She does not care for the huge battues or game drives that are now all the fashion; she much prefers going out alone with her husband, accompanied by

DROWSY LAND



WITHIN the shade of piled
sheaves

The tired children lay,
Forgetful of the flowers and leaves
They gathered at their play.
And first they watch the cloud-boats
glide

Across the azure sky,
And hear the bees on ev'ry side
Low hum their lullaby.

Then ev'ry moving, buzzing thing
In summer sun that flies
Seems bent to lend its quiv'ring wing
To close unwilling eyes ;
The flowers send perfume sweet along,
On soft, warm winds they come,
All mingled with the reapers' song,
To help the drowsy hum.

The blue skies fade: each wheatsheaf
tall

In golden shimmer goes ;
The tired eyelids lightly fall
As petals from a rose.
To Fairyland they float away
On golden fairy stream,
And still the summer's lulling lay
Floats faintly through the dream.

ERNEST A. BAGNALL.



HODSONS BESTMAN

By
H.S. Goodwin

"HODSON LEFT HIS PROMISED WIFE ON
PADDINGTON PLATFORM."

A MILITARY INCIDENT.

Illustrated by W. B. Wollen, R.I.

THE Plymouth express was really doing her level best on her way to intercept the P. and O. boat outward bound for Kurachi and Bombay.

But it was much too slow for one of her passengers, and as much too fast for another who shared the carriage with him and helped to litter it with the multifarious articles which go to make up the kit of the British officer on foreign service.

Too slow for George Smyth, who longed to get the journey over and find himself back amongst the little brown Ghurkas his soul loved, and all the excitement of the Frontier Campaign.

Too fast, much too fast, for young Dick Hodson, his friend and fellow officer, who had just left his promised wife on Paddington platform, and whose generally cheery face now wore a look of the most settled melancholy.

"Cheer up, Dick!" Smyth said at last, throwing down his paper; "saying good-bye is a poor amusement, but we've all got to get through it sometimes. And I've only promised her six months at the outside to get the trousseau ready!"

Dick smiled mournfully. "Easy enough for you, 'old bachelor,'" he said, "but you simply don't know what good-bye means. Just wait till you're in my place!"

The elder man picked up his paper again with an odd little twisted smile. "Perhaps I don't, Dick," he said, and disappeared once more behind the *Times*.

But presently, when Dick was once more completely absorbed in a blind contemplation of the landscape, Smyth quietly brought out of his pocket a small gold locket carefully encased in washleather. For quite a long time he looked down at a bright girlish face which smiled at him from within. Then he closed the locket and put it softly to his lips—"I'll bring him back, dear," he whispered, "or stay out there myself."

He slid the locket back into its resting place, and walked across the carriage.

"Wake up, old boy!" he said, putting his hand on Dick's shoulder—"she'll be as proud as Punch of that D.S.O. which is waiting for you out there! And think how it will look in the papers—'On the so and so inst., at St. George's, Hanover Square,' or whatever sanctuary you may select for the honour, 'Captain Richard Hodson, D.S.O., to Margaret, only daughter,' etc., etc.!"

Hodson smiled. "Yes, and don't you forget another important item in the report—'Captain, or Major it will be then, George Smyth performed all the arduous duties of Best Man with his usual courtesy and elegance'—we're not going to have that left out, I can tell you, though I believe even now you're thinking how to get out of it!"

"Not for worlds, Dick! If I've to bring the Mad Mullah himself along at the end of a rope, I'm going to be on the spot to see you two fixed up."

"George?"

"Yes."

"What beats me is how you, who knew her ever since she was a girl, could help falling in love with her yourself?"

Smyth's bronzed face flushed slightly.

"Don't know, old man," he said at last, "but I think Nature cut me out for an old bachelor somehow. Hullo! here we are! Got your traps ready?"

* * *

Tang! Thud! and a bullet snipped through the side of the tent and into the pole foot.

"Confound it all!" came in a sleepy grumble from the darkness, "that's a bit too much!"

A camp bedstead creaked thankfully, and next moment a head was thrust out of the tent.

The Indian moon was nearly full, and the lines of the British camp stood out as clear as daylight in the hollow. All round it the black mountains rose like the sides of a huge chipped bowl. But just now the bowl's brim was twinkling with little sparks of fire which kept flashing out at odd intervals, causing grievous wrath and evil-speaking among the sleepless men. For each spark meant a wily sniper snugly lying under cover, with a civilised rifle at his shoulder, and the big white camp beneath him in the distance as a target which even an Afridi sharpshooter could hardly miss.

Tang! Another bullet sang by—overhead this time—and the flash which heralded it had sparkled from a spur of rock scarcely 800 yards away.

The watcher marked the spot. "We could cut that fellow off, anyhow!" he muttered as he dived back into the tent. "I wonder if Smyth's awake?"

In a couple of minutes he stepped out

into the moonlight, strapping a revolver round his waist, and hurried to a tent at the end of the line. He squeezed his head inside the flap and whistled softly.

"Who's there?" asked a gruff voice.

The visitor untied the fastenings at last and slipped inside. "It's I—Hodson," he



"THE SENTRY GRINNED AS THE TWO GAVE THE COUNTERSIGN, WHILE A BULLET SANG OVERHEAD."

said; "wake up—I've got a game on that will suit us nicely."

The owner of the tent sat up grumbling, and struck a match.

"Hullo, Dick," he said, sleepily; "what on earth is up?"

"That!" said Hodson, as another bullet

whistled through the air. "That fellow's down below the ridge making fancy shooting at eight hundred. He's right out by himself, and it's a lovely chance for a really neat bit of stalking. So just get into your boots and come along quick."

"Don't be a fool, Dick! Why can't you stay in bed and try to get some sleep?—you'll want it to-morrow. Besides, he won't hit anything!"

"Won't he, by Jove! He's just got the range, and put a shot bang into my tent. I'm going, anyhow. I've had about enough of him, and the men can't get any sleep with these brutes peppering away all night. So good-night, if you won't come."

Smyth saw his friend's figure blacken in the doorway. Then for one hateful instant temptation surged up hot within him to let him go—alone. There was danger, and he might not return. Then——

The moment passed. But it left the sweat standing on his forehead. He sprang up with a jerk.

"Dick!" he shouted, and hardly knew the voice for his own.

The steps returned, and Dick's head was thrust in again.

"Hullo!" he said; "I thought you'd want to come, after all. Good!"

"Well, wait a bit!" Smyth growled. "If you really won't leave the poor harmless beggar alone, I suppose I must come and look after you. My 'Best Man' duties beginning already," he muttered, struggling into his boots.

Presently the two men stole out of the tent, and stood for a moment in the shadow behind.

"Mark forward!" Dick chuckled flip-pantly, as another flash came from the spur. The bullet sang overhead. "He's lost his elevation, though!"

The sentry grinned as they gave the countersign.

"'Ope they'll nip the beggar," he said, as he watched them creeping cautiously across the open ground towards the cliffs. "'E's a precious sight too near the target, 'e is!"

Half an hour's breathless climb landed them panting, but comparatively intact, at the top of the spur.

"Where is he?" Hodson whispered. And the question was answered next moment by a shot which rang out almost at their very feet.

Hodson wriggled cautiously to the edge and peered over. Thirty feet below, and

apparently suspended over space, he made out the head and shoulders of a white figure lying flat on its stomach; the rest of the body was hidden by a bulge in the cliff face.

Presently, as they watched, the figure moved, and a well-oiled rifle-barrel glistened in the moonlight.

Smyth nodded, and Hodson's hand crept noiselessly to his belt, and then slowly, very slowly, his arm stretched downwards over the edge. This time the report which rang out was crisper than its predecessors, and punctuated with a short, choking grunt from below. The white form stiffened for an instant on its elbows, and then collapsed limply.

"No more pot-shots for you, my friend!" And Hodson turned—to find Smyth, with his back towards him, staring intently down the path they had just climbed.

"Look there!"

And Hodson looked. What he saw was not reassuring.

Two hundred yards away a score of dim figures were climbing like cats over the rocks towards them.

"Have they seen us?"

"No—I don't think so; but they heard your shot—and there's no cover here."

"Good God! look there!"

Further up, and taking a slanting course along the crest, were more moving specks. Their second line of retreat was cut off now. Smyth spun round again on his stomach to the cliff's edge.

"Just a chance," he muttered, half to himself, "if we can get there!"

They crawled along the edge, looking for the place where the man had gone down. They found it—a narrow crack in the cliff's face.

Somehow at last they reached a narrow, broken shelf beneath their feet.

They edged perilously along, Smyth first, until the ledge ended abruptly round a sudden corner in a narrow jutting platform. A white heap lay there, with brown arms sticking out stiffly over the edge. They crouched back against the overhanging rock. Smyth glanced upwards.

"They can't see us here if we keep back," he said; and then eyed the dead man curiously.

Suddenly he bent forward, and straddling over the body, lifted it slightly and unfastened a stiff cartridge box from the waistbelt. With this he quickly propped

up the heavy head, fixing the box under neck and chin. Then he bent the stiffening arms and fingers to hold the rifle again, ramming the butt home under the shoulder. When it was done, the dead man at their feet lay once more aiming straight out over the camp.

Suddenly they heard voices on the cliff above; and someone spoke angrily—"Fools and sons of fools! it is he then only, even as I said!" and then called down over the edge, "Good, O my son! what quarry for thy hunting little hawk?"

Smyth grasped the dead man's ankles and stirred the body slightly.

"A fair mark, my father," he answered, gruffly, in the same tongue, and waited, silent.

"Hast a dry throat from thy watching?" came the answer, slowly. Then another voice broke in excitedly, but no words reached them. Then a short pause.

Suddenly a small stone dropped past the dead man's head, and then another, better aimed, rattled on the barrel of the rifle.

"No go, after all," Smyth said, and with a quick thrust at the feet sent the body over the ledge. "More room now—how many rounds have you got?"

"Belt full," was the answer.

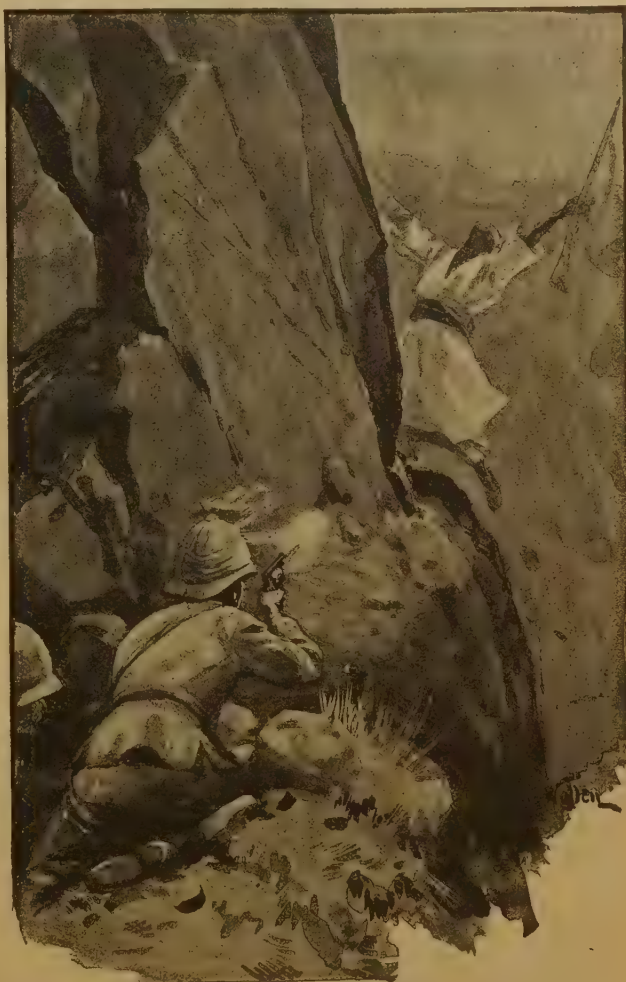
"Good! we'll hold them yet." Then he drew his revolver and fired six times quickly, signalling the sleeping camp.

The enemy gave no sign. But at last a soft sliding sound struck on the straining ears of the besieged.

Inch by inch a dark head edged forward round the corner. Then the white shoulders. But Hodson was watching. For a second a tall figure stood upright, clinging convulsively to the rock with clutching fingers,

and then fell headlong. A dull crash came up through the quivering air.

"They can come that way as often as they like," Hodson said, grimly, as the smoke cleared. "Hurrah! look there!" Lights were flashing to and fro in the camp. "We shall win through yet, George."



"FOR A SECOND A TALL FIGURE STOOD UPRIGHT, CLINGING CONVULSIVELY TO THE ROCK WITH CLUTCHING FINGERS, AND THEN FELL HEADLONG."

Smyth grasped the outstretched hand.

"Please God, old man!" he said—but on the words came a flash from the far cliff, and a bullet chipped off a bit of rock behind them. "No, Dick, we're done; they've got us safe after all!"

"Lie down!" Smyth said, sternly, as another bullet bit into the rock.

"Not I, old man," for there was no room for both to lie in the shadow.

Another shot came, and this time the aim was better. Hodson lurched forward.

a jagged wound low down in the right shoulder. Then he hurriedly made a rough pad of his handkerchief and pressed it over the wound, fastening his belt round tightly over it to keep the pad in place. Bullets spluttered on the rock around him, but

God gave him his two minutes. He laid Hodson down full length in the dark angle of the rock.

His left hand groped inside his tunic and pulled out a little gold locket fastened by a chain round his neck. "I shan't bring him back after all," he muttered; "but he'll—get back—all right—if they're only quick."

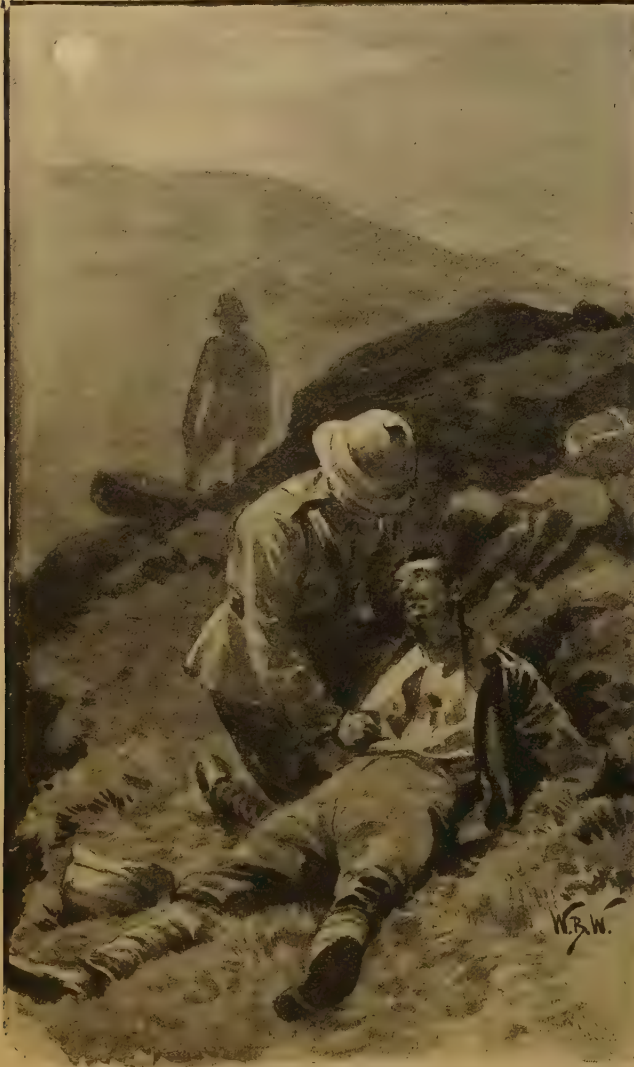
He pressed the locket to his lips for an instant tightly. Then a bullet took him full in the chest. He swayed a little, but still knelt up in front of Hodson's body, clinging dizzily to the rock with his left hand until he steadied himself. Then he unfastened the locket, and, sinking back, just thrust it into Dick's clenched hand. "Better there," he whispered, and tried to kneel up again; but another shot hit him, and then a third. He fell back just as a scattered volley rang out overhead.

"They've been quick," he gasped, "but—too late—for me." Then he nerved himself to a supreme effort, and shouting "Guides! Guides!" fell backwards on Hodson's body.

He just opened his eyes when the rescuers got them to the top. The officer who supported him was quick to answer the unspoken question—

"Hodson's safe," he said.

For a moment the glazing eyes brightened, and the ghost of a smile flitted across the drawn face. His lips moved. "Tell him—to get—someone else," came faintly. Then his head dropped forward. Hodson's "Best Man" had failed him after all.



"TELL HIM—TO—GET—SOMEONE ELSE," CAME FAINTLY FROM SMYTH'S LIPS."

"It's nothing," he said, faintly; "only the shoulder—I'm all right."

"Ah! that's better, old boy," said Smyth, as Hodson collapsed in a dead faint. "Now God grant me two minutes."

He thrust his hand inside Hodson's tunic, and felt the blood trickling fast from

OUR MONTHLY GALLERY
OF BEAUTIFUL AND INTERESTING PICTURES.



SWEET AND TWENTY.

W. & D. Downey, Edbury Street, 1 photo



By Permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., Bond Street, W.

OTHELLO AND DESDEMONA.

From the Painting by Carl Becker.

I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes I' the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery.



By Permission of the Autotype Co., London

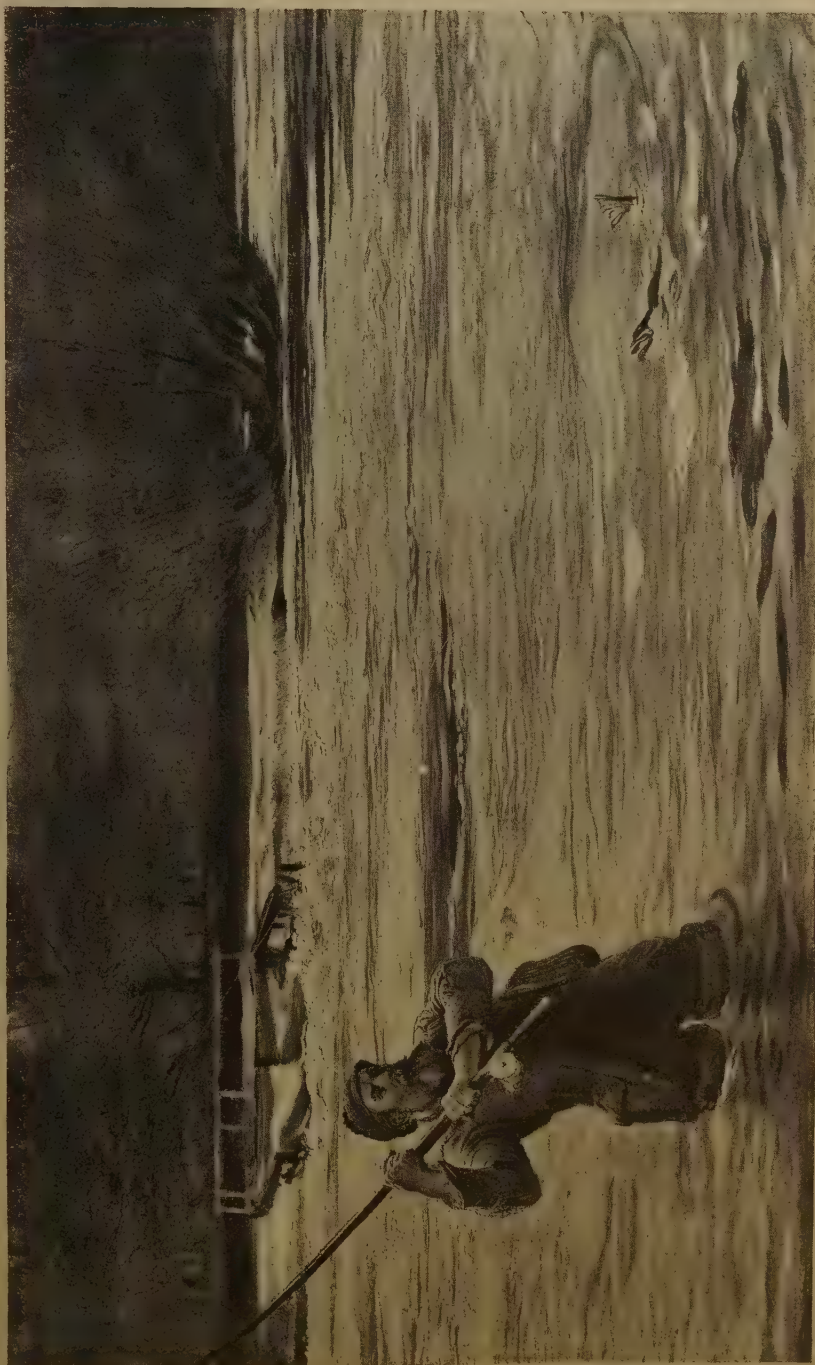
ROSAMUNDA.

From the Drawing by Henry Ryland.



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THE COLD SHOULDER.
From the Painting by Alfred W. Strutt.



THE LAST STRUGGLE.

From the Painting by F. S. Walker, R.H.A.

By permission of Messrs. S. Hildesheimer & Co., London and Manchester



THE BATTLE OF ABU KLEA.
From the Painting by W. B. Wollen, R.I.

By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., Bond Street, W.



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THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.
From the Painting by Henry M. Rheim, R.I.



THE GIRL QUEEN.

By permission of the Berlin Photograph Co., Bond St. E. W.

From the Painting by Mary L. Gow, R.I.

The announcement of her succession to the throne was made to the Princess Victoria in the early hours of the morning by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain. She entered the room where they were waiting in a loose white nightgown and shawl, her hair falling on her shoulders, and her feet in slippers.



From the Painting by Robert Sauber.



By Permission of the Autotype Co

VISITING DAY IN THE HÔSPITAL.

From the Painting by Geoffrey.



THE WAY OF THE WORLD

"Now that I have a sheep and a cow everyone bids me good morrow."

(old proverb)

I

Dolly and I were well to do
In the old days long ago,
Had ten sheep and a cow or two
Bought in the market-o.
Went to church in our Sunday best
With the neighbours there to see,
Knew our friends and forgot the rest
Hadn't a care not we;
And the World approved as it well might do
And showed us a smiling face
Because we had money it gave us a penny
To put in a locked up place.

III

But oh and alas, the years that came
Dolly and I fell low,
We and the world were there the same
But we learnt the difference-o.
Our sheep, you see, fell sick and died
The crops went wrong in Spring
And Moll the wife she took and cried
At losing everything.
The neighbours - they said pretty things
About the Battle o' Life
How man must toil and man must toil
And push his way through strife.
They saved their money, they stored their honey,
While we - we lost our bread.
"And so you must go without, without,"
The wise, kind, good world said.

II

Oh the little birds sang in the blackthorn bush
"Cheerier-weeke, how do you do?
Got a fine cow and a sheep or two
Shall we fly along with you?"
And pretty-faced cows looked up to think
Chewing, much as to say
"You're up in the world, you're up in the world,
Do you want any milk today?"





IV

And the little birds chirped in the sloe herry trees
 "Cheerier work - ah is that you?
 We think you will have to excuse us, please,
 We have such a lot to do."
 And the ugly-faced cows turned tail and fled
 "You're down in the world, moored they,
 'A pity you are, a pity you are
 But you did it yourself, good-day."

And that's the way of the world, lad,
 It smiles until you're down,
 Waits till you're low at the keel, lad,
 To give you an ugly frown.
 And Molly and I we knew it
 We had our peck o' strife
 When we dropped out our lynch pin
 On the rough high road of Life.
 So, hey for the way of the world, lad,
 But - lest you lose your bread
 Don't go the way of the world, lad,
 But the other way instead.

- Edith Brignall





THE SHIFTING DEN AT THE ZOO IN WHICH PAT, THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S LION, GOES FROM HIS PUBLIC TO HIS PRIVATE ROOM.

BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE ZOO.

HOW THE WILD BEASTS ARE MANAGED.

By W. J. WINTLE, F.Z.S.

EVERY visitor to London includes the Gardens of the Zoological Society amongst the sights that he must on no account miss.

So he betakes himself to Regent's Park, and there feasts his eyes upon birds, beasts, and reptiles from every part of the earth. In nine cases out of ten he also affords the keepers a vast amount of inward merriment by his extraordinary questions, and by his well-meant efforts to feed the animals. He learns with astonishment that the sea-lions care nothing for biscuits, and the indifference of the vultures to fruit is a source of keen disappointment to him.

He comments on the obvious fierceness of Pat, the Duke of Connaught's lion, and points out the zebras as "gentle creatures." As a matter of fact, the former is the best-tempered animal in the Gardens, and the latter are exceptionally savage. The mild-eyed gazelles and the graceful mountain sheep generally call forth the admiration of the visitor whom they would attack in a moment if they had the chance.

But nearly everyone who takes any interest in the inhabitants of the Zoological Gardens is anxious to know what goes on behind the scenes. How do the animals arrive? How are they got into their dens? How are they fed? Do they ever escape? What is



MICKY AND BIDDY, THE LITTLE CHIMPANZEES, WAITING TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE "HARMSWORTH MAGAZINE."

the Zoo like at night? These are only a few of the questions which are often put.

The object of the present article is to give a glimpse behind the scenes.

To begin at the beginning, the animals

the bag the occupant was seen to be a cobra of large size and evidently in a very bad temper. As he could easily have got out of the bag, it seemed almost a miracle that no accident had happened during the journey in the omnibus and underground railway.

The larger carnivora—lions, tigers, leopards, and the like—usually arrive in strong wooden boxes with bars at one end. As soon as a den is ready for the new comer, the box is placed against the door and the end cautiously removed. The animal is then coaxed into the den by an offer of food.

This process is capitally shown in the adjoining illustration. In this case it took seven-



THE ZEBRA'S
CARRIAGE ARRIVES
AT THE ZOO.

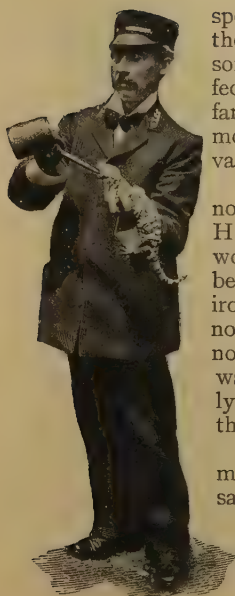
arrive at the Zoo in packing cases of various descriptions, hampers, casks, bags, and in receptacles of the most miscellaneous character. Sometimes a specimen will arrive in a cab, and occasionally the larger animals have walked from the docks when the streets were quiet in the early morning. A few weeks back

a fine boa arrived in a bird-cage! Some years ago a sailor called upon the well-known superintendent, Mr. A. D. Bartlett—whose son, Mr. Clarence Bartlett, now holds the post—with a snake in a ragged and wholly inadequate bag. On opening



UNPACKING A NEW ARRIVAL AT THE ZOO, AND GETTING IT INTO ITS DEN.

teen men to accomplish the removal. Sometimes, however, the business is not quite so simple. Early in the year a black leopard arrived at the gardens. Now the black leopard is merely a melanoid variety of the common leopard, black and spotted



MR. TYRRELL FEEDS THIS
VENOMOUS LIZARD, THE
HELODERM, THROUGH A
FUNNEL.

specimens occurring in the same litter. Yet, for some reason not yet perfectly understood, it is far more savage and morose than the spotted variety.

The new comer was no exception to the rule. He arrived in a massive wooden case, one end being occupied with thick iron bars. There was no door, the bars would not slide, and the case was too strongly made to take the end out.

Nothing remained but to saw away part of the wood-work surrounding the bars until some of them could be wrenched out of position.

This proved no easy task, for the claws of the inmate were actively engaged in feeling through the bars for the man with the saw, and the keepers had a lively time before they got his sable majesty transferred to his new abode.

It goes without saying that all the larger cats need careful handling, and a visit behind the scenes at the lion house reveals many points of interest. A long passage runs the length of the building, with iron doors on either side at frequent intervals. These open on one side into the open-air cages, and on the other into the small sleeping places at the back of the large dens where the animals display their points to the public.

Two large iron passages are mounted upon wheels, and are so arranged that when in position they connect the back of the dens with the outdoor cages. Through these the animals pass out of doors.

In the picture at the head of this article the Duke of Connaught's magnificent lion, Pat, is seen in his shifting den, while in another, on page 200, the keepers are about to turn out the pumas for a walk in the outdoor cages.

It will surprise most people to know that several of the beasts do not care to go out, and in some cases have never done so. Timidity seems to have entirely overcome the natural desire for freedom.

Owing to lack of exercise, it sometimes happens that the claws of the larger carnivora grow till they recurve into the pad of the foot. It then becomes necessary to cut them, and the operation is an exciting one.

The keepers watch their opportunity and slip a rope round the animal's neck. By this he is dragged up to the bars of his den. Then the battle begins.

The beast bites, scratches, and struggles furiously. One by one strong straps, arranged as nooses, are slipped over the paws until the exasperated animal is firmly secured. Then the claws are trimmed with a sharp pair of nippers.

During the operation the animal is apt to bite savagely at the iron bars, and in so doing may break his teeth. To obviate this risk, a stout piece of wood is held in front of his jaws in order that he may exercise his teeth upon it without injury. This is but one of many awkward tasks that fall to the lot of Mr. Bartlett, whose knowledge of the practical



THESE TWO SERPENTS
ARE ALSO FED ARTIFICIALLY
BY HAND.

management of wild animals is unrivalled. Sawing the horn of a rhinoceros, trimming the hoofs of a kicking zebra, extracting the broken tooth of a hippopotamus, and a host of other risky tasks have to be undertaken from time to time.

The only animals that are groomed are the elephants, who are well scrubbed



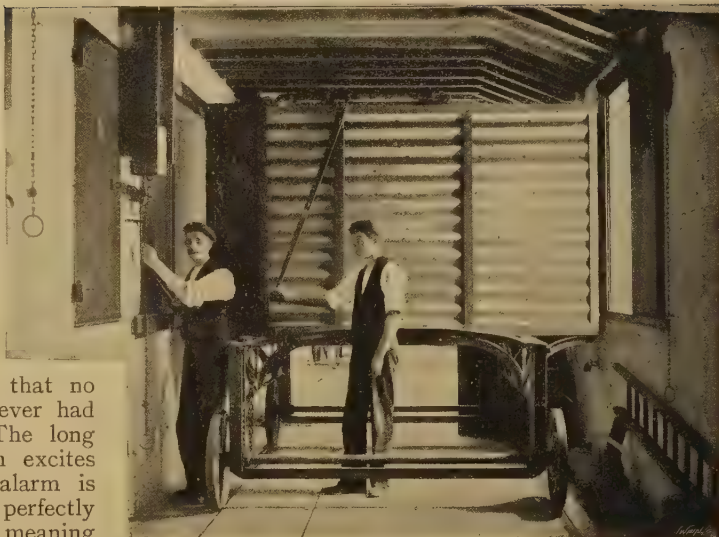
THE KEEPER OF THE
SNAKES WITH A HANDFUL
OF BABY ALLIGATORS.

with brooms every morning. In fine weather they also take a bath in the evening.

The reptile-house is generally regarded as one of the sensational features of the Gardens. "Look at the horrid creature's sting!" is a common remark from people who have yet to learn that no snake in existence ever had a sting at all. The long forked object which excites so much needless alarm is nothing more than a perfectly harmless and well-meaning tongue.

The fangs, which are the deadly weapons of the venomous species, are never seen in action by visitors, as the snakes are now fed privately—a very wise arrangement, as the sight is not a pleasant one by any means.

Most people know that under some circumstances poultry are fed by hand or crammed. But who would like the task of cramming a serpent?



A SIDE VIEW OF THE MOVABLE CAGE BY WHICH THE PUMAS ARE TAKEN FROM THE OUTDOOR CAGES TO THEIR SLEEPING PLACES.

Yet this is regularly done by Mr. Tyrrell, who has for many years been keeper of the snakes at the Zoo. It often happens that these reptiles obstinately refuse to eat, whether with a suicidal motive or not who shall say? Then the keeper takes the case in hand. The snake is seized by the neck, his mouth gently but firmly opened, a frog

or a lump of meat thrust in, and then the meal is poked down the reptilian throat by means of a stick.

After a little while the serpents take quite kindly to this treatment. The Plumbeous and Shapely snakes, which Mr. Tyrrell is holding in our illustration, are regularly fed in this curious fashion.

Another reptile that needs to be fed by hand is the Arizona Heloderm, which is, by the way, the only venomous lizard known to science. This charming (?) creature is fed with whipped eggs, and this is the method of administration: A long rubber funnel is pre-

s



TOM, THE LYNX, IS ON EXCELLENT TERMS WITH HIS KEEPER.

sented to the heloderm, who takes it in his mouth in the most comical fashion; in fact, he looks very much as if he were smoking a pipe and enjoying it. The beaten egg is then poured down the funnel, much to the satisfaction of the lizard.

This process is illustrated for the first time on page 199.

In the days when the snakes were fed in public some well-meaning but unwise people raised an outcry against the use of white mice and tame rats for the purpose. Accordingly wild ones were substituted, with the result that they gnawed through the wooden sides of the cages—this was in the days of the old reptile house—and some of the snakes escaped and caused considerable alarm. On one



DAISY, THE CHIMPANZEE, WILL ONLY FACE THE CAMERA IN THE COMPANY OF HER FRIEND, MR. MILLWARD.

memorable occasion the cobra was found to have escaped. The discovery was not made until evening, when it was too dark for a search, and great anxiety was felt by the superintendent and keepers. But a comic side to the case was presented by the extraordinary appearance of the night watchman who, on hearing that the cobra was out, promptly swathed his legs in hay bands as a protection against a possible bite. Next morning the snake was found behind some boxes in the reptile house.

Escapes take place occasionally, but they are rarely of a serious character. The adjoining illustration shows a number of keepers with nets, engaged in the pursuit of a Canadian fox. Early in last



A FOX-HUNT AT THE ZOO THE KNEELING KEEPER HAS JUST CAUGHT THE ESCAPED ANIMAL IN A NET.



SUFFA CULLI, THE LAST OF THE PRINCE OF WALES' ELEPHANTS,
PERFORMING HER TOILET.

spring the superintendent was aroused about 3 a.m. by two policemen, who reported that the black leopard was out, and had been seen going down the road. Mr. Bartlett admits that for the first time in his life he was seriously frightened. However, considerations of personal safety were at once brushed aside, and, accompanied by two of his sons armed with rifles, he promptly started in pursuit of "Satan."

A long and anxious hunt in the dark in Regent's Park resulted in nothing, and at last the party returned to the Gardens to wait for daylight. The superintendent found his house barricaded by the

inmates, and the head keeper on guard outside with a gun.

So he made his way to the lion house to see the extent of the mischief, and there lay the black leopard quietly sleeping in its den! The too imaginative policemen had mistaken a large dog for a more formidable beast!

Some years ago a polar bear escaped and gave great trouble, and on one occasion a hippopotamus got out. But at no time has an escape involved visitors to the Gardens or residents in the neighbourhood in any danger.

It will be obvious that the bill of fare for the 2,600 specimens in the Zoological Gardens is a heavy one. Last year the lions and other carnivora consumed 241 horses, 212 goats, 9,450 fowl-heads, and 37,688 pounds of fish. Four hundred and sixty-six loads of hay, straw, and clover, and 632 quarters of corn, bran, peas, etc., went to feed the elephants and other

vegetarians. To these we must add 5,466 bunches of greens, 3,444 bunches of carrots, 3,312 bunches of cress, 78½ cwt. of potatoes, 270 dozen cabbages, and 390 score of lettuces.



DR. JIM, THE YOUNG INDIAN ELEPHANT, TAKES KINDLY TO HIS BATH.

The monkeys and other lovers of fruit and nuts disposed of 1,387 dozen bananas, 1,530 pounds of dates, 5,050 oranges, 944 pounds of grapes, 45 cwt. of monkey-nuts, and 27 pecks of other nuts.

Amongst other items we may mention 27,800 eggs, 6,299 quartern loaves of bread, 5,027 quarts of milk, and 54 pots of Liebig's extract of meat.

From six till nine every morning the staff at the Zoological Gardens, numbering about a hundred, are busily at work before visitors are admitted. It is during these early morning hours that new arrivals are placed in their dens, and removals and other operations performed, when all is quiet. From nine till sunset—especially



THE APTERYX, THOUGH A STRICTLY NOCTURNAL BIRD, FACES THE CAMERA TO OBLIGE OUR READERS



A FINE OPEN COUNTENANCE IS DISPLAYED BY THE HIPPOPOTAMUS AT THE SIGHT OF A HANDFUL OF HAY.

in summer—the grounds are gay with crowds of sightseers.

The chimpanzees whose portraits are given on the first page of this article are always centres of attraction to old and young alike.

But there are many interesting specimens which cannot, as a rule, be shown to visitors. The strictly nocturnal animals sleep throughout the day, and it is not good for their health that they should be disturbed.

One of the most curious specimens recently procured by the Zoological

Society was an echidna, an Australian animal, bearing spines something like a porcupine, and a kind of beak somewhat resembling that of a bird. It is one of the only two known animals that lay eggs. It only lived in the Gardens a short time, and was never on view. Our illustration is from a photograph taken under difficulties.



THE ECHIDNA, AN AUSTRALIAN ANIMAL THAT LAYS EGGS, WAS VERY RARELY SEEN BY VISITORS TO THE ZOO.

THE INDIGNANT MAIDEN.



*kiss my hand!
It's most unkind.
The stupid man,
To kiss my hand
When he knows that - he - can -
Well, never mind! -
To kiss my hand -
It's most unkind!*

Geo W Thompson



THE STRANGE STORY OF
MRS. USHER.

By JOHN C. WINDER.

Illustrated by Ernest Prater.

FOR some time after Barbara and I came to Riverside Lodge, the bliss of our early married life was marred by the lack of something which ought to be of no importance whatever to well-regulated newly-married couples—good cooking.

We both admitted, with a sigh, that ill-cooked meals were depressing, and that cold mutton was enough to overshadow the most cerulean sky. Barbara herself, dear girl, was a wretched cook—she never denied that; but I never intended her to cook when I married her.

I have read many jokes on the subject of references made by young husbands to the dinners prepared by their mothers, but I never recollected my mother cooking anything at all, so I could not throw that in Bab's teeth even if I had wanted to.

No, the fact is that cooks, like poets, are born, and not made, and up to the time of which I write we had only succeeded in annexing made specimens.

But that was before the advent of Mrs. Usher.

I shall never forget the first dinner provided at Riverside Lodge by that immortal

woman. Coming home tired out after a busy day in the city—a day of east wind, sleet, and other disagreeables—I found Barbara looking vastly well in a new gown, and smiling as I had seldom seen her smile since servants first began to blight her young life. I will not attempt to describe the dinner—it was one succession of joyful surprises. When it was over I shook hands with myself and Barbara—I also kissed her.

"Bab," I said, "if this epicurean banquet has been prepared in our kitchen, we are a made man and woman."

"Well, it has," she replied; "but, oh! Robert, you ought to see her."

"My dear," said I, "I forgive her faults before I know them."

"Oh, as to that," said Bab, "she seems a decent, respectable person—too awfully respectable for anything. It's her appearance that is so extraordinary. I did not get her at a registry office. She applied personally and had such a good character from her last place that I really could not help trying her."

"Where was her last place?" I asked.

"She was housekeeper and cook combined to an old lady in Shropshire who has given up her house and gone to live with some relatives. Robert, she is a vision. As tall as you and much heavier, I'm sure. I really don't know what to call her. Her name is Betsy Usher, but Betsy sounds so familiar, and I simply daren't call

her Usher. I'm afraid it will have to be Mrs. Usher."

"Well, let it be Mrs. Usher by all means. A woman who can cook like that is worthy of respect—deep respect."

When I did see this renowned acquisition to our household I was certainly struck with her appearance. She was a mixture of Mrs. Jarley and a dowager duchess. Very tall and stout, with quantities of grey curls which were disposed in bunches over her ears, her head was surmounted by a cap which would certainly have been admired in the last century. Her dress was invariably dark purple, and fell about her in ample and majestic folds. Her language was propriety itself, and her voice deep and not unpleasant to listen to.

"There is one thing we shall be able to do at last," said my wife one day when we were discussing Mrs. Usher's attractions—and I knew what was coming.

"Well?"

"Ask the Beavours to dinner."

"I knew you were going to say that," I remarked; "I have been partly dreading it ever since Mrs. Usher came."

"I can't think why you dislike them so; they are very nice people."

"Oh, very. I am such a sinner that I hate them for being so nice—they are the typical elect."

"I suppose that is a smart thing to say. Anyhow, I'm going to make them typical of my success as a hostess; if Mrs. Beavour finds no fault here I need never blush again when dinner parties are mentioned."

"I don't see why you ever did blush—nobody's table ever looks prettier than yours."

"Prettier!" echoed Bab, with a tragic air; "I don't know what Dead Sea apples are really like, but at most of the dinners we've given I have felt as if the dishes held nothing else."

I always detested the Beavours. Mr. Beavour is a wealthy individual who, while he overpowers people with his pompous manner, leaves most of them convinced that he is not much better than a fool. His wife makes up for him, however, for a more designing, clever woman never charmed birds off trees—or titles into her drawing-room.

Barbara will, no doubt, think that I say this because Mr. Beavour is a big handsome man and I am not, and also because Mrs. Beavour occasionally snubs me. Let

her—I don't see why I should run her errands in order to obtain her smiles; and I'm pretty well sure her smiles will not be bestowed upon me on any other conditions. I haven't money enough to get them given.

Of course Bab had her own way. The Beavours were invited, and only the Beavours. We were not going to spoil the effect by asking a herd of people who would not have known a good dinner from a bad one.

"Take my word for it," said I, "you are making a mistake in asking these people."

"Not at all," said Bab; "leave this to me. If you had your way you would ask nothing but bachelors to the house, and then you would go to the dogs. Mrs. Usher and I are going to astonish the natives with this feast."

Her excitement became contagious.

"Give Mrs. Usher a free hand," I said, "and hang the expense. Let's have it so that Beavour will say, 'Eat Fred Gray's dinners and die.'"

Whereupon Barbara laughed—she always does see things the wrong way.

Well, the dinner party was a success. I never sat down to a more elegant spread, and if I had been a guest I could not have enjoyed myself better. Beavour was surprised, and beamed with satisfaction. (I saw first thing that he had come against his will.) Mrs. Beavour was surprised too, I know, but she did not smile much. No, she was thinking how she could steal Mrs. Usher from us.

Everything passed off perfectly. Bab was in the seventh heaven of delight, and I felt as if I should like to give Mrs. Usher a present. I am sorry to say that although I have an uncommonly pretty wife, as respectable a house as most of my neighbours, and a tolerable position in society, this was the first occasion on which I believe I really aroused envy in the breasts of my fellow men. What poor creatures we are, after all!

As I went gaily upstairs to bed that night, I thought I detected a smell of something burning. I went downstairs again and examined the rooms—all was in darkness, and everything seemed right. I went up again: the smell was stronger than ever. I told Bab about it, and she came out on the landing and sniffed about. Presently she tip-toed to Mrs. Usher's bedroom door and stood still for a moment.

"It's all right," she said, laughing; "Susan says that Mrs. Usher smokes some

sort of cigarettes before she goes to bed, on account of her breathing. She can't sleep without them."

"Cigarettes?" I queried. I had recognised the odour now—twist.

I gave Bab to understand that cigarettes made of twist tobacco were unusual, and that in all probability Mrs. Usher was smoking a pipe.

She was horrified, but for my part I have no objection to ladies smoking if they like it—especially old ladies. Only I thought it might be as well if Mrs. Usher were told that although she would be perfectly welcome to smoke in the kitchen, I would prefer the bedrooms kept free from the smell of stale tobacco.

"Certainly," said Bab; "will you tell her?"

"No, my dear," I replied, "she might be offended. It is your place to talk to the servants, you know."

"Oh, then Mrs. Usher will continue to smoke in her bedroom. She evidently told Susan that tale about her breathing to put me off the real scent."

"Real scent indeed!" I murmured; I could smell it as I went to sleep.

The next surprise that Mrs. Usher gave us was when Briggs, the florid and ponderous guardian of suburban peace, fell a victim to her charms. Briggs—the heavily obsequious, the slow, the unimpressible—was overcome by the odours of our kitchen, and triumphantly led by silken bonds and cold chicken to the glorious Usher's feet.

I myself discovered this idyllic amour. Having brought home a young dog one day, and finding that he grew too obstre-

perous in the house, I resolved to put him in the yard; and as I had no desire to play the part of low comedian in front of my neighbours' windows while dragging him round to the yard door, I ventured into Mrs. Usher's stronghold with a view to ejecting Towser by way of the kitchen.

I found the fair widow enthroned in an armchair by the fire, dressed in the usual purple and fine linen, and knitting. Opposite to her, with a plate on his knees, sat the valiant Briggs. Both rose as I entered,



"I NEVER SAT DOWN TO A MORE ELEGANT SPREAD."

Briggs in some confusion, and Mrs. Usher perfectly calm and collected.

"Good-day, Briggs," I said, affably; "I did not know that you were on visiting terms here."

"Sir," answered the lady, before Briggs could say anything, "to prevent any misunderstandings with regards to persons visiting me in my kitchen, I might inform you as me and Mr. Briggs are cousins."

I said nothing, but would have tried to appear pleased and interested had not Towser made further conversation quite

impossible. Briggs helped me to put him in the yard, and I then left the romantic pair to resume their interrupted *tête-à-tête*. Barbara did not like the idea of Briggs making himself at home in the kitchen—she said it was not proper.

"Not proper!" I said; "anything is proper at Mrs. Usher's age. Besides, Briggs is a highly respectable widower. Don't let us nip a charming romance in the bud by being too squeamish. After all, he is her cousin."

"Rubbish," said Bab, "they are all cousins. I don't like Susan to see such goings on."

"Depend upon it Susan won't see them," I said; "Mrs. Usher will take care of that. This is Susan's afternoon out, isn't it?"

Barbara admitted that it was, but would on no account give me any praise for my astuteness. I began to fear that she was beginning to doubt Mrs. Usher, and I saw that such doubts would never do. Anything so calamitous as a return to our cold mutton days must be avoided at any cost compatible with an escape from actual scandal. I was resolved to tolerate Briggs—yes, more than one Briggs for that matter. If an abundance of Briggses made our august cook's life more agreeable, then Briggses she should have.

Barbara was utterly shocked at me. "I never thought you could get so infatuated with mere eating," she scornfully remarked, "and if I catch more than the usual Briggs in the kitchen, Mrs. Usher shall go, cousins or no cousins. Yes, even if cold mutton be our only diet until death do us part."

But to Mrs. Usher's honour be it here recorded, we never found in the kitchen any other than the one and only Briggs.

Well, the dinner-party having been Barbara's domestic triumph, I now determined to have mine. Dobbs should come out for the evening.

Now, Dobbs is a most rare fellow. His society is sought after everywhere. He has travelled; he can talk; he can tell tales; he can play the banjo; and he can eat.

Perhaps it may sound as though Dobbs were vulgarly fond of eating. Be it understood that there is nothing at all vulgar about Dobbs. With him, eating is a fine art, and, seated at a dinner which he is thoroughly enjoying, no one could help admiring him. Indeed, I have heard one person of fine feeling who saw him at a

select banquet, given by a millionaire who could easily have put Lucullus to the blush, describe him as a living poem. I gave Mrs. Usher the hint to put her best foot foremost, and, without a tremor, I casually invited Dobbs to dine with me *en famille*, and make me immortal by his approbation.

To my surprise, Dobbs accepted the invitation without demur. At first I could not quite grasp the full meaning of his ready acquiescence, but afterwards I remembered that he was in the way of coming across Mr. Beavours pretty frequently.

It is true that I spent a great deal more money on the wine than I ought to have done, but I was determined that Dobbs should be impressed, and flung caution to the winds. Dobbs was impressed.

"Gray, old man," he said, with tears in his eyes, as we sat over our cigars, "I congratulate you. How do you manage it?"

In a few words I told him the story of Mrs. Usher.

"She is an artist—a true artist," he said. "Stick to her. I only know of one other person who could achieve such creations as these, and he was the *chef* at Gaster's. You have heard of Gaster, of course? I once dined at his mansion in New York, and although the arrangements were more elaborate, the dishes were not one bit more *recherché* than yours. Unfortunately the *chef* disappeared shortly afterwards with a tolerable fortune in the form of Mr. Gaster's jewels, and has not been heard of since. Why, your Mrs. Usher could get any salary she asked for at a place like that."

"Possibly," I replied; "but Mrs. Usher says she likes a quiet home. She is a very old-fashioned person, and she and Barbara get on very well together."

"Well," said Dobbs, "if ever she wants a place, just refer her to me, will you?"

"Thanks," said I, "but I hope we shall not have to part with her yet awhile."

But the parting hour was nearer than I thought.

That very same night I awoke about twelve o'clock, and could not get to sleep again, however I tried. As I lay with my eyes wide open, gazing at the dim outline of the bedroom window, I noticed that the blind was blowing out into the room.

"The window is too wide open," I thought; "that is why I can't sleep. Con-

found the thing, I shall have to get up and shut it!"

I got up very quietly, so as not to disturb Barbara, and just as I was going to pull up the blind I heard a low, prolonged whistle under the window. I hesitated, and listened. Then I heard the window of the next room being cautiously raised. It was Mrs. Usher's room.

"Aha!" I thought. "Briggs again."

Presently I heard a hoarse voice say, in a low tone, "Are you there, Sloser?"

Sloser, indeed! A pretty endearing name for a lady!

"Yes," came the answer from Mrs. Usher's window, "and dashed well tired of this lay, too. Can't you manage it yet?"

Oh! Mrs. Usher!

"Yes, chuck 'em down. I'm at the 'Wheatsheaf,' and you've to join me there to-morrow."

"What, in this rig?"

"Yes, you can change there into some of my togs. Look sharp; pitch 'em out."

"No fear. I'll bring 'em with me in the morning."

"Won't do. The old man wants 'em now, and has the dubs ready. Don't be a fool."

"Fool yerself. I'll not part till I sees 'em. I knows you too well."

Then came a flow of whispered "language" which is not going to be written here. Mrs. Usher's window was lowered softly, and I heard stealthy footsteps, as of someone going quickly down the garden. When I turned from the window I found Barbara sitting up in bed.

"Ssh!" I said. "Don't make a sound."

"What is it?" she whispered.

"It's Mrs. Usher," I replied. "She's a man."

"Oh-h-h!"

I began to dress with as little noise as possible.

"Now," I said, "I'm going to the police-station, and when I am gone you must lock the door of this room, and not open it till I come back."

"All right," whispered Bab. "I'm not frightened."

I flatter myself that I got out of the house as quietly and with as much dexterity as a trained burglar. I went out by the back door, and was glad the dog was not in the yard. The poor pup had been poisoned two days previously, and I blamed a spiteful neighbour at the time. Now I had suspicions of someone much nearer home.

Fortunately the police-station was not more than ten minutes' run from the house, and I soon arrived there, breathless



"'I MIGHT INFORM YOU,' SAID MRS. USHER, 'AS ME AND MR. BRIGGS IS COUSINGS.'"

and panting. I found two policemen sitting in front of a big fire. One was Briggs. I hurriedly told them what was the matter, and I must say that Briggs showed more alacrity than I might have expected under such trying circumstances.

"Who ever would a' thought it?" he asked, as we hurried homewards. "I always did think as there was a something peccoliar about that there woman. That was why I kep' my heye on 'er."

I did not say anything about the other heye he had kept on the pantry, but I

felt even at that moment that my views of human nature were widening: Everything was quiet when we reached the house. I let in the two policemen, and we noiselessly crept upstairs. Barbara opened the bedroom door when I tapped softly, and came out in her dressing-gown and slippers, holding an old revolver in her hand—unloaded, of course. Putting her finger to

She struggled violently at first, and her head-dress came off, revealing a crop of short black hair; but as soon as they got the handcuffs on her wrists she stood stolidly, leaning against the wall.

Briggs contemplated her for a moment or two in silence; then he said, "Well, I'm blest if we ain't caught the Yankee Pelican at last. Now then, sir—or mum, whichever you are—come on 'ere; the more row you makes the more yer'll get knocked about; and just you remember as every word yer utters will be used as evidence against yer."

"Stow it," said Mrs. Usher; "I'll come."

Most of the missing Gaster jewels were found in Mrs. Usher's box, and some of them on her person; and for some time I had the honour of being pointed out as the man who not only for a short time rejoiced in the proprietorship of one of the finest cooks in the universe, but who also harboured, un-



"BRIGGS AND HIS COMPANION HAD MRS. USHER BY THE ARMS IN A MOMENT, AND PLACED HANDCUFFS ON HER WRISTS."

her lips, she went softly to Mrs. Usher's door and knocked.

"Are you awake, Mrs. Usher?" says she. "Please open the door, I'm sure I can smell something burning."

"A moment, madam," answered the well-known voice; and in a remarkably short space of time Mrs. Usher, austere, in cap and curls, stood before us. Briggs and his companion had her by the arms in a moment, and a more astonished woman I have seldom seen.

known to himself, one of its most celebrated thieves. The man who professed to be at the "Wheatsheaf" was never discovered, although searched after above and below.

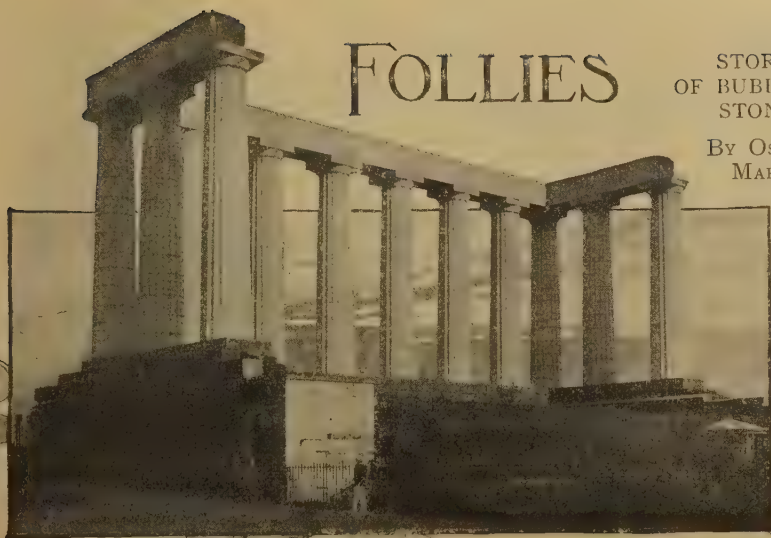
Shortly after this exciting time, Barbara came in beaming one afternoon, and asked me to guess where she had been. Of course I guessed wrong every time.

"Well," said she "I've been to the cooking class."

FOLLIES

STORIES
OF BUBBLES IN
STONE.

By OSWALD
MARVIN.



Valentine, Photo

THIS BUILDING WAS COMMENCED TO CELEBRATE WELLINGTON'S VICTORIES. IT STANDS IN EDINBURGH, BUT WAS NEVER FINISHED.

FOOLISH act is not always termed a folly, or there would not be anything unique about this article.

The world, however, is very charitable, and the man who shows by his deeds that he lacks wisdom



is politely designated "eccentric," and thus "Follies" are, comparatively speaking, very rare. Many things, however, have been done which it is difficult to ascribe to eccentricity, and in these cases men have been bold enough to call them "Follies."

Take for example "Scotland's Folly," which to-day stands on Calton Hill, Edinburgh. In 1816 it was decided to commemorate Wellington's victory over Napoleon at Waterloo by a monumental church, the cost of which was to be at least £60,000. The idea in itself was by no means a foolish one, but the sum to be



HASSALL CHURCH WAS BUILT WHEN THE QUEEN CAME TO THE THRONE, BUT HAS NEVER BEEN COMPLETED OR USED.

raised and the grandeur of the proposed memorial were impossible of attainment.

It appears that rather less than £17,000 was promised, and of this sum only a little over £9,000 was actually paid. The building was not begun until some few years after it was projected, and then it was decided to erect simply a model of the Parthenon, instead of a building with religious associations. The twelve pillars shown in our illustration cost over £8,000.

Cheshire has its "Folly" in the little village of Hassall in the shape of a church that was never finished. There was no place of worship in the vicinity, and the owner of Hassall Hall, a Mr. Lowndes, promised to remedy the defect. Operations were commenced in the year 1836, the top of a little hill being selected for the



Valentin, Photo

JOHN KNILL BUILT THIS MAUSOLEUM FOR HIS OWN REMAINS, BUT HE WAS NOT BURIED WITHIN IT.

considerable progress was made, and when the Queen ascended the throne the fol-

lowing year it was almost complete. On Coronation

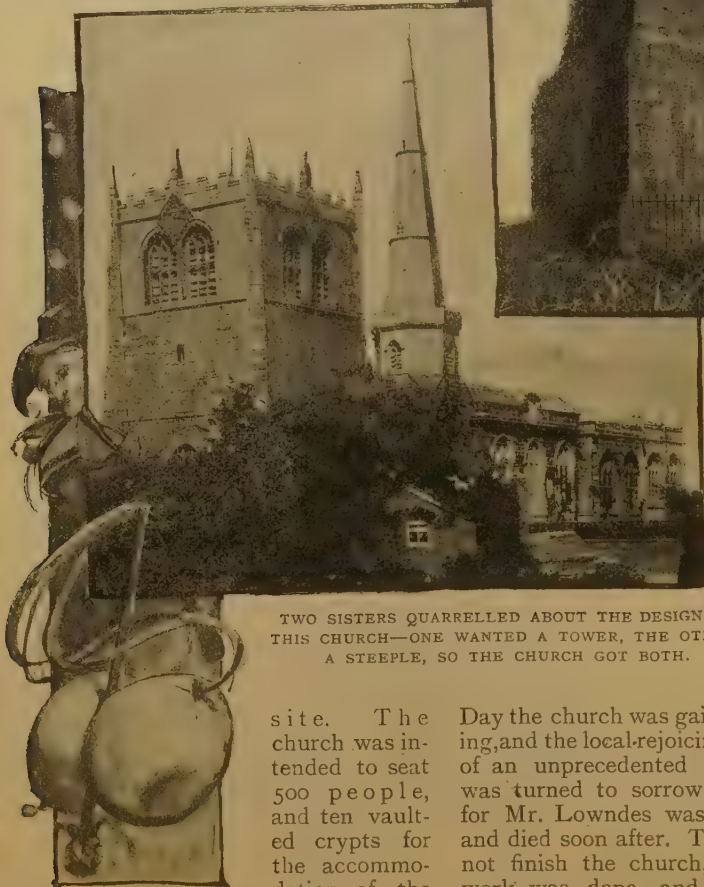
TWO SISTERS QUARRELLED ABOUT THE DESIGN OF THIS CHURCH—ONE WANTED A TOWER, THE OTHER A STEEPLE, SO THE CHURCH GOT BOTH.

site. The church was intended to seat 500 people, and ten vaulted crypts for the accommodation of the

dead were built below the church.

The illustration shows plainly that some

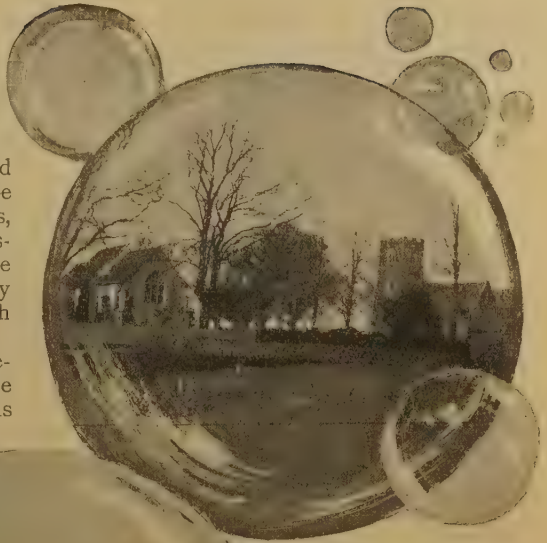
Day the church was gaily decked with bunting, and the local-rejoicings at the event were of an unprecedented character. But joy was turned to sorrow the very next day, for Mr. Lowndes was taken seriously ill and died soon after. The new squire would not finish the church, not another day's work was done, and the structure has been used by the boys of the neighbourhood for the last fifty years as an ideal



place for the carving of their names and addresses.

Knill's monument at St. Ives, in Cornwall, is not openly called a "Folly." John Knill was a good friend to the townspeople, and left certain property for their benefit, and amongst other bequests directed that every five years £10 should be spent in a dinner, and that ten girls, dressed in white, should walk in procession with music from the market-house to his monument, around which they should dance, singing the hundredth psalm.

But still Knill's monument is frequently called a Folly, because the mausoleum erected by Knill in his lifetime for the repose of his remains at his death was never used. After it was built he changed his mind and bequeathed his body to a London anatomist for dissection, who



THE RECTOR'S SISTER
WOULD COME LATE TO
CHURCH, AND AS THE REC-
TOR GRUMBLED, THE SISTER
BUILT A CHURCH FOR HER-
SELF IN THE SAME CHURCH-
YARD.



THE HOUSE ON THE HILL
WAS BUILT TO PROTECT ITS
OWNER FROM THE BITE OF
S E R-
PENTS,
BUT IT
FAILED TO
DO SO.

Taylor, Bristol, Photo

afterwards had it buried in St. Andrew's Church, Holborn. The "Folly" is a prominent landmark, and is built of granite ashlar.

Most people have a good laugh when they see Ormskirk Church—the Sisters' Folly—for the first time, and they wonder at the taste of the architect in putting a spire and tower on the church in such a strange manner. But the folly is ascribed to the two daughters of Orme—a famous pirate—



OBAN'S HYDROPATHIC FOLLY—
£61,000 WERE WASTED, AS IT WAS NOT
COMPLETED.

who wished to keep their memories green by erecting a church.

They disagreed over the design of the church which they decided to build. To quote the old legend:—

"Sister," said one, "it's my desire
The church should have a tapering spire,
 To point to realms where sin's forgiven,
 And lead men's thoughts from earth to heaven."

The other sister, however, took her place
 on the opposition bench:—

The other said, "*I like a tower,*
 It speaks of strength, of might, of power—
 An emblem of the Church's strength
 To overcome the world at length;
 To show that 'gainst the Church, though frail,
 The gates of hell shall not prevail."

The outcome of
 their difference was
 that they made



and the new church was built near the old one. Eventually the parish was divided, and some of the villagers go to Willingale-Doe church and the others to the church at Willingale-Spain, so that the lady's act of "Folly" has been turned to good account.

"Cook's Folly" is situated on a hill near Clifton. It was put up about two hundred years ago by the man from whom it obtains its name. The builder, it appears, had a dream that he would die from the bite of a serpent, and,

Burnand, Poole, Photo



CAPTAIN SIMPSON BUILT HIS HOUSE
 ON THE SAND. THE GOVERNMENT
 BLEW IT UP ULTIMATELY.

Orme's Church—or Orme's Kirk—unique among churches by erecting both a square massive tower, and a graceful tapering spire.

At Willingale, a village near Dunmow, there are to be seen two churches in one churchyard. One of these was built by a former rector who had a sister who was always a constant source of annoyance to him, inasmuch as, despite protests, she insisted upon arriving at church after service had commenced.

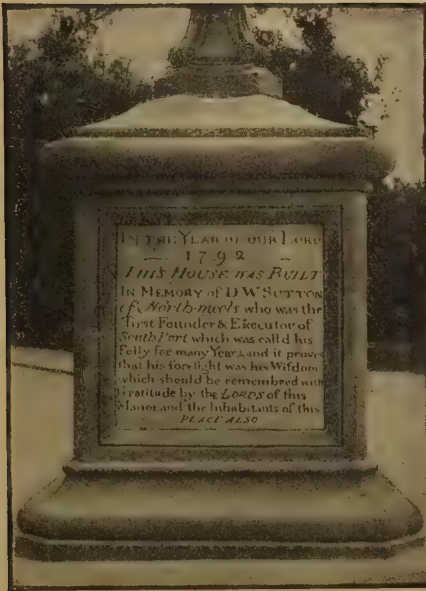
One day the rector remonstrated more than usual, with the result that the lady took the lecture on her evil example in bad part, and angrily exclaimed, "If I cannot come to church at what time I like I will build a church of my own." She did so,



FOR SEVERAL YEARS A LICENCE WAS REFUSED FOR
 THIS PUBLIC HOUSE—"ASHBURNHAM FOLLY." EVEN-
 TUALY IT BECAME A CHURCH INSTITUTE.

being of a superstitious turn of mind, he was afraid that unless he adopted measures of precaution his vision would be fulfilled.

After due consideration, he decided to try and circumvent fate by building the tower shown in our illustration; and when



A MEMORIAL OF SUTTON'S FOLLY IN SOUTHPORT.

it was completed he was convinced that by remaining in his novel home he would be able to shield himself from the fate which threatened him. One night, however, some faggots were brought in for his fire, and in some unexplained manner the reptile secreted itself, and Cook lost his life according to his dream. Whether the story is a true one or not is a matter for surmise, but it certainly gave "Cook's Folly" its peculiar and appropriate name.

Scotland possesses a second folly at Oban, and, as it is the most conspicuous building in the town, it is almost impossible for visitors to miss seeing it, and hearing its wonderful history. Like "Scotland's Folly," it is a building that was never finished, although the original scheme was a bold one.

The structure was to have been a colossal hydropathic establishment, standing 182 feet above the level of the sea. The work was commenced in

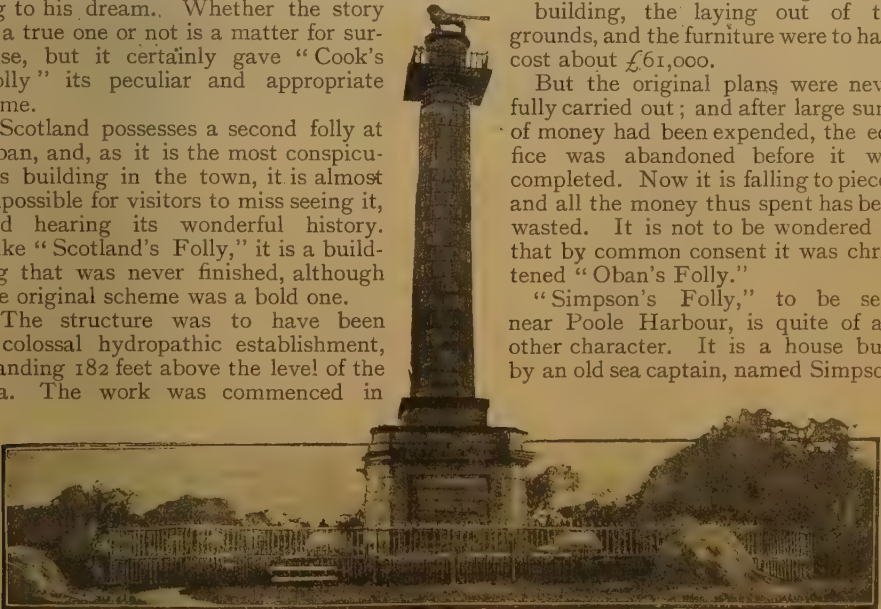


THIS LAMP-POST MARKS THE SITE OF THE FIRST HOUSE BUILT IN SOUTHPORT.

1880, and the estimates which were prepared showed that altogether the building, the laying out of the grounds, and the furniture were to have cost about £61,000.

But the original plans were never fully carried out; and after large sums of money had been expended, the edifice was abandoned before it was completed. Now it is falling to pieces, and all the money thus spent has been wasted. It is not to be wondered at that by common consent it was christened "Oban's Folly."

"Simpson's Folly," to be seen near Poole Harbour, is quite of another character. It is a house built by an old sea captain, named Simpson,



THE FARMERS' FOLLY, ERECTED IN MEMORY OF THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

without the consent of the owner of the land or the Highway Commissioners. The captain was anxious to live as near the sea as possible, but, as he defied "the powers that be," he was never able to reside in the house, notwithstanding the fact that it was finished.

The old captain meant to make his house as firm as possible, and capable of withstanding the inroads of the sea. Concrete was the chief substance used, and the walls, which were several feet thick, were belted together with iron. The owner even invented a device by means of which the sea could be carried away from the front of the house when it was rougher than usual. In spite, however, of all precautions the sea won the victory and undermined the whole structure, portions of which were eventually blown up by the Government authorities.

London has a curious "Folly" at Chelsea. Some twelve years ago a firm of brewers erected a public house which they called

the "Ashburnham Arms," but their speculation was a disastrous one, for year after year they could not obtain a licence for it when the building was ready.

The annual contest caused much local amusement, and the "Ashburnham Folly" was the butt of all Chelsea jokers. But the greatest surprise of all was the sale of the building—when all hope of obtaining a licence was abandoned—to a section of the opposition who had been its worst antagonists, and who have since converted it into a church institute in connection with the church of St. John, West Chelsea.

The "Duke's Folly" at Southport is known to most Lancashire people; however, it was by no means a "Folly."

When a man named Sutton conceived the possibility of a dreary wilderness of sand hills becoming a popular resort, he was well laughed at, and the public-house which he put up was nicknamed the "Duke's Folly," owing to the fact that Sutton was known as the "Old Duke." After a time other houses were built, and when the place became a town, Sutton's foresight was highly praised.

Some time ago the "Folly" was pulled down, but the memorial, surmounted by a lamp, shown on the previous page, was erected in its honour.

The "Farmers' Folly," near Alnwick, is familiar to all Northumbrians. When Hugh, the second Duke of Northumberland, died, the tenantry on the estate wished to show their ap-

preciation of his kindnesses, and accordingly the column shown in our illustration with a "Northumbrian" lion on its summit was erected.

It was immediately named the "Farmers' Folly,"

because local sentiment thought the character of the memorial rather absurd, and out of keeping with the position of the memorialists.

The best known of all the "Follies" in the country, however, is Jezreel's Tower, which is to be seen near Chatham. The famous tower was built by a man named White, who called himself Jezreel, his idea being to gather 144,000 of the lost tribes of Israel, who are to ascend to heaven at the millennium.

The tower itself was meant to accommodate 144 families, and was built of fire-proof materials so as to resist the general conflagration which was expected to end the universe. It has been offered for sale, but failed to obtain a buyer.



JEZREEL'S TOWER. BUILT AT CHATHAM TO HOUSE 144,000 OF THE LOST TRIBES OF ISRAEL.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE FORTY.

A STORY OF NIHILISTS.

BY WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

Illustrated by Lucien Davis.

CHARLES CALLINGHAM, First Secretary of the British Embassy at St. Petersburg, turned in his writing-chair and took the card which Davidson, the discreet English footman, held upon the salver.

He recognised the name in an instant, and a certain hardness showed about his mouth. For a few moments he was silent, staring blankly at the card. Words failed him. But at last he said, with well-feigned calmness—

"Show her into Sir Henry's private room. And see that we are not disturbed—you understand?"

"Very well, sir," answered the man, who withdrew, silently closing the two long white doors after him.

"So she's turned up again?" the diplomatist gasped, as he rose and paced in feverish haste to and fro in his comfortable well-warmed room, with its thick carpet and double windows.

"The very last woman we want in St. Petersburg at this moment! Her presence here is an ill-fortune for us indeed. I'd rather deal with the very Devil himself than with her.

But," he sighed, "I suppose it will be policy to see her. Napoleon declared that the secret

of his success was that he never allowed his anger to rise above his throat. If he hadn't been a soldier he might have cut a very creditable figure in our career," and pausing before a long mirror he rearranged his cravat, smoothed down his hair, and went out, a smart, erect, well-set-up figure, eminently good-looking, even though his well-trimmed hair and moustache had just the faintest tinge of premature grey in them.

A skilled diplomatist, he had graduated from *attaché* through the principal Courts of Europe, yet when he paused before the door of the Ambassador's private room he drew a deep breath. Then, as he boldly entered, a tall, elegantly-dressed, superb figure, with loosened cloak of rich sable, rose with a glad laugh to greet him. She was a very pretty, fair-haired, blue-eyed woman, who came forward eagerly, her gloved hand outstretched and an expression of pleasure on her lips.

He took the tips of her slim fingers and bent over them stiffly, in a manner acquired by long diplomatic habit.

"I had no idea, Princess, that you were back in St. Petersburg," he said; "I believed you were still on the Riviera."

"Princess?" she echoed, drawing back and looking hard at him. "When we last met I was Vera to you. Why do you now attempt formalities?"

Their eyes met. She spoke excellent English. His face relaxed into a smile.

"I was not aware that I was frigid," he responded. "Few men, you know, can



"A TALL LADY,
WITH A
LOOSE-
CLOAK OF RICH
SABLE, ROSE TO
GREET HIM."

remain unmoved in the presence of the Princess Vera Czartoriska."

"No, no," she laughed, with strange sarcasm. "Pay me no compliments. They are entirely unnecessary, my dear Charles, for I hear that you have fallen in love with that black-faced little witch Marya Lesoueff. Well, I congratulate you."

There was a tinge of intense bitterness in her voice.

"And who told you this most interesting piece of fiction, my dear Princess?" he inquired, with an amused air.

"She told me herself," his visitor answered.

"Then my reply is that lies do not fall well from the pretty lips of Vera Czartoriska," he answered bluntly, for he knew that the Princess was Marya's pet aversion. She had told him how she hated the rich young Russian widow who, two years before, had daily driven her fine Orloff ponies in the Newski, and whose diamonds were the envy of all at the State balls at the Winter Palace.

"Ah!" she said, drawing herself up with a dangerous flash in her glance. "I see that you are like all other men; you whom I once thought my ideal—you who declared that you loved me so fervently four years ago, when you were first appointed to our Embassy—have cast me aside, and forgotten all the past." And her breast slowly heaved and fell beneath its lace. "I left Nice a week ago. I met your black-eyed charmer at the Beau Rivage, at Rumpelmeyer's, at the Rooms, at the Reserve at Beaulieu; in fact everywhere. She is with her mother, but is nevertheless enjoying herself immensely."

He was silent. It was at Nice a little over four years ago, while he was still Second Secretary of Embassy in Paris, that he had first met the pretty woman before him. How well he remembered it all. Those walks along the Promenade des Anglais at sunset, the dinners at her great white villa with the high palms in front, the evenings at the Casino, or the flying visits to Monte Carlo, all came back to him as vividly as though they had happened but yesterday.

He remembered how, at the Battle of Flowers, she had given him a seat in her carriage decorated with violets and mimosa, and how at the Opera that same night she had expressed a hope that some day he would be appointed to the Embassy at the Court of the Czar. Strangely enough her

wish became quickly fulfilled, for within a month he had been transferred from Paris to St. Petersburg; yet she had been very little in Russia ever since. His had been a mere season's madness, and for two years he had not seen her until that meeting. He asked the reason of her long absence, to which she responded, laughing—

"Ah! I fear I am not a good Russian. I have been in Paris, in London, in Rome, everywhere but here in my own land."

"And after two years of absence you reproach me with cooled affection! Your arguments are scarcely logical, my dear Princess," he said, with perfect calmness.

"Then it is true!" she cried, her eyes flashing as she started to her feet. "You prefer that swarthy black-haired little cat to me! It is cruel," she protested, bursting into tears. "It is unjust! You know that I love you!"

But he only sighed, and stood wondering.

Then they sat for some time in desultory conversation, each hating the other, but both striving to conceal the thoughts possessing them, until the Princess drew her veil tighter over her pretty chin, allowed the man who had once loved her to buckle her heavy sable cloak at her throat, and wishing him a gay farewell, swept out to her carriage.

Back to his own room Callingham walked slowly and thoughtfully, and, to his surprise, found Sir Henry Littleton, the grey-haired British Ambassador, awaiting him. He was in uniform, having just paid an official visit to the Ministry of War.

"So she's gone!" His Excellency said, turning from the window. "Davidson told me she was here, so I didn't disturb you. Bad luck seems to follow us always of late, Callingham. We must be careful now—devilish careful. She's no doubt been recalled here for some evil purpose or another."

"Strange. A similar thought has struck me," the Secretary of the Embassy said.

"What was our last report regarding her?" asked His Excellency.

"It was from London, a month ago," the other responded, unlocking a drawer and taking out a file of straw-coloured papers, one of which he glanced at. "She stayed at the Langham for thirteen days, went about a good deal, and was at the balls at Albert Gate House and Chesham House. She had Oustroomoff with her."

"Curse Oustroomoff!" ejaculated His

Excellency. "A nice pair!" And he went forth again.

From Marya, in Nice, Callingham had received frequent letters, telling him how bright and sunny it was there; how gay Carnival had been, and how delightful was the Battle of Flowers, where she had won a prize-banner for her decorated carriage. Soon she would return with her mother, and he was longing for that day, for he loved her dearly.

Her last letter had contained a curious sentence. "You know the Princess Czartoriska," she wrote. "Beware of her. She is your enemy, just as she is mine."

He was in his room at the Embassy when that letter was brought to him, and when he read it he set his teeth hard. Then, rising, he took from the same drawer from which he had taken the reports from the Secret Service a plain envelope, out of which he drew a dirty, soiled scrap of paper, whereon were written some ill-formed words in Russian.

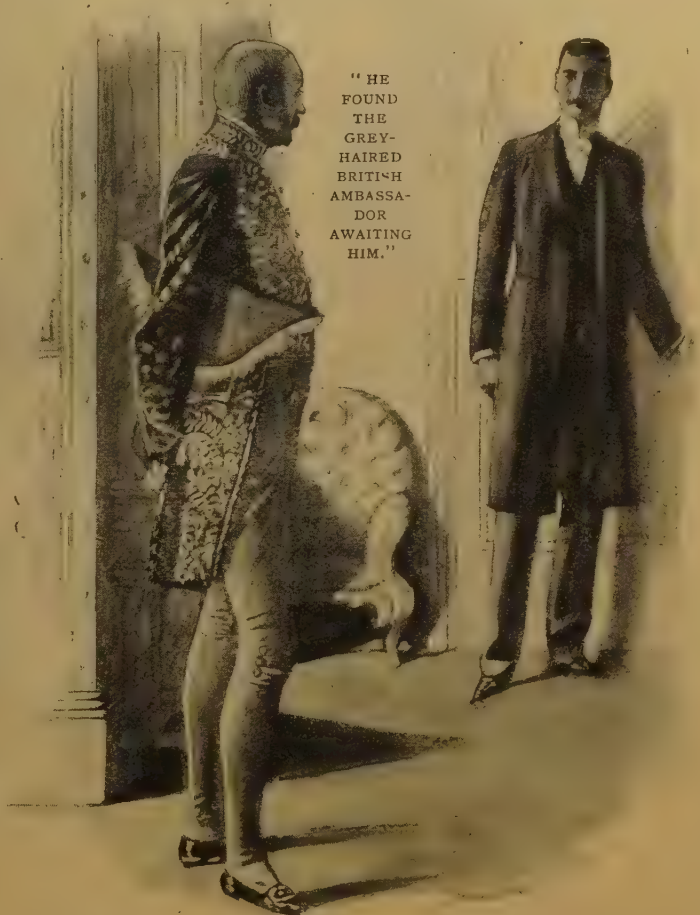
"She is her enemy!" he said aloud, in a harsh, strained voice, as he held the dirty scrap of paper hesitatingly in his hand. "Shall I act? If I did, surely none would suspect."

And he stood pondering in silence.

That night they met at the Imperial Ball at the Winter Palace, the most brilliant of all the many assemblies at the Russian Court. Amid the gorgeous uniforms and many decorations worn by both men and women, Callingham's plain, severe

diplomatic uniform, without a single order, was very noticeable; but as he wandered aimlessly through the magnificent rooms, bright in their dead white and gold, he nodded here and there to men he knew, or stopped to bend over a woman's hand.

He saw Vera, slim and elegant, in a ravishing costume of pale blue, the historic Czartoriska diamonds upon her neck, leaning on the arm of Count Schomberg, the



German Ambassador, and later noticed her dancing with him. Then, some half-hour later, as he was standing with his back to the wall, idly watching the brilliant crowd, she approached and held forth her hand, which he took, bowing stiffly.

"I have kept you this waltz, Charles," she said, gaily, in English. "I couldn't

get rid of that old German bore before—he is a dreadful person!”

“I overheard him paying you compliments,” the Englishman said, and next moment he placed his hand to her waist, and they glided among the dancers down the great ballroom.

Sir Henry Littleton saw them, and, under his breath, said, “Cullingham is humouring her. It is perhaps as well,”

When the waltz ended, the Princess, turning to her partner, said in an undertone—

“Charles, will you grant me a favour to-night and call upon me. I have something to say that cannot be delayed. Shall we say in an hour? The matter is an urgent and purely confidential one. I will be at home in an hour and await you.”

“Very well,” he answered, and as another partner came to claim her he bowed and turned away.

When he drove past the Izaak Church on his way to the Czartoriska Palace the great illuminated clock-face in the square showed that it was already an hour past midnight, and on entering the fine, well-warmed man-

sion he was shown by the footman straight to the cosy, richly furnished little boudoir he had known so well long ago.

She had cast aside her gloves, and was languidly reclining on a low settee with a tiny glass of tea beside her. The air was heavy with the scent of flowers, and when the



"AS HE WAS STANDING WITH HIS BACK TO THE WALL, SHE APPROACHED
'AND HELD FORTH HER HAND."

and he turned to greet Vabutorff, the Minister of Finance, who had at that moment strolled up.

"Wonderful woman, the Czartoriska," the latter observed a few minutes later. "Seems to grow younger every day. How lovely she is to-night!"

"Very," His Excellency answered, drily, and both men strolled away down the great gallery lined by soldiers of the Imperial Guard.

door closed and they were alone he crossed and stood beside her.

"Well?" he asked at last, standing before her and holding his uniform hat behind his back. "What have you to say to me?"

She paused, toying nervously with her rings.

"I asked you here in order to tell you something which concerns one who is dear to you," she said in a hard voice.

"Marya?" he ejaculated, in a moment, interested.

"Yes," she said. "The woman you love left Nice four days ago on her return here. To-night she crosses the frontier at Verj-boivo; but orders were this afternoon telegraphed for her arrest for complicity

with a smile. "I heard of it by accident this afternoon from Zelebeff, Minister of the Interior, and have hastened to tell you."

"To tell me!" he cried, crimsoning with anger as he found speech. "The Plot of the Forty was discovered at Nice. You

"HE SPRANG
TOWARDS HER,
AND, SEIZING HER
BY THE THROAT,
SHOOK HER."



in the great conspiracy against the Czar recently discovered in Nice."

He stood rigid, glaring at her, speechless. "Your dark-haired doll has, I suppose, mixed herself up with the Plot of the Forty, and to-night she enters upon the first stage of that long road which leads past the Urals—to Siberia," she continued

have been at Nice this season—you and your accursed parasite, Oustroomoff! It is you who have denounced her—an innocent woman!"

She rose quickly to her feet, pale and unsteady.

"Well," she said, in a hard voice, "and if so? You once defied me, remember."

"Take care, woman!" he cried, advancing towards her, threateningly, "or you may goad me to desperation. This, then, is your fiendish revenge! You, the base, despicable spy, hated even by your employers, have sent the woman I love to a living grave beyond Nerchinsk, merely because of jealousy."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Those dangerous to the State are best in exile, m'sieur," she answered, calmly. "In your miserable so-called free country, England, you harbour all our enemies. Here, we make short work of them."

"If you were not a woman I'd strangle you where you stand," he cried, white with passion.

"Anger is entirely unnecessary," she responded, with aggravating coolness. "Your darling Marya is still in Verjbolvo, or perhaps on her journey between that place and Moscow, with two police officers as companions. She is not yet far on her journey, therefore there is still time to save her."

"To save her!" he echoed. "How do you know that she is actually arrested?"

She crossed to a small inlaid Louis Quinze bureau, and took therefrom a telegram, which she handed to him. A glance at its contents showed that it was an official despatch from the chief of police at the frontier station of Verjbolvo, reporting that "the suspect, Marya Lesoueff," had been arrested at seven o'clock that evening.

The paper dropped from his fingers.

"You thought, my dear Charles, to outwit me," she said, with a laugh of triumph. "But you see that it is not so easy. Once beyond Ekaterinbourg, and even her name will be lost to you for ever. Nevertheless, I have no wish that she should be handed over thus to the brutality of Cossacks and prison warders. No, my dear Charles, indeed she shall return to you within three days, if you will make one small sacrifice for her sake."

"A sacrifice!" he repeated, hoarsely. "Well, what do you want?"

She paused for a moment, looking into his face with unwavering eyes. Then she answered in a low, confidential tone—

"I want a sight of the draft scheme of settlement in China which you received from your Foreign Office three days ago. Let me have it in my hands for one half-hour, and Marya Lesoueff shall at once be

set free. I have but to acknowledge my mistake, and the minister will instantly countermand the order of arrest."

He drew back, dumbfounded at the bold audacity of her scheme. Next instant, however, when words rose to his lips, he sprang towards her, and, seizing her by the throat, shook her, his hands trembling with a murderous passion.

"You fiend!" he shrieked. "You spy! I—I would kill you were it not that you are a woman!" And, regardless of her struggles and alarm, his grip tightened upon her throat, driving the diamonds into her white flesh until the blood came. The necklet broke, and fell on the carpet.

"Let me go!" she gasped, with difficulty. "I—I can't breathe!"

"Do you imagine that you will learn my nation's secrets by this despicable ruse?" he cried, with set teeth. "No, never! A thousand times no! Go to your employer, Zelebeff, and tell him that I refuse. You—Vera Czartoriska—have wrecked my life by your perjured lies, and your conspiracy to entrap a woman who is innocent. I desire none of your assistance."

And with a sudden movement he flung her from him, with an expression of disgust and hatred, as he would throw away some unclean thing.

The force he used was such that she stumbled, and fell back upon the couch, crushed in a heap and half strangled.

Then, with a fierce imprecation upon his lips, he snatched up his hat, opened the door, and strode down the great marble corridor, until the *concierge*, in bright livery of blue and gold, drew the bolts and let him out into the clear moonlight.

Truly this woman, whose efforts he had so cleverly combated, had wrought upon him a terrible and complete revenge.

When he re-entered his room at the Embassy, and turned up the green-shaded lamp upon his littered writing-table, it was already half-past two. He sank into his padded chair, and the silence of the great house was unbroken, save by a single sob.

Nearly an hour he remained there, his chin resting upon his hands, his elbows upon the table, staring into space, until at last some low bitter words escaped him—

"If it were known that the Daughter of the Forty and the Princess Czartoriska were one and the same! Ah! if they only knew!" And he drew a long breath, pondering deeply. "Yet," he continued,

in a low, strained voice, "have I not here indisputable evidence that such is the case? It was the ardent revolutionist, Sophie Meroukine, the renowned Daughter of the Forty, who denounced Pelitkam, the Nihilist leader, and whose revelations have sent dozens, nay hundreds, to rot in the damp cells beneath the Neva, or to wear out their lives at the mines. Yet none suspect the truth, except Pelitkam himself, whose voice, through a British subject, has come to me even from beyond Lake Baikal. She has wrecked my life, and will now seek, with all the great and secret powers at her command, to wreck my career. Shall I do it? Shall I allow this letter to go out of my possession?"

And again he took from the drawer the dirty scrap of paper.

His brows were knit darkly, and there was a determined look in his eyes. He held his watch in his hand for a few moments in contemplation; then, with sudden resolve, he placed the letter in his pocket, assumed his heavy fur *shuba*, and went forth again into the frosty night.

"Pelitkam has denounced her," he murmured. "It is sufficient."

At noon next day the Princess drove to the railway station, and left by the Nord Express for London, a fact which reached Callingham's ears half an hour after her departure.

A faint smile played about his lips when it was told to him, but no word escaped him.

Two nights later, accompanied by her faithful servant and spy, Oustroomoff, who had joined her at Brussels in response to a telegram, the Princess stepped from the *wagon-lit* at Ostend quay on board the Dover mail-boat. The night was dark,

with a freshening wind and heavy sea; therefore she announced to her companion her intention of remaining on deck. To go below would make her head bad, she said.

They ensconced themselves upon the sheltered cross-seat behind the deck-house, and for an hour sat chatting in Russian, until presently she asked him to go below and obtain her smelling-salts from her dressing-case. As soon as he had gone



"A DARK OBJECT WENT OVER THE SIDE OF THE VESSEL, AND A WOMAN'S TERRIFIED SHRIEK RANG OUT."

she rose in order to ward off the giddiness that had seized her, and walked unsteadily towards the stern. She was alone on deck in the wild night. The wind howled, the sea hissed angrily past, and the steamer pitched and rolled heavily as she ploughed through the choppy sea.

At the stern the princess grasped the rail to steady herself for a moment, when swiftly from the shadow two dark forms glided.

"To avenge Pelitkam!" snarled a man's deep voice in guttural Russian.

Next second there was a slight shuffling of feet, and a dark object went headlong over the side of the vessel. A woman's terrified shriek rang out, but it was drowned by the howling of the wind and the roar of the funnels. She threw up her arms with a cry for help, but the black angry waters rolling away into the darkness in an instant closed over her, and she sank for ever.

The vengeance of those she had betrayed with such dastard cunning had fallen upon her swiftly and unerringly.

"THE CZAR
SCRIBBLED
AN ORDER
OF
RELEASE."



Next day's London papers reported the mysterious disappearance of the Princess Czartoriska from the Channel steamer, together with the theory that she had accidentally fallen or been washed overboard.

Charles Callingham read it in the *Novoe Vremya* on the following morning, and he alone, outside the revolutionary circle, was aware of the truth.

That same afternoon he put on his uniform and went to Peterhof, where he sought audience of the Emperor, and was admitted to his private cabinet.

He explained all, and craved His Ma-

jesty's clemency for Marya, who had fallen an innocent victim to the spy's jealousy.

When he had finished, the Emperor sighed, as though the story pained him.

"Much is done in my name for which, unfortunately having no knowledge, I cannot be held responsible," he said, gravely. "Never, however, as long as I occupy the throne of my fathers, shall it be said that I ever refused, or hesitated, to redress a wrong. The woman Czartoriska, it would seem, was a traitor alike to her Emperor as to his enemies, and her death therefore obviates the necessity of her arrest and exile. I have heard of the family of

Lesoueff of Nijni, and have confidence in their continued honour and loyalty. The lady to whom you refer is therefore free." And, taking a sheet of the imperial paper, he scribbled with his scratching quill an order of release.

Callingham, deeply moved at the Emperor's unhesitating decision, stammered some words of thanks, bowed, and was about to withdraw, when the Czar, rising, a truly imperial figure in his uniform with the diamond star at his throat, stretched forth his hand and warmly grasped that of the British Secretary of Embassy, saying—

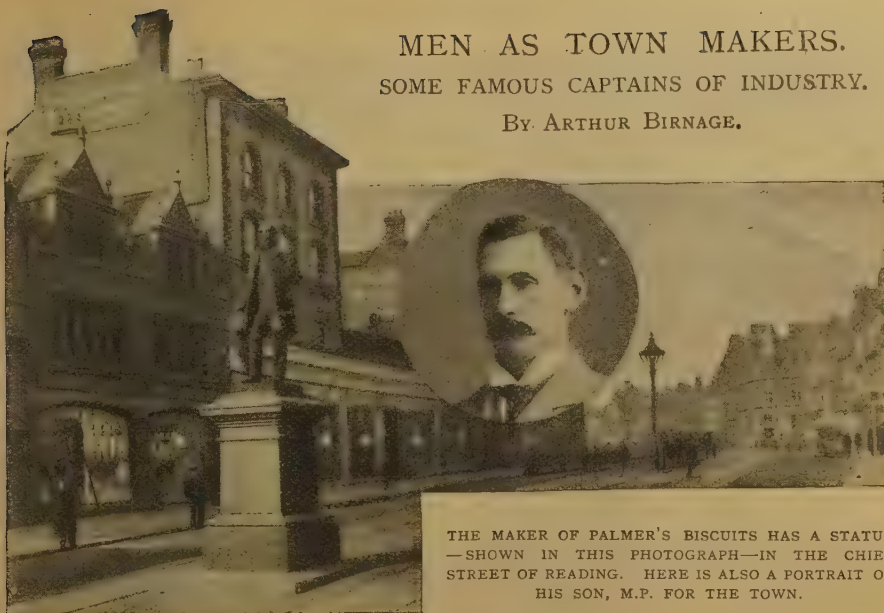
"The duty of a ruler is to be just. I have no need in my service of such women as the

Daughter of the Forty, although, unfortunately, the arrangement of such matters must necessarily be left to my ministers. The woman conceived the plot against my life, and afterwards entered the secret service in order to denounce her fellow-conspirators. She was a Nihilist at heart, and a secret agent by payment. But she has met her deserts, as a traitor alike to her Czar and to her fellows. Therefore, let me be the first to wish you happiness with Marya Lesoueff, long life, health, and prosperity. In common with myself, you at least will have no further fear of the dreaded Daughter of the Forty."

MEN AS TOWN MAKERS.

SOME FAMOUS CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY.

BY ARTHUR BIRNAGE.



THE MAKER OF PALMER'S BISCUITS HAS A STATUE—SHOWN IN THIS PHOTOGRAPH—IN THE CHIEF STREET OF READING. HERE IS ALSO A PORTRAIT OF HIS SON, M.P. FOR THE TOWN.

"IT is practically a one-man town," is an expression frequently heard when certain towns are being discussed. No higher compliment could be paid to those who by their own enterprise and industry have caused not only their own prosperity but also that of thousands of their fellows.

Take, for instance, the town of Reading. It is known everywhere as the "biscuit town," and one immediately thinks of the name of Palmer when Reading is mentioned. When George Palmer went to Reading in 1841 it had a population of about 16,000, but at the last census it was

nearly four times as large. When he died two years ago he was honoured as the man who made Reading what it is to-day.

Palmer Park will always be a tribute to his great generosity, and in return for that gift and previous favours a bronze statue of George Palmer was placed in the principal thoroughfare by the townspeople, while at the same time he was presented with the freedom of Reading, the first man to receive this honour. But in the town they speak of "the Palmers," for the brother of the founder of the great biscuit firm, William Isaac Palmer, and the son,



Photo by "Shipping World"

SIR CHARLES PALMER AND SOME OF THE SHIPS HE HAS BUILT TO THE PROSPERITY OF JARROW.

now M.P. for Reading, hold a high place in the esteem of the townspeople.

In more than one sense "the Palmers" made Reading. They not only made it a great commercial centre, but took—and the living representatives of the family still take—a very prominent part in the local affairs of the town.

George Palmer of Reading also serves as a reminder of another man of that name—Sir Charles Mark Palmer. He, too, is a town-maker; for Jarrow-on-Tyne, instead of being a town with a thriving population of over 30,000, would, were it not for the enterprise of Sir Charles Palmer, be the small village it was when the baronet was a young man.

Nowadays the Palmer shipbuilding yard is known all over the world. Its founder

of course, several large brewing firms in the Beeropolis, but the man in the street looks upon it as the home of the "bottle of Bass." That the Bass family made Burton was abundantly clear by the pleasure expressed when Mr. Bass adopted the title of Lord Burton, when he was created a peer by the late Mr. Gladstone.

There are about fifty thousand people in Burton, the bulk of them being in some way connected with the brewing industry. The Bass firm send out over a million and a half barrels a year, while 250,000,000 labels are used for the bottles in which the liquor is placed. This will give some idea of the magnitude of their business.

The charity of the Bass family is very evident in Burton.



Keene, Burton, Photo

LORD BURTON AND SOME OF THE MILLION AND A HALF BASS'S BEER BARRELS USED IN A YEAR.

really began business as a colliery owner, but in 1832 he built his first vessel, a screw steamer, which was christened the *Johnny Bowles*, and thus laid the foundation of one of the largest businesses of its kind in the world.

Some seven thousand men are in constant employment, turning out all sorts of vessels for the naval and mercantile services, and an equal number are engaged in the Palmer mines of coal and iron, so that to a certain extent one business feeds the other. That Sir Charles Palmer is alive to the interests of his men is seen in the fact that on the death of his wife he erected a hospital for their benefit, so that when accidents occur the unfortunate victims can be promptly attended to.

Burton-on-Trent is noted for nothing else but its brewing industry. There are,

Sometimes it has taken the form of erecting a church, a club, or other institution, while at other times it has even taken the direction of making a bridge. Some time ago Lord Burton erected a ferry bridge from Stapenhill—a suburb the other side of the Trent—to Burton, which has proved one of the greatest boons the community possesses, and is the most beautiful "short cut" in the Midlands.

That Bournville, one of the prettiest suburbs of Birmingham, was made by the Cadburys all will agree. Almost every person in the place works at the large cocoa and chocolate establishment renowned all over the world. The Cadburys are noted for philanthropy, and that exercised by Mr. George Cadbury has chiefly taken the form of making Bournville a model town.

When Mr. Cadbury bought the land on



BOURNVILLE, A TOWN ENTIRELY MADE BY CADBURY'S COCOA. HERE IS A PORTRAIT OF MR. GEORGE CADBURY AND THE PARK HE GAVE FOR HIS WORK-GIRLS.

11

which the greater part of Bournville stands he decided that there should be only six houses on each acre, and what was more, that the houses should not occupy more than one-fifth of the land, the rest of the soil being converted into gardens. Each householder is not a tenant merely. He can become owner of his own house—a privilege, by the way, which is not

confined to the workpeople of the firm, but is open, as far as opportunity offers, to all thrifty men in the neighbourhood.

Mr. George Cadbury in his model town has provided large playgrounds for children, a park, recreation ground, baths, school, library, and institute, all of which are controlled by the inhabitants. Altogether there are about 1,700 girls employed by Mr. Cadbury, and some idea of the beautiful grounds that he has provided for their



ONE OF THE FAMOUS "WILSON" LINERS OR "PARROTS," AND PORTRAIT OF MR. C. H. WILSON, M.P., WHO MAKES HULL RICH.

especial benefit will be gathered from our illustration. Bournville is indeed a one-man town.

There is a saying in Hull that every third ship that enters or leaves the docks of that town has some connection with the "Wilsons." How the great port has progressed during the last half a century is a matter of common knowledge, and that the "Wilsons" are chiefly responsible for this state of affairs is equally well known. The five docks with an area of fifty acres have increased during the time of Mr. C. H. Wilson, M.P., to ten, with an acreage of one hundred and fifty.

The Wilson vessels are noted for their red funnels and green hulls, and are locally termed "Wilson's parrots." When a goodly number of these "parrots" are in dock, as many as five thousand men are employed in loading and unloading. These liners are some of the finest in the country, and many a Yorkshireman has made the acquaintance of such places

The name of the Marquis of Bute is always associated with Cardiff. Fifty years ago it required a man with money to make the town, and the Marquis of Bute was the man who spent some £350,000 in developing the trade of Cardiff. Soon after, he died; but the present Marquis, with business aptitude, was able to carry out his father's plans to a successful issue, with the result that the population is ten times what it was fifty years ago.

The Marquis had to work harder than most marquises care to work, in enlarging the docks and the coal trade. Some twelve million tons of coals are now exported annually; while the imports, though considerably less, mount up to hundreds of thousands of tons. Bute Dock, which takes its name from Cardiff's benefactor, has a water area of over seventy acres.

There are few men more popular in Wales than the Marquis, not only because the public spirit he has evinced has helped to make South Wales so prosperous, but on account of the munificent gifts that he has made from time to



Collings, Cardiff, Photo

A LORDLY "DOCKER"—THE MARQUIS OF BUTE, WHOSE FATHER SPENT £350,000 IN DEVELOPING THE TRADE OF CARDIFF. VIEW OF THE BUTE DOCKS.

as Gothenburg and Copenhagen because he could start on the water "near home."

What the "Wilsons" have done for Hull cannot be calculated. At a time when its fortunes were at a low ebb they came to its aid, and by dint of hard work made Hull one of the most thriving ports in the land.

time, the most notable of which is Roath Park.

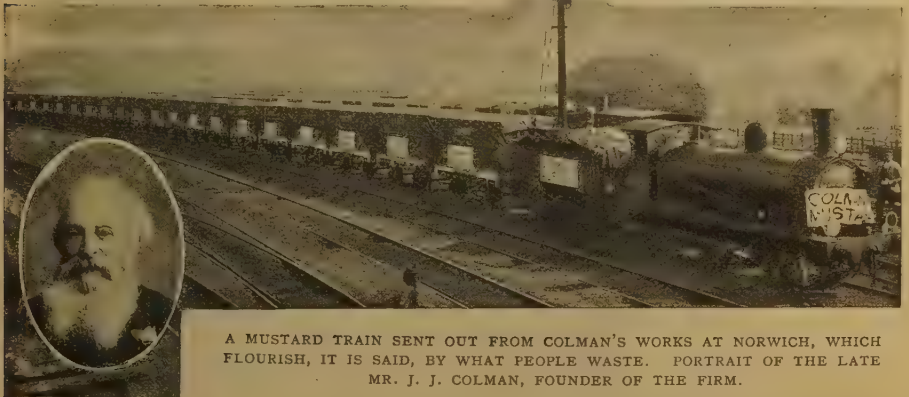
Perhaps the statement that the late Mr. J. J. Colman made Norwich is a bold one, for it is a city centuries old, and has always been a place of importance. Still, there is little doubt that, if it had not been for Mr. Colman, Norwich would have been like many other of our cathedral cities, more

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE MARQUIS OF BUTE

interesting than active. He revived its commerce just at the right time.

As the mustard industry at Carrow grew, so Norwich has grown. The population in Mr. Colman's youthful days was about

made a greater stir than that of Mr. Colman, for his work-people and the place in which they live benefited by it to the extent of



A MUSTARD TRAIN SENT OUT FROM COLMAN'S WORKS AT NORWICH, WHICH FLOURISH, IT IS SAID, BY WHAT PEOPLE WASTE. PORTRAIT OF THE LATE MR. J. J. COLMAN, FOUNDER OF THE FIRM.

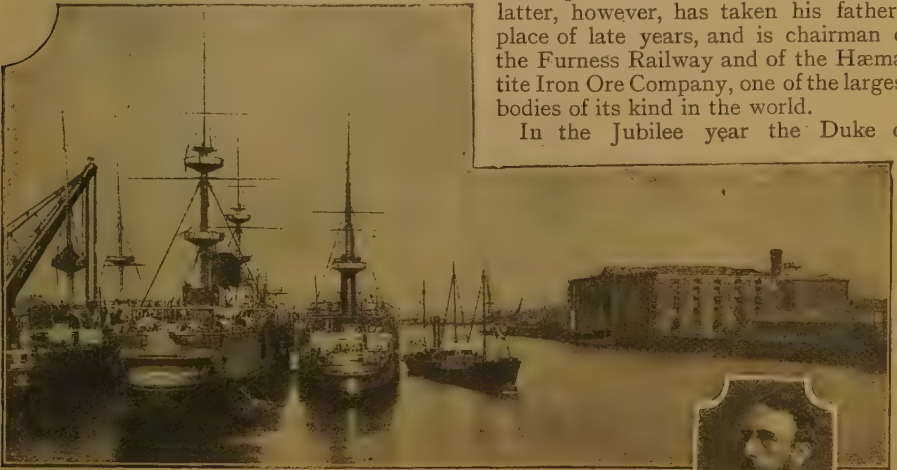
40,000, now it is getting on for 100,000, and well worthy to be the capital of East Anglia. The old saying that Mr. Colman made his fortune, not by the amount of mustard people ate, but by what they left on their plates, may be true or not, but that a great deal of his fortune was spent for the benefit of Carrow and Norwich cannot be gainsaid.

It is doubtful if any will of modern time

thousands of pounds. Education was Mr. Colman's great hobby—if it can be so called—and that the schools of Carrow and Norwich are so efficient is largely due to his efforts.

Barrow-in-Furness, with its population of 56,000—in the forties it numbered only hundreds—owes its prosperity to the Cavendish family, and chiefly to the father of the present Duke of Devonshire. The latter, however, has taken his father's place of late years, and is chairman of the Furness Railway and of the Hæmatite Iron Ore Company, one of the largest bodies of its kind in the world.

In the Jubilee year the Duke of



THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE AND HIS FATHER HAVE MADE THE PROSPERITY OF BARROW. HERE ARE THE DEVONSHIRE DOCK, AND A PORTRAIT OF THE PRESENT DUKE.

Devonshire was presented with the freedom of Barrow—the first and only recipient of that honour—to show what Barrow people think of him who more than any other living man has placed their town in the position that it occupies to-day.

Bessbrook in Ireland is perhaps the only town in that country which is a "one man" place. The late Mr. J. G. Richardson built the whole town for the workpeople engaged in the great Irish linen firm, and his two sons have finished the work the father began be-

MR. J. N. RICHARDSON.



stone mines, collieries, and limestone quarries which they practically own.

Northwich, like Northwich, is an old town. Readers of *The Harmsworth Magazine* already know what the town of salt is like, but perhaps they are not aware that just when all the mines were being discarded Sir J. T. Brunner, M.P., more than restored it to its former position by his manufacture of alkali and crystal sodas from the rock salt.

Northwich was declining rapidly, but all was altered when Sir John Brunner began operations. The public library and salt museum, as well as the revived grammar school, are instances of the baronet's benevolence.

SIR J. T. BRUNNER:
A PEEP AT ONE
OF HIS SALT MINES.

Lord Mostyn has made Llandudno in quite a different way to any of the men already alluded to. He has helped the popular Welsh seaside resort to a wonderful degree, and if it were not for him, Llandudno would not possess the attractions it holds for its thousands of visitors. He was the donor of the Happy Valley.

THIS IRISH LINEN FACTORY MADE BESSBROOK. THERE IS NO PAWNSHOP OR PUBLIC-HOUSE IN THE TOWN.

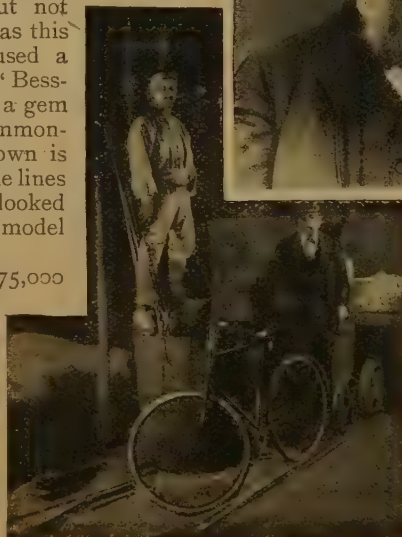
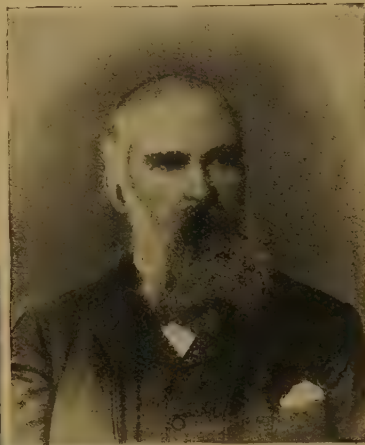
fore them. Over four thousand people are employed at the mills.

Bessbrook is believed to be the only town, except Salt-
aire in Yorkshire,

without a public-house or a pawnbroker's shop. There are districts similarly favoured, but not whole towns, and it was this fact which once caused a visitor to remark that "Bessbrook stands out like a gem in this sombre and commonplace world." The town is built on much the same lines as Bournville, and is looked upon as Ireland's model town.

Sixty years ago the population which Middlesborough possesses was represented by a single house. But the Pease family—the head of which is Sir Joseph Whitwell Pease—have changed all this by developing the iron-

MR. T. W. RICHARDSON.



A FRIEND IN NEED

A STORY OF
BATTERSEA PARK.

By CLARENCE ROOK.

*Illustrated
by T. H. Robinson.*



"I WAS
STARTLED
BY A VOICE
ASKING
FOR A
LIGHT."

expert rider. Moreover, my machine was new, and had not adjusted itself to my idiosyncrasies. I had not the skill to adapt it myself with the help of the mysterious tools which cumbered my bag. I would as soon tamper with a buzz-saw as with a bicycle. When anything goes wrong with my bicycle, I just sit down and wait; and presently comes along one of those beneficent beings—some call them busybodies

TWICE had I ridden round the cycling road in Battersea, and, reflecting that I was now half-way through the amount of exercise I had prescribed to myself, I determined to rest awhile and contemplate the exertions of others.

Besides, the girl in a serge dress and a cunningly-devised hat would be round again shortly, and I could regard her more at my ease from a seat than when my attention was demanded by my bicycle. There were but few vacant seats, for the chairs by the entrance gate give a good view of all who enter or leave the park, and were nearly filled by an interested crowd. On the kerb stood a small knot of loafers, with hands in pockets, looking at the cyclists with the air of resentment, and at the policeman in the road with an occasional glance of apology.

I leaned my bicycle against the fence—it formed one of a long row of machines—and sat down on a seat from which I could just see it with the corner of my eye. I was a little weary, for I am not a very

—who are sent into the world to adjust difficulties and do not mind messing their hands in the process.

This time I had to wait longer than usual. But there is always something to see at the entrance to Battersea Park, and my sympathy went out to the young man who had ridden hurriedly in, looked around him, and stood leaning on his bicycle with his eye upon the gate. Anon she came, and greeted him, stepping from her machine with an engaging air of surprise. Then came the young woman in the attractive hat, and, slowing down, circled round and round as though uncertain whether to wait any longer or to teach him a lesson. I was so much interested in her that I was quite startled by a voice at my side asking for a light.

I brought out my match-box and handed it to the young man who was now occupying the chair next to my own.

"Good day for cycling," he said, as he lit his pipe and returned the matches.

"Splendid," I said.

"Just ridden up from Petersfield," he continued; "thought I'd look in here for a smoke."

"Rather a long ride," I said.

"Oh, that's nothing," he replied. "You're not a long-distance rider yourself?"

"Not exactly," I said. "I'm not afraid

would be impossible," I said. "And there's a policeman over there. A thief couldn't get a start."

"What good's a policeman?" he said.

"Why, I've known cases where a chap has had his machine taken from under him, as you might say—taken right from under

him before he knew what was up. Now, I shouldn't be a bit surprised if that red-haired chap——"

He looked suspiciously at a small, wiry man with red hair who was standing with his hands in his pockets and contemplating the bicycles. The red-haired man caught his eye, and began walking slowly up and down the path.

"Mind me putting my cycle alongside yours, where I can see it?" he said, craning forward. "I won't damage it."

"Not in the least," I said, "if it will make you easier in your mind. That's mine—the New Rambler—just at the bend."

He rose and went for his machine, and brought it round to where mine was standing.

"That's a new machine of yours," he said, as he sat down again. "Got all its work in front of it, eh?"

"Well, it's a new one," I said; "but I don't take much out of my mounts."

"Saddle seems to me a bit low," he said, puckering his brows and measuring my length of limb with his eye.

"Well, I don't know," I said; "there's something wrong. It isn't comfortable. And I was thinking of sending it back to



"HE LOOKED SUSPICIOUSLY AT A SMALL, WIRY MAN WHO WAS STANDING WITH HIS HANDS IN HIS POCKETS."

of twenty miles or so—if I've plenty of time to spare."

He jumped up hurriedly and looked along the fence where the bicycles were stacked.

"I'm always a bit nervous when my machine isn't in sight," he said. "There's such a lot of bicycle thieves about. Smart chaps too; nick your bike before you know where you are."

"Oh, but with all these people around it

the maker to have the saddle raised—or something."

"Why, you can do that yourself," he said.

"I can't," I replied. "I can't do anything with a spanner except pinch my fingers."

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed. "I'll put that right for you in half a mo'."

"Oh, I couldn't trouble you——"

But before I could finish my protest he had fished out my bicycle from behind his own and rested it by the pedal upon the kerb.

"Chain's too tight," he said, as he ran

round and regarded him with curiosity and respect. All but the red-haired man, who stood at a little distance off, with his hands in his pockets, looking in the direction of the park gates.

"I say, keep an eye on my machine," said the young man, glancing up and jerking his head in the direction of the red-haired loafer.

It was the least I could do in return for his kindness; for the loosening of my chain was a loathsome job, and was making the fingers of the operator very dirty. But he did not seem to mind that, and plied his task with enthusiasm.



his hand over the mechanism.

"That won't take two minutes."

It was only what I had expected, for I get all my repairs done in this way. So I sat back in my chair and watched him, putting him on his mettle by remarking now and then on the extreme difficulty of the task he had undertaken. He was not an attractive-looking young man; he wore a sweater which was not as clean as it might have been, and a cloth cap which disclosed a fringe of hair round his forehead. No doubt he was a scorcher, and used abominable language upon the high road to Ripley. But he evidently knew a deal about bicycles, and the loafers came

"Nothing I like so much as messing about with bicycles," he said, in answer to my repeated apology for putting him to so much trouble.

I smoked on serenely, congratulating myself upon my good fortune. In small matters I am economical; and I reflected that under ordinary circumstances I should have had to pay at least sixpence for what I had obtained at the cost of a single match.

So that I was all the more ashamed of myself for what occurred.

My attention, I fear, had been momentarily distracted by the lighting of a fresh cigarette. Besides which I was interested in the young man who was patting the

saddle of my machine with his oily hand, and prophesying that it would go like a bird now. So it was, not until the red-haired man was jumping lightly from the step to the saddle of a bicycle that I leapt from my chair and cried—

"I say! Is that your machine?"

The young man turned quickly, and looked from the back of the red-haired man to the vacant spot by the fence.

"Course it is," he said. "Well, of all the——Hi! P'leeceman! Stop him!"

The knot of loafers scattered; some few

And with a single jump he was in the saddle and speeding like the wind through the gate, and down in the direction of Clapham Junction.

"E'll catch 'im all right at that rate," said one of the loafers. "Knows suthink abart sisisling, 'e does, don't 'e?"

The pursuit lasted some time. I finished my cigarette, and another, and another. The park was emptying itself, and the evening was growing chilly, when I walked over to the policeman and laid the position before him.



THE SEA AS MILLINER.

THE remarkable hat which is worn by the man whose photograph is here given is not a dilapidated diving helmet, as might at first be supposed. The long stalks look like the air tubes of a diver's dress.

It is a real hat which has spent a long time at the bottom of the sea. It is covered with most beautiful seaweed, which falls about the man's shoulders like a shawl.

The sea has turned milliner on this occasion, and has converted the hat into a thing of beauty.

Perhaps it was to mitigate the tragedy which is associated with the hat—for it belonged to a drowned sailor.

The hat was brought up by a fishing line 30 miles off Lerwick, Shetland, at a depth of 60 fathoms.

Our photograph was taken by Norrie, Fraserburgh.

of them ran weakly towards the gate for which the red-haired man was making. The policeman waddled over from his point as the rider turned out of the Park to the left. I was just starting off towards the gate, when the futility of such pursuit struck me; and I turned again to the young man who was now standing alone, with his hand upon the handle of my bicycle.

"Jump on and catch him," I said. "You can do it easily."

"If you don't mind," he said. "I'll be back in a few minutes. You wait here."

"But you told him to take your bicycle," said the policeman.

"I lent it to him," I said. "And he doesn't know my name and address."

A smile flickered across the policeman's face.

"I don't much eggspect," he said, "that your name and address 'ud 'elp him much. Looks to me like a put-up job. Well, it ain't serprisin' Lor'! if you'd seen the things I seen! No; it don't serprise *me*. But I'll make a note of it. Name?"

CHINESE CARRIERS



CHINESE GONDOLA OR "SAMPAN." THE EYE AT THE BOW OF THE BOAT IS TO HELP IT FIND ITS WAY.

TERRESTRIAL TRAVELLING FOR CELESTIALS.

BY HARRY C. SMART.

IN keeping with the general characteristics of the Celestial race, their different modes of locomotion, whether by land or water, are slow and cumbrous, and in most cases decidedly uncomfortable.

Both their vehicles and boats seem to be purposely constructed in such a way as to render it impossible for them to travel with any speed. Throughout the length and breadth of the Celestial Empire it would be difficult to find a craft with anything but a flat nose; it has never occurred to the Chinese mind that a boat with a pointed stem would probably travel faster than one with a flat nose; their

ancestors travelled slowly, and they are quite content to do likewise.

The commonest and most comfortable form of travelling all over the eighteen provinces is by chair or palanquin, which is borne by two, three, four, or eight men, according to the rank and financial position of the individual carried. It is essentially the mode of conveyance used by the official and wealthier classes, and corresponds to our carriage and hansom. Only mandarins of higher grade—those who wear the red button—are permitted to have eight bearers; merchants and officials of the lower grades never being allowed more



THIS ONE-WHEEL BARROW IS USED BY THE CHINESE AS A WAGGON, OMNIBUS, OR CART.



THE PALANQUIN OF A MANDARIN OF ONE OF THE LOWER GRADES.

than four bearers, and any infringement of this law is severely punished. It does seem horrible when men have to compete with horses and oxen for a living, but the coolies are quite oblivious of their degradation; they earn fourpence and fivepence a day, on which they can support themselves and families, and so they are content.

The endurance of these palanquin bearers is wonderful; over the steepest hills and most rugged country they will travel from sunrise to sunset, performing wonders of skill and endurance, laughing and joking all the while, as, if their work were some huge joke. Good bearers will perform their work in such a manner that all jolting is done away with, which renders the chair the most comfortable conveyance in the Flowery Kingdom.

The one-wheel barrow shown on this page takes the place of our waggon, omnibus, and cart. It serves to convey produce and pigs to market, to take the business man round the town, and to carry a family out for a holiday into the country. As seen in our illustration, the passengers sit on either side, the wheel being in the centre. When the weight of the sides is uneven—as it usually is—

it is no easy matter for the coolie to balance his vehicle, and it frequently happens that a party of Celestial ladies and gentlemen are deposited in the mud. To either handle of the barrow is attached a rope, which passes over the back of the coolie; thus the greater part of the weight rests on his back.

Like our English hansoms, these barrows wait for their fares at the different street corners; to watch a Celestial fares at the corners; to engage a barrow is one of the



HALF A TON OF CHINESE GIRLS CAN BE CARRIED A MILE OR TWO FOR A PENNY ON A ONE-WHEEL CART.

most amusing sights in the world. There are no fixed prices for the service of

these barrow men—nothing except lying is fixed in the Celestial empire—and while the fixing of the fare is proceeding, a Chinaman could in most cases walk to the place to which he desires to be wheeled.

At the onset the barrow coolie asks five or six times the amount the fare should be, and the passenger offers half the amount he thinks it should be. After a heated and lengthy discussion, and many wild gesticulations, during which the coolie and the passenger throw violent words at one another, perhaps within the course of twenty minutes they strike the happy medium, and away the coolie wheels his passenger.

The absence of any springs makes wheelbarrow riding anything but a pleasure. Most Europeans would rather walk twenty

A GANG OF
BARROW
COOLIES AT
WORK.

miles than ride one mile on a Chinese barrow: it is one of the most painful operations I know. The great weight that these barrow coolies will wheel is almost incredible; for a large barrow half a ton is a common load.

The palanquin shown on the second page of this article is that of a mandarin of one of the lower grades; the man on horseback is his valet. The other chair illustrated is used for travelling over rough country and for long journeys.



A CHAIR OF THIS KIND IS USED BY THE CHINESE WHEN TRAVELLING OVER ROUGH COUNTRY AND ON LONG JOURNEYS.

There are not many English labourers who would care about

wheeling the nine daughters of Chin on p. 236 along a rough road for a mile or two for the handsome sum of one penny — the girls would easily turn the scale at half a ton. At all the treaty ports in China these barrow

coolies are extensively engaged by foreigners in carrying goods between the different wharves and warehouses.

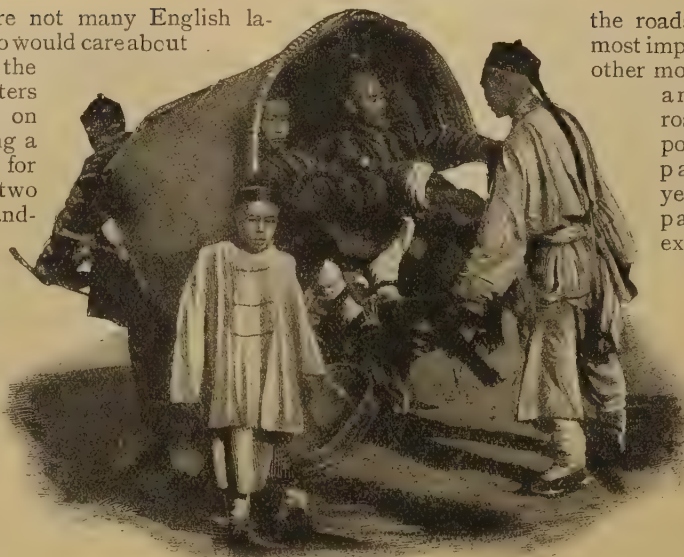
In Northern China the barrows are pulled by either donkeys or bullocks, a coolie holding the handle of the vehicle to balance it, and the skill with which he guides the barrow is remarkable. In Peking and the surrounding country all heavy goods appear to be carried by barrow; in fact, the dilapidated state of

the roads makes it almost impossible for any other mode of conveyance. These roads are supposed to be repaired every year, but the repairing only exists on paper.

The Chinese sampan, shown at the head of this article, very much resembles an Italian gondola. It is propelled by one oar in a similar manner

to the gondola, and others are propelled in much the same way as our own rowing boats. At the nose of the sampan in our illustration will be seen the representation of an eye, without which the Chinese conscientiously believe it to be impossible for a boat to find its way, and the absence of it would result in some horrible catastrophe. "No got hi, no can see," say the Chinese boatmen, and so they always give their sampans two eyes.

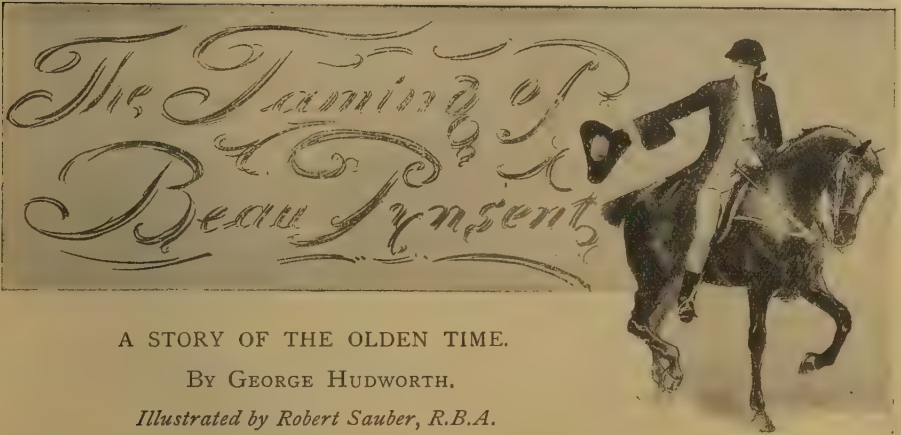
On the gunwale of the boat near the stern is fixed a wooden spike which fits into a hole bored in the oar. To the end of the oar is attached a rope which is made fast to the boat; the boatman works the oar backwards and forwards, giving the blade a motion resembling the movement of a steamer's screw. A sampan man will easily drive his boat four miles an hour.



SAFE TRAVELLING—CHINA PACKED IN STRAW.



REMOVING—A CHINESE PANTHECON WITH A MIXED TEAM.



A STORY OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY GEORGE HUDWORTH.

Illustrated by Robert Sauber, R.B.A.

IN the reign of the Second George, on the afternoon of the day on which occurred the events about to be narrated, a post-chaise drawn by four horses drew up in front of a little roadside inn—"The Magpie," by its sign—about five miles from Courtland.

No sooner did the carriage stop than the landlord, rubicund and pursy, hurried from the house and bowed to the carriage with the obsequiousness due to a post-chaise-and-four. Straightway a window of the carriage was let down, and a pale, handsome face looked out.

"Have you fit accommodation for two ladies, landlord?" drawled a haughty voice, with the affected utterance of the time.

"Your honour and the ladies can be comfortably lodged in my house," answered the landlord, "if——"

"If what?" queried the voice, the drawl quickening to a snap.

"Why, in truth, your honour," replied the landlord deferentially, "by your honour's leave, my house is but a small one, and, though I have bedrooms enough, my common-room on the ground-floor is flooded out of use by this pestilential rain, and in the parlour upstairs——"

"Yes; go on, man."

"Why, in the parlour upstairs, your honour, sits a gentleman whose horse is spent——"

"Zounds!"

"But, God save your honour, the room is very large, and comfortable, and——"

"Odd's-fish! my lord, 'tis any port in

a storm," broke in a thin feminine voice from the interior of the carriage. "We must take what we can get."

"Oh, if the Prince of all Wickedness himself occupies the parlour, I must e'en share it with him," joined in another feminine voice, more melodious and fresh. "I faith I would as soon be on the rack as endure any more of this pitch-and-toss mode of travelling at present."

"Then, landlord, we will alight for a few hours," said the man at the window. "See that we are served with the best your house contains without loss of time, and that our horses are well cared for and our wheels looked to; for we must push on to Courtland to-night. Now, man, lead on to this much-vaunted parlour."

The landlord had thrown open the door of the carriage, and the gentleman now got out—a handsome man, with a tall, shapely figure and princely bearing; and before he could turn to proffer her his assistance he was followed with a bound by a plump-figured girl of, it might be, eighteen years, whose dimpled, peach-hued cheeks, fresh dark-grey eyes, and abundant glossy brown hair, suggested a more intimate acquaintance with country air than with the less healthful atmosphere of London drawing-rooms.

As she skipped into the shelter of the porch, the gentleman turned once more to the carriage with a shrug of the shoulders in order to assist its remaining inmate to alight; and after the delay and ceremony inseparable from stiffness of joints and dignity of mien, an older lady appeared,



"THE GENTLEMAN WAS FOLLOWED WITH A BOUND BY A PLUMP-FIGURED GIRL OF EIGHTEEN YEARS."

handsome but *passée*, with something of the acerbity of advanced and hopeless spinsterhood in her expression.

The three then followed the bowing landlord up the stairs to the first-floor, where he ushered them into the parlour.

They found themselves in a spacious chamber panelled with oak, with heavy furniture of the same material, lighted at either end by a large diamond-paned bay window, and evidently extending the

"How now, how now?" he murmured, stretching lazily.

"I have ladies here who would fain see something of the fire," snarled the other, with another shake of the shoulder.

"Faith, it is large enough," replied the little man, with a humorous smile, "and chairs are plentiful."

"And churls are not scarce, it seems," retorted the new-comer, sharply. "Come, sir, you monopolise the fire."



"'LADIES,' SAID THE LITTLE MAN, 'ACCEPT YOUR SLAVE'S APOLOGIES. THE FIRE IS YOURS.'"

whole breadth of the house. Before them was a mighty fire of blazing logs, and in front of it, apparently asleep, his body lying back in a large armchair, his feet on a smaller chair in front of him, was a little brown-faced man.

The gentleman's promiscuous scowl became defined and terrible when his eyes fell on this figure. Striding up to him, he seized the man by the shoulder and shook him roughly.

"Hoity-toity, fellow, bestir thyself!" he shouted, looking very fierce.

The black fringes on the other's eyes flashed back, and a pair of marvellous piercing grey eyes looked out upon them.

"By my Peg's sweet eyes, the gentleman's right," responded the other, leaping to his feet, and exhibiting a well-knit if small frame, lean and wiry as a terrier. "To ascribe bulkiness to him is sweetest unction to the soul of a little man, therefore am I appeased, sir. Ladies, accept your slave's apologies. The fault was mine—the fire is yours."

And now for some short account of the three travellers by the post-chaise: The identity of the little man will transpire in due course. To reverse the customary

procedure and take the gentleman first, he was Lord Charles Pynsent, better known as "Beau" Pynsent, third son of the Duke of Bayminster, the handsomest, wittiest, most charming, albeit the wickedest man about town.

The younger of his fair companions on the present occasion was Miss Betty Delmer (orphan daughter and only child of one Jonas Delmer, an enormously wealthy sugar refiner), to whom he was engaged.

The third person of this little party was Miss Betty's aunt and chaperon, Lady Rachel Fayne.

There they were, then, before the fire's welcome blaze. The situation was strained, peculiar, and very nearly absurd; and it was a welcome diversion when the landlord and two serving wenches broke in upon it with much clatter of dishes.

They were bringing in the best the house contained, according to Lord Charles' order, and while the maids proceeded to the laying of the cloth for the meal, the landlord came forward and addressed the young nobleman.

"I beg ten thousand pardons, my lord," he said, with more deference and servility than ever, for he had learnt from the post-boys of his guests' rank. "I am indeed truly sorry to put your lordship and the ladies to any inconvenience, but, as this is my only room, I must beg you to permit this gentleman to take his meal with you——"

"Perdition take your cramped quarters!" exclaimed Lord Charles, testily.

"Oh, 'twill serve, landlord, 'twill serve," broke in the small man, gaily. "I'll endure anything so that this wolf within me is satisfied."

"Sink your endurance, sir; it is for the ladies——" Lord Charles cried.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, my lord, let's to our dinner," interposed Miss Betty, with a pout. "This hunger fills me with much complacency in sight of these good things. Besides, doubtless the gentleman's money is as good as ours; and, after all, he was the first comer."

"Oh, very well," drawled his lordship, with one of his expressive shoulder shrugs; "as you are gracious, my queen, there is no more to be said, so let's to table."

When they came to take their seats at the board, it so happened that Lord Charles found in front of him a pair of excellent, plump ducks, while the other

gentleman was confronted, and almost overshadowed, by an immense sirloin of beef.

Now, with the choice of beef and ducks nine persons out of ten will most certainly choose to partake of duck, more especially if they have that well-nourished and succulent appearance that these ducks of the "Magpie" presented; so it came about that Lord Charles, having dissected some dainty portions of the birds in front of him for his ladies, proceeded to help himself with great liberality.

Meanwhile the stranger sat behind his sirloin watching proceedings, and his heart yearned for duck; and now when he saw Lord Charles enjoying himself, unconscious of any further demand for his services as carver, his temper rose, and he protested.

"I'll trouble you for some duck, my lord."

His lordship laid down his knife and fork, and treated the other to a stare that should have withered all appetite within him; then he rudely thrust the dish over towards the stranger with such violence that the gravy spurted out over the cloth.

"'Sdeath! Adversity brings us strange table companions, but it doesn't compel us to carve for them," he growled, ungraciously; and Miss Betty threw a look of reproof at him.

"Very clumsy," sneered the stranger, as he wiped the gravy from the knife and fork, and went to work on the ducks.

After this the meal proceeded, awkwardly enough it is true, but at any rate peacefully, to its close, and then the landlord entering placed a bottle of wine on the table, remarking that the "Magpie" was not without renown on the score of its claret. This bottle the little stranger promptly seized, helped the ladies, and poured himself out a bumper of its ruby contents, an action that was more than Lord Charles could submit to.

"Harkee, man, you make *too* free," he exclaimed, hotly, stretching over and capturing the bottle.

The little man sprang to his feet, his grey eyes blazing.

"Take it all then, graceless clown," he cried in a fury, and dashed the wine in his glass into Lord Charles' face.

The Beau turned white, and then crimson, and then purple, until he became almost black in the face, and his lips

unfolded from his gleaming teeth in an ugly smile. He half raised the bottle in his hand as though to hurl it at his insulter, but, wiser counsels prevailing, replaced it on the table, and, wiping the wine from his face, turned to the astounded ladies.

"I am sorry, ladies, you have been called upon to witness so unseemly a brawl," he said, gutturally, "but, by your leave, I'll take this ruffler to yonder garden and give him a lesson he is not likely to forget."

sneered the little man, "an his lordship's sword-play's no better than his manners he'd better stay here with you ladies——"

"Egad, sir, your carcass shall pay in full for your tongue's scurrility," retorted Lord Charles, hotly. "Lead on, sir."

"Oh, Lord Charles, is it worth all this?" interposed Miss Betty, rising from the table with a pretty look of solicitude in her eyes, as the men were leaving the room.

"Preserve us! Betty child, art turned



"'TAKE IT ALL THEN, GRACELESS CLOWN,' HE CRIED IN A FURY, AND DASHED THE WINE IN HIS GLASS INTO LORD CHARLES' FACE."

"A fico for your lessons, swasher," cried the smaller man, making towards the door. "I'll with you to the garden. Come along."

"I would warn you, sir, whoever you may be," said Lady Rachel, as the little man turned to bow himself out of the room, "that you go out with no mean antagonist. Lord Charles Pynsent is reckoned among the invincible swordsmen of Europe."

"By my Peg's sweet eyes, madam,"

craven?" remonstrated Lady Rachel. "Is every churl on the road to insult us at his pleasure? Leave him to Lord Charles. I warrant a little blood-letting will cure his spleen."

A moment afterwards the door had closed behind the two men, and the ladies turned to the garden window.

As the combatants made pass on pass with lightning rapidity poor timid Betty's eyes grew big with apprehension, momentarily expecting the crimson spurt that

would tell of the deep and deadly wound ; but what she actually saw from the window was unexpected, incomprehensible, and ridiculous. Lord Charles, ever the more impetuous, lunged fiercely at his opponent, who received the thrust on a steady blade, smiling and cool, giving a half pace backwards. A circle of light showed for a moment, as the blades played round one another, and then a bright streak shot away over Lord Charles' shoulder and fell glittering to the grass. He was disarmed !

The little man stepped back, bowing with lowered point, and then, after a seeming interchange of words, Lord Charles picked up his sword again and the fight proceeded.

This second bout, however, was similar in all respects to the first, and after this the combatants came striding over the lawn towards the house : Lord Charles downcast, shamefaced, beaten ; the little man unruffled and cool, as one to whom victory is no unusual event.

They entered the house, and their voices were heard below : then, after the lapse of some minutes, their footsteps were heard coming up the stairs, and they entered the parlour. Lord Charles came in first, flushed and ill at ease, evidently trying to conceal his chagrin beneath much loud bluster.

"I' faith, ladies," he cried, "I fear you have but a sorry champion to-day. The cursed heavy ground, and the chill air——"

He stopped, and his eyes wandered over to his late opponent, who stood reserved and self-possessed, with a humorous twinkle in his grey eyes, and a twitching at the corner of his hard-set lips.

"Nay, I will not be ungenerous," he continued, with an altered tone. "To be beat by such a master is no disgrace, and credit be to whom 'tis due."

"Well said, my lord," broke in Lady Rachel. "The man's a *maître d'armes* ; he argues too adroitly even for thee in rapier disputation."

"Well, well, here's other matter for argument," laughed the nobleman, as the landlord, entering, placed cards and dice-boxes on the table. "Now, while you ladies retire and prepare for the continuance of our journey, for which the carriage will be round anon, will I try for my revenge at play more peaceful——"

"Though, God help us, oft times more

destructive," added the small man, with a quiet grin.

"Aye, and call all the saints to aid thee now," said Lady Rachel, drily, as she and Miss Betty, swept out of the room ; "for, poor sheep, thou art in the hands of an expert shearer."

When, their toilets completed, the ladies re-entered the room some time afterwards, they found that a crisis had arrived in the fortunes of the players, and success in this their second trial of skill seemed to rest with Lord Charles. He stood at the end of the table, a scattered heap of cards and dice before him, with a radiant face and his old confident mien ; with his right hand he was bestowing a fat purse within the safety of an inner pocket, with the left he pushed two or three gold coins across to his adversary.

"See, madam, how unavailing were thy prayers," exclaimed the latter, turning to Lady Rachel a countenance truly rueful, but so comical withal as to destroy all pity for him ; "the sheep has been shorn so effectually that he is compelled to beg back sufficient wool to pay his tavern bill. 'Tis a sack—by my Peg's sweet eyes—a most complete sack !"

"Plucked to the bone, egad—to the very marrow !" chuckled Lord Charles, highly pleased with himself.

"Oh, Charles !" broke in Miss Betty, whose kind heart liked not this state of things. "Is this right——"

"Heavens ! child, what next——" her aunt was beginning ; but the stranger interrupted her.

"Nay, be not distressed, young lady," he said. "Fortune frowns on me now, but soon—haply this very day—you shall see his lordship disgorge all my poor pelf, with more besides, mayhap, to keep it company."

Lord Charles laughed scornfully.

"Wilt wager on't, my lord ?" cried the other, eagerly, with a flash of his keen eyes.

"Aye, marry will I !" responded Lord Charles. "Five hundred pounds you do not get it out of me within the week !"

"Done ! By my Peg's sweet eyes, my hand on't !" the stranger cried out, and they clasped hands.

"And if I win," began Lord Charles, eyeing the other, "to whom——"

"Captain Ellicott, of the King's Army, lately home from Germany, is well known in London, I venture to think, even to some of Lord Charles Pynsent's friends——"

"Enough, captain," Lord Charles broke in. "'Tis a wager. Ladies, you are witnesses."

Then came the bowing landlord with word that my lord's carriage was at the door, and, with frigid bows of farewell to Captain Ellcott, Lord Charles and his ladies departed.

If the road had been rough before, it seemed ten times more so now to the party in the post-chaise, and the nearer they drew to Courtland the more terrible grew the shaking and jolting. Lord Charles lay back in his seat, softly cursing the iniquity of peers who ask their friends to traverse such barbarous ways; Lady Rachel groaned and complained without stint, as her poor pain-racked body was ruthlessly shaken from side to side; and Miss Betty relieved her feelings by soundless weeping.

Suddenly, with jarring abruptness, the carriage came to a standstill, jerking its occupants painfully in all directions, while from outside came the sounds of loud voices and the trampling of frightened horses.

Lord Charles let down the window with an oath.

"What devil's folly is this?" he began, fiercely, and then started back into the carriage, followed by a large horse-pistol levelled at his head.

"Your money and jewels at once, without parley!" demanded a harsh voice, that somehow conveyed to them a ring of familiarity. "It's no use, my lord; I'm not alone, and if you attempt anything I shall blow out your brains without mercy. Come, quick! Pass over, or——"

Lady Rachel, who had swooned, came to her senses at this expressive ellipsis, and wailingly cried to Lord Charles that 'twere better to lose the little they had with them than to lose their lives; and Miss Betty, who had swooned in good earnest, looked so ghastly in the light of the carriage-lamp, by which a masked figure was surveying them from outside, that her betrothed, with every inclina-

tion to resist, wavered, and finally gave way.

"Here, villain, take thy ill-gotten booty!" he cried, beginning to hand out his money and valuables.

"Ill-gotten, say you?" scoffed the other. "Well, maybe so, for there are those who say that Beau Pynsent's wealth is not always so honourably come by!"

"Sdeath!" hissed Lord Charles, in a fury. "Art a cowardly ruffian, and I shall live to see thee hanged!"

"Yorkshire Dick is as hard to catch



"A BRIGHT STREAK SHOT AWAY OVER LORD CHARLES' SHOULDER, AND HIS SWORD FELL GLITTERING TO THE GRASS."

as Captain Ellcott was to kill, my lord," laughed the man behind the mask. "But come," he went on, in his harsh voice, "all your money, please; make no delay. Here is a purse fairly well filled, but methinks I spy another lying snug in yonder pocket. Ah, so 'tis, and a famous fat one, too. That gold watch likewise I must have, and the rings on your fingers have the right sparkle. Grammarcy! we progress. . . . Now, ladies,

please, the night draws in, and I have far to go. . . . Thank'ee, thank'ee, 'tis a pretty haul. . . . Ten thousand pardons for the inconvenience. . . . So—that is

require time? Well, well, lay out the money in replacing for these ladies the trinkets I have taken of them. *Adieu*, thou poor crumpled beau; and, ladies, fare ye well."

"Ha! a joke, a joke!" shouted Lord Charles, in a tone of great relief; "Captain, thou hast won. Ha, ha! a merry joke."

"Then laugh, my lord," cried the figure in the



all? Ah, 'tis well. Your slave's undying thanks."

Then the figure drew back somewhat into the road, and the light flickered and swayed unsteadily. After a moment he was at the window again thrusting the lamp into Lord Charles' hands.

"Hold it, my lord, I beg you, for one brief moment, that I may pouch my plunder," he cried, and then without warning the harsh voice changed to one with which they were undeniably familiar.

"By my Peg's sweet eyes! 'tis a sack—a most potent sack," rang out through the darkness. "The odd trick is to me, my lord. Wilt pay me thy wager now, or dost

"LORD CHARLES STOOD AT THE END OF THE TABLE, HAVING JUST BESTOWED A FAT PURSE WITHIN THE SAFETY OF AN INNER POCKET."

road, "'tis all the comfort thou wilt have of it."

And, with wild, mocking laughter, he rode off into the gloom of the surrounding moor, and they saw him no more.



STRANGE THINGS IN CHURCHES.

AN ECCLESIASTICAL MUSEUM.

BY HERBERT KNIGHT.



A BOMBSHELL IN LONDONDERRY CATHEDRAL.

strange sight may be seen. Local tradition states that the shell was fired on the city at the memorable siege in 1688, which lasted one

HUNDREDS of churches possess wonderful objects. Generally, these take the form of quaint carvings, ancient fountains, beautiful pulpits, and eccentric mosaics; but here we have gathered together a number of objects which one would hardly expect to find in a place of worship.

Fancy a bombshell in a cathedral! Yet on a pedestal in the porch of Londonderry Cathedral this



THIS PULPIT RUNS ON TRAM LINES.

hundred and four days. The bomb was intended to do the cathedral great harm, and the authorities had it placed in the porch, that all visitors might see that the machinations of the enemy were in vain.

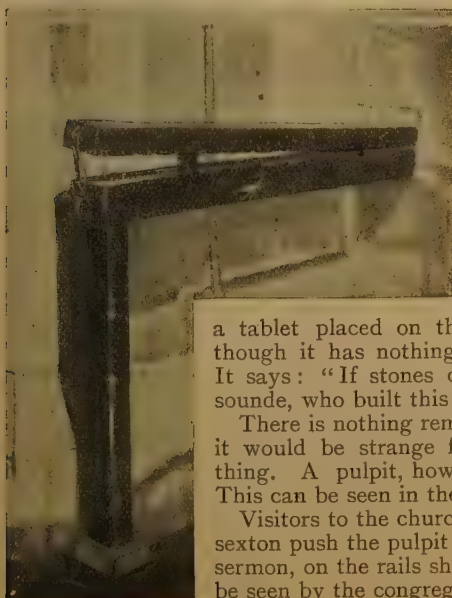
The bombshell naturally excites a great deal of interest. It is stated that on one occasion a boy with a martial spirit, when asked which was the finest cathedral in the United Kingdom, answered, "Londonderry, because it has a bombshell." There is

a tablet placed on the wall, just above the bombshell, which, though it has nothing to do with the latter, is interesting reading. It says: "If stones could speak, then London's prayse should sounde, who built this church and cittie from the grounde."

There is nothing remarkable in a church having a pulpit; indeed, it would be strange for a place of worship to be minus such a thing. A pulpit, however, that runs on rails is a decided novelty. This can be seen in the church of St. James, Clovelly, near Bath.

Visitors to the church are much amused when they observe the sexton push the pulpit to the centre of the church just before the sermon, on the rails shown in our illustration. The wheels cannot be seen by the congregation, for they are hidden in the base of the structure.

In 1888 it was found necessary to renovate and reseal the building.



FINGER PILLORY FOR CHURCH DISTURBERS.

The pulpit, being very high and ugly, was cut down to its present proportions, and placed in the middle of the church. It



FONT
MADE
OF A
SHELL
FROM
THE
PHILIP-
PINE IS-
LANDS.

was then found that it concealed the altar. When placed on one side, another difficulty arose—the people in the gallery could not see the preacher. In order to avoid this, the present curious arrangement was adopted.

The pulpit usually stands on one side of the chancel, and is pushed into the middle of the church for the sermon. At the close of the discourse it is again pushed aside.

In many parts of the country, stocks or whipping-posts may be seen outside churches, or near them; but the church at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, in Leicestershire, is the only church in the United Kingdom that has anything of the kind in its interior. The finger pillory shown on the first page is in the gallery of that church.

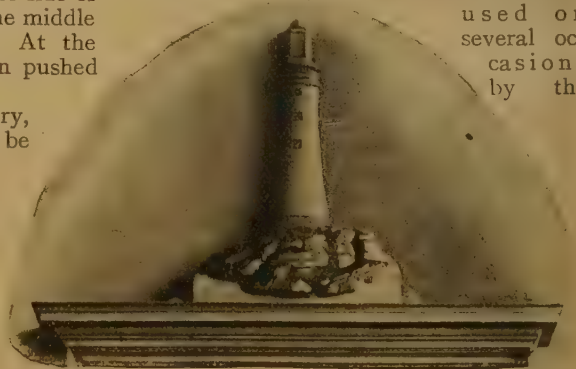
The word “pillory” naturally suggests pain, and the visitor who puts his fingers in it is surprised to find that the members of his hand are unhurt. The punishment, however, lies in the fact that it is absolutely impos-

sible to remove the fingers. Although the pillory seems to consist of only two pieces of wood, an ingenious device clamps them together, and prevents the withdrawal of the fingers.

Its exact use can only be surmised, for the records of the church do not give the precise duties of the pillory. It is supposed, however, that boys and girls who misbehaved themselves during the service were thus imprisoned by the hand to keep them from further mischief. There are many, however, who imagine that it was a means of detaining persons who were in the habit of going out before the sermon, and that they were thus forcibly detained to hear the preacher. If a noisy protest were made, they were kept prisoners until they became tractable. This was, of course, in the days when a man was sent to prison if he did not attend church.

There are many curious fonts in both ancient and modern churches; but in the little Surrey church, All Saints', South Merstham, there is a font that is both unique and of unusual interest at the present time. It consists of a huge shell, and its remarkable appearance will be seen by a glance at the illustration. One of the churchwardens of the church at South Merstham recently paid a visit to the Philippine Islands, and while there came across the shell, which he thought would serve admirably as a font for his church at home. Accordingly he brought it back with him to England, had it fixed on a suitable pedestal, and placed in the church as a

font. It has been used on several occasions by the



LIGHTHOUSE ERECTED IN A CHURCH IN MEMORY OF THE BUILDER OF THE EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

clergyman when baptising the babies of his parishioners.

One would hardly expect to find a light-



JACK THE BELLMAN—AN
AUTOMATIC FIGURE IN SOUTH-
WOLD CHURCH.

house in a church. Such a thing, however, does exist, and it seems only fitting that it is erected to the memory of John Smeaton, the builder of the first Eddystone Lighthouse. Smeaton was practically the lighthouse pioneer, and the marvels of engineering skill that now appear along our coasts are due entirely to his initiation. The lighthouse shown in the illustration is to be found in Whitkirk Church, where Smeaton is buried. It is an exact copy of the structure which he erected, and which withstood the storms and gales of over a century, being the means of saving the lives of countless hundreds of seafarers who otherwise would have found a watery grave.

If the strange "bellman" shown here existed in every church, many of our bell-ringers would be out of work. This curious figure is to be seen in the parish church of Southwold, near Lowestoft.



Valentine, Photo
THE IMP IN LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

house in a church. Such a thing, however, does exist, and it seems only fitting that it is erected to the memory of John Smeaton, the builder of the first Eddystone Lighthouse. Smeaton was practically the lighthouse pioneer, and the marvels of engineering skill that now appear along our coasts are due entirely to his initiation. The lighthouse shown in the

quaint old wooden figure is made to strike a bell with a battle axe. This is done some ten or twelve times. It is set in motion by the sexton pulling a rope, which is attached to the right arm of the figure. It does duty before every service.

The famous minster of Wimborne is widely renowned for its strange clock. It is almost the only astronomical clock associated with a sacred edifice in the country, and is considered the best specimen of its kind in the world.

It is fixed in the wall of the bell tower,



Valentine, Photo
WIMBORNE MINSTER ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK, WHICH
TELLS THE POSITION OF SUN AND MOON.

the most modern addition to the minster.

The centre represents the earth, and the sun, moon, and stars revolve round it in their several places like other clocks that work on the Ptolemaic system. The mechanism of the clock is exceedingly interesting, and in spite of its great age the orrery keeps splendid time.

A rod from the clock gives motion to its works, and it shows the relative positions of the sun and the moon, the daily age of the moon during the lunar month, and its

daily distance from the sun. There is one point always impressed upon visitors, and that is, that the clock was the invention of a monk of Glas-tonbury, Peter Lightfoot by name. It is generally supposed that the clock was con-



SAND WRITING-TABLE IN DENNINGTON CHURCH, AT WHICH THE OLD MAN WAS TAUGHT TO WRITE.

structed about 1320, over two centuries prior to the discovery of the true solar system by Copernicus in 1543.

It should be added that Wimborne Minster has another curious clock on the same tower, a soldier sentinel striking the time upon a pair of bells.

The "Lincoln Imp" is more noted than its compeers, because it happens to be a part of the Angel Choir in the cathedral of the Fen district. Imps and devils in the form of gargoyles are to be found on scores of churches, but more particularly on the Continent. The "Lincoln Imp," however, is one of the few demons allowed to adorn the interior of a church in the United Kingdom.

The Angel Choir has no rival. Its ornamentation has a richness and profuseness unequalled in any part of the country. The sculptural work is so delicate and beautiful in design that the ugliness of the imp only enhances its splendour. The sculptures of the angels with their expanded wings playing on musical instruments—after which the choir is named—bring out in singular contrast the form of the imp with its horns and huge flapping ears. The imp sits nursing its right leg at the base of the corbel of the first vaulting shaft on the north side of the choir, and looks as full of mischief as imps usually are.

The bombshell of Londonderry has a rival in a cannon ball. But the rivalry is confined to Ireland, for the latter, accompanied by some spurs, is to be seen in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin. They hang on the wall of the northern transept of the cathedral, and, needless to say, these decorations attract a great deal of attention. Their history is a remarkable one.

The spurs were worn by Lord Loftus, who—as students of Irish history well know—was killed in the memorable siege of Limerick.

The cannon ball, by the side of the spurs, is the identical ball that killed Lord Loftus, and when the remains of this nobleman were interred it was decided to place the above relics in the cathedral.

Another photograph shows one of the old sand writing-tables on which children used to be taught to write. It consists of a long board, planed smooth, with a rim all round. On this board fine sand was sprinkled about an eighth of an inch thick. The letters were traced in the sand with the forefinger. The two pieces of board, such as plasterers use to-day, are for smoothing the sand prior to making use of it again for a

second lesson. The venerable old man sitting at the table, whose age is eighty-one, and who is still alive, says that he was taught to write at this very table. These tables were often kept in the church, and he used to learn writing after the morning service on Sunday. The table is to be seen at Dennington, in



THIS KNOCKER
SAVED MANY
CRIMINALS.

Suffolk.

The grotesque-looking knocker which adorns this page had for many years a romantic use. It hangs upon the north doorway of Durham Cathedral, and is called the Sanctuary Knocker. Durham Cathedral was built to house the dead body of the great St. Cuthbert; and

King Alfred ordained that whoever for any cause fled to the saint's burial place should have "peaceable being" for thirty-seven days. If a criminal could only grasp the knocker of St. Cuthbert's Church he was safe, for his pursuers could not touch him there.

THE BUSHRANGER AND THE BOY

THE STORY OF HOW THE ONE
THWARTED THE OTHER.

By CHARLES EDWARDES.

Illustrated by F. H. Bacon.

"WELL, sir, here you are. Reckon some day I'll have the distinguished honour of driving you back to Wurra Wurra. And, look here, don't forget what I told you about Mr. Roberts' steeds. They'll play old Harry with you. They broke your distinguished predecessor's right wrist in less'n a week. Demons is no name for 'em."

"I'm really extremely obliged to you—extremely," said the passenger, as he took off his blue glasses. He was still unconvinced that this common person of a coach driver was not chaffing him, had not in fact chaffed him from the beginning to the end of the dismal dusty drive from Wurra Wurra—an eight hours' experience.

But the driver, with a yell and a tug, pulled up his plebeian yet lusty little team, and gave no further clue to his character.

"So long," he said, with a nod, and did not take his hands from the reins.

"May I offer you a—a drink?" inquired the passenger.

"Reckon not, thanks, at this shanty. Hullo! Great Cæsar Secundus, you here, Master Rivers King!" he exclaimed, with a stare, as a tall lean man with a conspicuous nose and a conspicuous thick moustache lounged round from the back of the "Lonely Inn," as the house was fitly called. But he spoke rather to himself than to the person indicated. Master Rivers King nodded to him, with a sort of phantasmal wink. He seemed a lazy cus-



F. H. Bacon

tomers, the kind of man who gets through life anyhow, with his hands in his pockets.

The passenger alighted. He was a trifle pale from fatigue, and he seemed impressed by the cheerlessness of the house in which he was to spend the night.

"Good-bye, driver!" he said, nevertheless, when his couple of portmanteaux had been dropped, and, with another stare at Master Rivers King, the lord of the three bony steeds touched them lightly with his whip.

But the driver gave him no more words. He moved off with a shrug of the shoulders.

Then Master Rivers King came to the front.

"Mr. Richard Efficersley, I believe?" he enquired, with a certain grave politeness.

"Yes, that's my name. I suppose you are from Robertson. It's too late to think of going on to-day, isn't it?"

"Much too late, Mr. Efficersley. Talbot here will fix you up right enough. Talbot, where are you?"

At these words another man, built like Master King, and with the same indolent yet furtive look, glided out of the house.

"Right, boss," said he, as he gripped the trunks.

"You are the landlord, I suppose?" suggested the passenger, to Master King.

"Yes, in a manner of speaking," was the reply.

The coach was now out of sight, beyond the brow of a hill with a few melancholy gum trees on the parched sandy summit.

"Come inside, Mr. Efficersley, and have some tea or something," said Master King with sudden alacrity and a keen searching glance over the horizon on three sides.

Mr. Efficersley confessed his particular desire for tea.

The moment he was across the threshold, however, the door was locked, and he was confronted by Master King, Talbot, and another gentleman of pretty much the same kind as these two.

"Tell him about things while I get a shave," said Master King, with decision.

The astonished Mr. Efficersley then listened to a woeful tale. He was not, it seemed, to be allowed to ride to Robertson either then or in the morning. He was a captured man, though only a poor scholar with about fifteen pounds sterling in his pockets. His keys were required of him and all his personal memoranda. Furthermore, he was to take off his clothes without delay.

"Come, no nonsense, or it will be the worse for you," said Talbot, as Mr. Efficersley hesitated while unbuttoning his waistcoat.

"But, sir," cried the captive, appealing to Master King, who was shaving rapidly and smiling at his own face in the six-inch mirror against the wall.

This gentleman stopped, razor in hand, and smiled on Mr. Efficersley. Also he spake words:—

"For he shall have who best can keep,
And that's the law of nature ;

isn't it, Mr. Efficersley?" he demanded. "I'm sorry for you, though not so much. I venture, upon the whole, to guarantee you the return of your property in three days, entire and undefiled."

"Then am I to understand——"

"That it's just a lark? Yes, that'll do ; understand that and let go your braces. I must personate you even to the necktie—for a day or two."

"But why?"

"Hold your tongue, sir, and obey and be thankful you're not in dirtier hands. I tell you you'll lose nothing, and you won't be starved either. By Friday, I daresay they'll welcome you at Robertson."

There was no going against the drift of these words. Mr. Efficersley quickly cast his slough of Scottish tweed suit—so suitable for the climate—and, at Talbot's instigation, though with evident repugnance, put on moleskin breeches and a loose holland jacket much the worse for pipe sparks and grease spots.

"And now have a drink, mate. You're one of us," said Talbot, with grim humour, as he reached for a whisky bottle on a shelf.

"Make yourself quite at home, Mr. Efficersley, while you're here," added Master King, who was now pruning his moustache with scissors. "But leave the house, or exchange word with anyone if you get the chance, and you'll be introduced to cold lead as sure as a gun can shoot."

"That's the sober truth, mate, and you'd best digest it," said Talbot, holding a half-filled glass towards the disestablished passenger.

Mr. Efficersley was terribly confounded by these various speeches and proceedings. He refused the whisky and took up his blue glasses as if they might comfort him. But here again he was not to have his own way.

"I'll thank you for those blinkers," said Master King.

Then the portmanteaux were opened, and Mr. Efficersley's collars, shirts, and schoolbooks were overturned. A selection of the articles was made, and these were packed into the smaller of the two trunks. Talbot did the work while Master King put on Mr. Efficersley's clothes, humming to himself the while.

"Shove in the flute. That's a mutual accomplishment," said Master King at one moment.

Mr. Efficersley sat on an ill-balanced chair and watched this wagging of the

world of the Lonely Inn, named with such fatal and truthful artifice.

"And now for Flying Scud!" exclaimed Master King. He whistled between his fingers, and an answering whistle was heard.

"I think I'll do," he continued, addressing Talbot and trying to squint down his own back.

"You'll do fine — astonishing

fine!" said the other, and even Mr. Effersley had to admit to himself that his clothes became the person who had, if he was to be believed, only borrowed them.

"And so good evening, Mr. Effersley, and I hope you will be as comfortable as circumstances, combined with philosophy, will enable you to be. You have tobacco and you have leisure—they're two good things—with a clear conscience to boot. But avast there. You'll see me when you see me, Talbot; and keep three eyes going till then."

With this courteous—

even scholarly—farewell, Master Rivers King left the room, portmanteau in hand. In less than five minutes more Mr. Effersley was invited to glance out of a side window. Hence he saw a brisk grey horse speeding over the burnt land, straight for the blazing sun, now not much more than

an hour off its setting; and on it was one of his portmanteaux and a curious facsimile of himself.

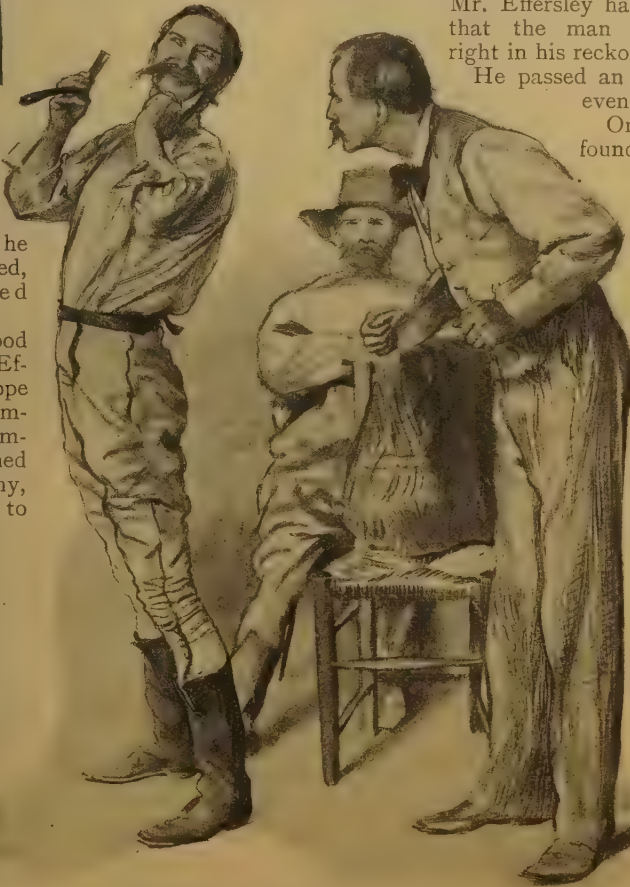
"Yes," said Talbot, in reply to a comment, "you're pretty much of a figure, barring the muscles, though I reckon you couldn't move on six legs like him."

It was only a slight increase of the already large stock of his humiliation, but Mr. Effersley had to confess that the man Talbot was right in his reckoning.

He passed an uncongenial evening.

Once, after profound thought, an idea flashed to him.

"By the way, Mr. Talbot, is it common knowledge that Mrs. Roberts keeps such valuable diamonds in her house?" he asked, remembering what the coach driver had said about



"THE CAPTIVE APPEALED TO MASTER KING, WHO WAS SHAVING RAPIDLY."

the lady's pet vanity. But Talbot's reply was nothing less than brutal in its severity.

"Dry up about that!" he shouted, with a sudden frown. What the——"

He did not end his sentence verbally. His face did it for him, illustratively. And

Mr. Effersley, with a shudder, filed his pipe afresh, and wished with all his heart he were back again in the peaceful atmosphere of Oxford, or at least that he had not been so ready to be engaged by Messrs. James and Smith, of Melbourne, as tutor to the squatter's one little boy, aged nine.

II.

MASTER KING flattered himself he got through the first half-hour at Robertson with complete success.

It was dark when he arrived, jumped from his horse, and knocked. But Mrs. Roberts and the boy welcomed him cordially.

"We'd no idea you were coming yet," said the lady; while the boy, crimson with excitement, crept up and clung to Master King's right hand.

"Here is the letter that was to have told you all about it," said the man, tendering an epistle he had secured from the mail bag, with others, a week ago. "It got delayed at the inn."

"Dear, dear, the idea of it!" exclaimed Mrs. Roberts. "And how you must have travelled! Tired is no word for your state, Mr. Effersley, I'm sure; and I'm so sorry my husband is not at home. He's twenty-five miles away. The season being so dry, he's anxious for the sheep. Well—and we'll see about tea for you; and you, Darling, will make friends with Mr. Effersley in the meantime—won't you, dear?"

With that the lady left the room, and Master Rivers King and little Tom Darling Roberts were alone together.

"Lord save us!" murmured the former, when he had taken stock of his supposed pupil.

"Sit down, please, Mr. Effersley, and let me come on your knee, and look at you close," said the lad. "I like you—I'm sure I do."

Master Rivers King sat down and let this shadow of a boy perch on his knee and gaze into his face. His very saddle would, with its weight, have encumbered him more. The child had big brown eyes, a girlish smoothness of skin, and a girlish tenderness of touch. Master Rivers King felt uncommonly queer in this position and under this scrutiny.

"Say," he asked, coaxingly, "you're not well, are you?"

"No, I'm not," was the measured reply; "and I don't get any stronger as I grow, and that's just the worst of it. I'm like

Dick Barton's little girl that's sick. Mother always goes to see them in the evening. Her name's Nellie, and she's dying, for a certain fact."

As the lad said this he stroked Master Rivers King's newly shaven chin with his thin little fingers.

"Fiddlestick!" said Master King. "Folks don't die all that fast. Besides, I've come to teach you things, you know—'arma virumque cano,' and all that sort of stuff."

"It's true just the same—and you know it, Mr. Effersley. I can see by your eyes. You're sorry for me, like they all are, and I love you for it."

Mr. Effersley's pupil nestled his little face against Master Rivers King's waistcoat, just over the heart.

"What's your name, my boy?" asked the man, knotting his brows above the downy little head.

"Thomas Darling Roberts—and I'm called Darling because I was born by the Darling river. My! that is a river, if you like; not like this pokey Waira, which dries up when it doesn't rain. Father calls me Tom; he says Darling sounds soft. You can call me whichever you like."

"Thank you, Tom lad."

The return of Mrs. Roberts put an end to this interview, which had affected Master King like no previous interview in his experience.

"That's splendid," she said, with a smile. "He's quite taken to you, I can see."

"Yes, mother; shall I tell you why?" cried the boy, scrambling to his feet and running to Mrs. Roberts.

"Why, my darling?"

"First," was the reply, as the lad leaned against his mother's side facing Master King, "because he's big and strong and handsome. Next, because he's gentle and kind. Next after that, because he's clever—he must be clever, you know. Next again, because he's good and honest. I can see that by his eyes. And that's why I like him."

"Bless the child!" cried Mrs. Roberts. "There, you've got your character, Mr. Effersley, and you can't find fault with it, I'm sure."

Master King felt for the blue spectacles. "It'll be different when he sees me in these things," he said, with a little bitterness and more strange sensations.

"But take them off, Mr. Effersley; take them off, please," screamed the boy, the next moment. "They're horrible."

Master King obeyed him, smiling rather awkwardly; and then he obeyed his hostess, who invited him into the next room to tea.

The meal was nothing less than an absurd ordeal. The squatter's wife was an inquisitive though kindly woman, and the questions she asked about Mr. Effersley's home life exacted supreme fertility of invention in reply. And the replies were all made under the solemn gaze of that little lad, who had flung himself into an armchair and huddled there with his knees almost touching his chin. He kept silence during the colloquy, but he listened thirstily to everything.

Master Rivers King thanked the Lord (and he was not much given that way) when he could get up.

"And now, Mr. Effersley, will you excuse me," asked Mrs. Roberts, "if I desert you for an hour? Our Manager's little girl—"

"It's Nellie whom I told you about," interposed the boy.

"She's very, very ill, and I should like to see her. Your room is quite ready, and it's time both of you were in bed, I expect."

But Tom Darling protested against the sentence.

"I've lots to say to him," he declared, reproachfully.

"Well then, only till I come back," said this indulgent mother.

"Mayn't I see you there?" asked Master King.

"Just to the corner, if you would," was the reply, with a special look.

Master King was soon enlightened as to that look.

"Mr. Effersley," said the lady appealingly, when they were a few yards from the homestead veranda and under the full brightness of the stars, "will you forgive us for not telling you the truth about our poor darling!"

"I don't understand you, ma'am," the man stammered.

"The doctor has given him up. He's fairly wasting away,

and in this grand air too. It breaks both our hearts to think of it, but

it is His will and we must be resigned. And

what I mean is this: he loves learning, bless

him, next to goodness of character; and can

you forgive us for saddling you with

such a pupil?"

Master Rivers King did not reply immediately. He felt like

choking or laughing—if he had been asked on

oath he couldn't have said which.

"Think of the happiness you

will bring to his poor short little

life, Mr. Effersley," urged the

squatter's wife.

"Lord love you,"

then ejaculated

Master King, "it makes me queer to hear

you. There's nothing to forgive."

If Mrs. Roberts thought these words rather odd, she didn't say so.

"Thank you so very very much," she replied, and then she sent him back to the house.

Master King all but yielded to a coward



"THIS SHADOW OF A BOY PERCHED ON HIS KNEE, AND GAZED INTO HIS FACE."

inclination to sneak straight off to his bed. It was just as if the sinews had all been drawn out of his flesh. Anyway, the business he had on should not be entertained that night. He grinned angrily under the stars as he remembered this the prime purpose of his perilous enterprise.

However, he could not get to his bed without passing through the house door, and there in the lamplight stood the little boy.

"Come in, Mr. Effersley," he whispered eagerly as he grasped that strong right hand which had wrought so much that was conventionally wrong—"come right in and tell me things."

He guided Master King to the sofa—it was as if a lamb were leading a lion—and again perched on his knees.

"What shall I tell you, then?" asked Master King.

"Oh, anything. Poetry would do."

"My goodness, lad! It's a long time since I was in the poetry days. But how do you like this?"

"Some men sow and some men reap,
For that's a law of nature;
And he shall have who best can keep,
That too's a law of nature."

"How do you like that, lad?"

"I don't understand it, Mr. Effersley," was the rather querulous reply. "Oh, I wonder——" He shuffled to the ground and stood looking about him with dilated eyes.

"What do you wonder?"

"I *would* like you to see them: they are so splendid. You'd be sure to like them."

"What are *they*, Tom—kittens or rabbits?"

"No, Mr. Effersley, they're something much better than kittens or rabbits, only I oughtn't to do it; I know perfectly well I oughtn't."

"Then don't, my lad."

But Tom Darling wasn't satisfied.

"Yes," he said gravely, as he looked into Master King's face; "I shall. You're honest. It isn't as if you were a sun-downer, or anything. Come with me into mother's own room. I know all about it. She likes them the best thing in the world after me and father. Come!"

Master Rivers King, with a heavy frown and a curious tragedy walk, followed the boy out of the room, down a passage and into another room. The lamp held by Tom Darling seemed to set a halo over his downy close-cropped little head. But the

halo moved as he put the lamp on a table by a looking-glass, and with the whispered words, "It's mother's room!" gazed around him.

Master King also gazed at his environment. Once more the impulse seized him to sneak away. He too had had a "mother's room" once upon a time, far far away; one more luxurious too in its fittings than this, though for the Waira valley Mrs. Roberts' apartment was sufficiently grandiose.

"Now, Mr. Effersley, get ready," murmured Tom Darling, as he stooped and pulled away a sheepskin rug by the bed. "We're all alone, you know. Cook and Jim don't sleep here. It makes me shake to touch them."

He looked up in Master King's face, his eyes bigger than ever and shining in the dimness.

Master King supported his shaven chin in the hollow of his right hand, while his left arm held the elbow thereof. He said nothing, but watched the boy. His thoughts, however, were of a varied kind, with unspoken imprecations, self-begotten, wandering in their midst.

Little Tom Darling, on his knees, touched a knot in a short plank, and the plank displaced and showed a cavity. Thrusting a hand into the hole, the boy then drew forth an old-fashioned tortoise-shell box with a silver top and inscription.

"There!" he cried, as he ran towards the table and the lamp. "We must be quick. She might come back, you know. Oh, where are her keys? Suppose she has them in her pocket after all."

But no. With strange negligence, Mrs. Roberts had left these on the dressing-table amid photographs and other trifles. Master King noticed that there were nearly a dozen portrayals of Mr. Effersley's little pupil among the group.

Tom Darling's fingers trembled as he chose the right key and made the others clink as he opened the box.

"They're diamonds—the most beautiful in all the world, I'm positive," he whispered reverently. "She used to say they were for my little wifie when I grew up, but she doesn't say that now. Look, Mr. Effersley, aren't they lovely?"

The boy snapped spring after spring and exposed the jewels on their white velvet couches: a tiara, a necklace, earrings and finger rings.

"George, what a chance!" exclaimed

Master Rivers King's inner consciousness. "It's made for you without trouble." But he himself only stood smiling a rather puzzled sort of smile, as he eyed the gems without seeing them.

"Don't you like them, Mr. Effersley?" asked Tom Darling, as if he were disappointed. "Do you want to touch them? You may if you like. Only please be quick."

But in a hoarse voice that startled the boy, Master King replied—

"I can't do it, Mr. Effersley," he complained feverishly. "And I'm trembling all over."

"Let me come, then," and Master King went on his knees by the boy, and, having studied the mechanism of the Robertson safe, succeeded in doing what was necessary.

Afterwards he stood up, hot and with an aged face. He was furious with himself until he looked at the boy, who with crimson spots on his cheeks was yawning.



"THE SQUATTER'S WIFE ASKED ALL SORTS OF QUESTIONS ABOUT MR. EFFERSLEY'S HOME."

"Put them up—put them up out of sight, for the Lord's sake, lad."

"Why? Do they make you want them?"

"Put them away, my lad," he repeated, with such severity that Tom Darling shrank as if hurt.

Without another word the cases were snapped fast and relocked in the box, which was then again consigned to its dark and dreary resting-place. Somehow, though, the boy could not refix the movable plank.

His eyes shone with an ominous lustre under their heavy lids.

"I—I'm so tired, Mr. Effersley," he said, with a sigh.

At the sight Master King's throat again revolted, and it cost him a strong effort to speak calmly.

"Yes," he said, "you ought to be in bed, Tom, lad. Shall I put you to bed?"

"Would you? Oh, do. It would be splendid. Come along, then; and when mother comes back I'll tell her you did it."

The tired boy clapped his hands, and Master King again followed him into the passage, this time into a little room adjacent to his mother's. Here was a white little bed, and there were texts on the walls, as well as many pictures of the "Bubbles" kind. Master King read one of the texts: "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings," and turned away.

"Be brisk," he said, "be brisk, Tom, lad."

"First, I must say my prayers, though. You sit on the bed, will you?"

Master King sat on the bed, and the boy knelt at his knees. Wild, maddening tears came into Master King's eyes as he stared angrily at the picture immediately in the line of his vision; but his hand was on the boy's head, softly.

Perhaps happily, Tom Darling's devotions were not lengthy. He jumped up, threw his arms round Master King's neck and kissed him, saying, "It is jolly to have you, Mr. Effersley!"

"To bed, my lad, to bed!" gasped Master King, as he strode up and down the short room, keeping his face from the boy. He felt that he was disgraced for life if Tom Darling caught sight of the fat teardrops that were actually on both his cheeks. He cursed himself for his softness.

"Good-night, Tom, lad," he said hastily, as he turned away, only to be drawn back by a plaintive cry from the boy.

"Mr. Effersley!"

"Yes?" said he, showing a wrinkled-drawn face.

"Won't you kiss me—just for once?"

The blood all seemed to leave Master King's heart and face for a moment. He felt like staggering. Stagger he did, too, to the little white bed, and kissed Tom Darling on the forehead.

"Just for once, Tom, lad," he whispered. "And the Lord bless all such as you!"

This said, he broke from the room, leaving the lamp, with the words, "Oh, thank you so much, Mr. Effersley, that's splendid of you," echoing about him, as if spoken from afar.

He didn't know or care how he got to his own room, but he got to it. Here he threw himself on the bed, clothed as he was, and lay in a storm of thoughts, and some tears, for hours. He heard Mrs. Roberts return. He heard the two clocks strike time after time, until at length there was a faint glimmer of grey in the room.

Then, with a deep, subdued groan, he arose; and fifteen minutes afterwards he was spurring Flying Scud across the sand as that excellent steed had never yet been spurred. It was not for nothing that he had a master key to almost any of the locks to be found on a squatter's stable door.

III.

THE morning was still at its freshest when Master Rivers King drew rein at the Lonely Inn. A tiny column of blue smoke from its chimney told that the house was awake. It looked well against the coral red of the east.

"Well done, good horse!" he said. He patted Flying Scud, who tossed the foam from his lips and then turned his nozzle fondly towards his master. But the movement made the man pucker his brows.

"No more of *that* nonsense!" he exclaimed, and he strode to the door with a "Hallo!"

"Already!" said Talbot, lifting his eyebrows as he opened and faced his comrade.

"Ay, already. We must be trotting. I'll tell you then. Breakfasted?"

"Just."

"Right, then. We'll be off in ten minutes, into another territory. Where's Mr. Effersley?"

"Sleeping, I reckon."

"Then I'll awake him."

Master Rivers King, with a masterful glow in his eyes, trod heavily into the one decent room of the house and shut the door after him.

"It's morning, sir," he cried. "You must stir your stumps. They want you at Robertson."

The tutor sat up in his pyjamas and rubbed his eyes.

"Oh! Good morning," he said, hesitatingly.

Master King was unbuttoning his clothes. In a minute he stood in his shirt and stockings.

"You'll find half your things up there waiting for you," he said, "and this (nodding at the heap on the floor) makes the lot. There's nothing short except the blinkers. Those I smashed because the kid doesn't like them."

Mr. Effersley was now sufficiently awake to take up the tangled thread of the previous evening's adventure.

"Am I to infer," he began, much

confused, "that you have been up to Mr. Roberts' place——"

"That's so—and no harm done. If they ask about me, say I had a bad game on, but I—changed my mind. And that's all. Mention the name Rivers King and there you are.

"Rivers King! Thanks. I'll jot it down."

"And, look you"—Master King turned fiercely upon the tutor, who still sat up in bed—"you've got an angel's job up there, mind you. But there, what's the use of talking? You're a better man than me; you can't be worse anyhow; and so enough's said. Good morning, Mr. Effersley, and you can forget me as soon as you like."

"Good morning, Mr. King. I'm much obliged to you."

"See him through it and you'll be the better for it; but it'll be odd, if you shirk it, if I don't find some one to rub your nose in the mud."

Master Rivers King uttered these final words with menacing fierceness. Then he shut the door behind him; and Mr. Effersley, having felt for his cash, found it, and exhaled a sigh of surprise and gladness, dressed in earnest.

The perfume of frizzling bacon spread through the room of the Lonely Inn. It was strong while the sound of men's voices outside was also strong; but it grew stronger after the tramp of horses' feet.

Mr. Effersley settled his necktie before the looking-glass and at length opened the door.

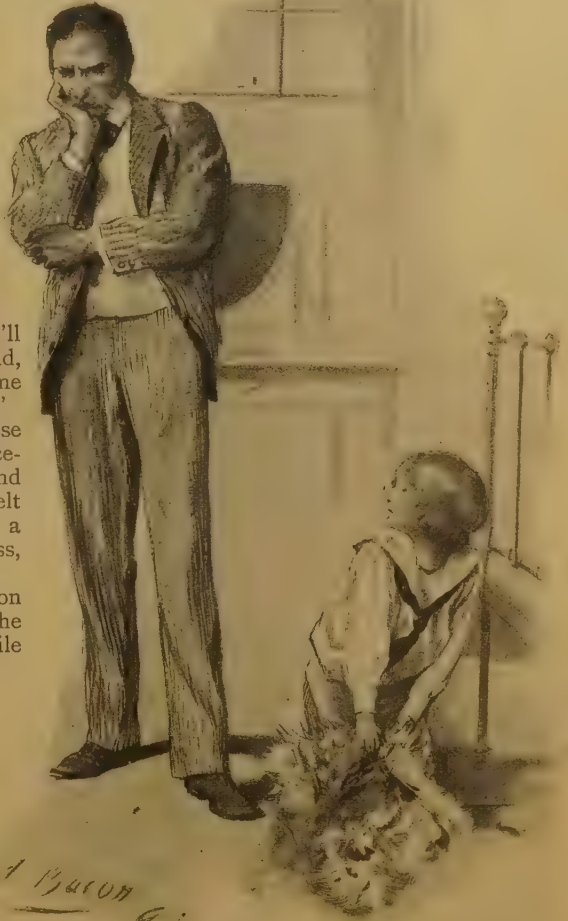
Breakfast was spread for him, and the landlord of the Lonely Inn greeted him with a matter-of-fact salutation. The bacon still frizzled upon the hearth.

"Where are the others?" Mr. Effersley inquired, looking about him.

"Gone this fifteen minutes, sir. There's only you and me here now, and I'll fix up your horse soon as ever you're through with

your victuals. You'd best not waste time."

"And who in the world is this Mr. Rivers King?" asked Mr. Effersley, conscious that he was at the back of this intimation.



"THE BOY REMOVED A SHEEPSKIN RUG, AND BENEATH WERE ALL THE JEWELS!"

"Oh, as for that, it's not for me to say. But bushranger's an old-fashioned game. I'd have you know, though, that the chap yonder (with a nod towards the country) has been brought up well. Breakfast's ready."

MIGHT-HAVE-BEENS.

WHAT SOME FAMOUS MEN WOULD HAVE
BEEN IF THEY HAD NOT BEEN
SOMETHING ELSE.

BY HERBERT HOWARD.

Illustrated by Barnard Doyle Davitt.

MANY a man owes his success in life to some great change of purpose and of profession.

A humble clerk, earning thirty shillings a week, makes the discovery that he can write interesting stories. He takes a plucky plunge into the somewhat turbulent waters of literature, and in a few years is a successful novelist, earning more pounds than he formerly did pence.

An acrobat in South Africa begins to dabble in diamond-dealing; a working engineer in Leeds goes to South America and speculates in nitrates; and before long each is a millionaire.

Modern history is full of examples of fortunes made by change. In this article we propose to deal with some of the best-known men of the present time, who, had they kept to their original plans or professions, would have occupied positions vastly different from those they hold to-day.

It is not often that a monarch has changed his profession, yet such is the case with the veteran King of Denmark. As a young man it was not in the least likely that he would suc-

ceed to the throne. He was then an obscure German prince, who had to go back three hundred years to trace any connection with the reigning Danish house.

His position was one of decided poverty, and he lived in a plain house on the Jungenheim Road, just outside Frankfurt. It is stated that his income was so slender that at one time he was glad to earn money by giving drawing lessons. Had not the whirligig of time brought strange changes with it, King Christian of Denmark might to-day have been simply a retired drawing-master with a princely name.

Coming to our own land, it is a curious fact that the Archbishops of Canterbury and York are both men who have changed their professions. Dr. Temple was brought up on a Devonshire farm, and, in his own words, "learned to plough as straight a furrow as any man."

It was a rough training that the future Primate of all England received, and for several years he knew the pinch of straitened circumstances. Throughout his entire career he has fought his way upwards, in the teeth of adverse circumstances, possessing neither wealth nor influence. It is a pleasing fact that the Head of the Anglican



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY ONCE FOLLOWED THE PLOUGH, AND MIGHT HAVE BECOME A FARMER.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK HAS BEEN A LIEUTENANT IN THE ARMY AND MIGHT HAVE BECOME A DISTINGUISHED GENERAL

Church is never ashamed to refer to the days when he was a farmer's lad.

The Archbishop of York was the son of an army doctor, and himself at first chose a military career. From 1847 to 1852 he served in the Indian Army, retiring with the rank of lieutenant, when he decided to seek Holy Orders. Had he remained true to his first love, he would doubtless have been General Maclagan by this time.

Plenty of instances could be adduced where the sacred ministry has been forsaken for some other calling.

It is hard to think of the editor of *Punch*, Mr. F. C. Burnand, as a dignitary of the Church, but such he might well have become. In his early days he was a student at Cuddesdon Theological College, under the late Canon Liddon, with full intention of becoming a clergyman in due course. But a change of religious conviction led him to adopt the law as a profession. Play-writing followed, and finally he found a congenial home in the editorial office of our leading humorous paper.

Amongst others who were educated for the ministry may be mentioned Mr. Cecil Rhodes, but that career was cut short by threatened consumption; Sir Walter Besant, whose brother is now a country clergyman; and Mr. Albert Chevalier, who certainly has altered his mind to some purpose.

Crockford's Directory gives a list of 112 clergymen who have abandoned the ministry for other professions. Among these are Messrs. A. H. Dyke Acland, M.P., J. R. Diggle, Leslie Stephen, Leonard Sedgwick, Sir William Marriott, and Lord Francis Godolphin Osborne.

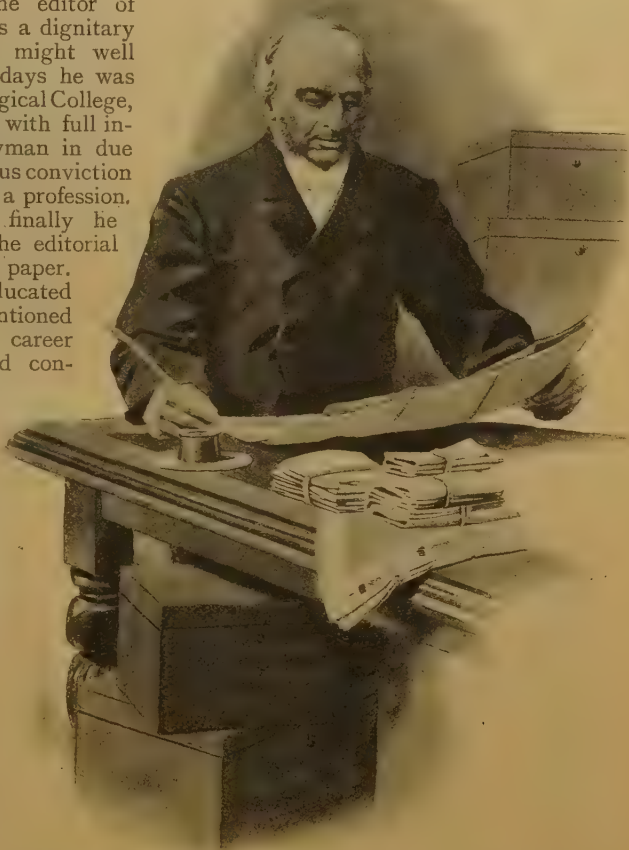
Nonconformity also affords many examples of men who have exchanged the ministry for other walks in life. A notable case is that of Mr. S. R. Crockett, the novelist, who for many years was minister of Penicuik. Mr. P. W. Clayden, of *Daily News* fame, was formerly a Unitarian minister.

Coming now to the political arena, our older readers will remember that Sir William Harcourt won his spurs as a barrister. In this capacity he developed those powers as a subtle dialectician and hard hitter for

which his parliamentary career has been distinguished.

A barrister who has become known to fame in another capacity is Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, who first discovered his powers as a story writer while waiting for briefs that were slow in coming.

Sir Edward Clarke, Q.C., M.P., is a notable example of a man whose early days gave little promise of the distinguished



LORD ARMSTRONG USED TO INDITE LAWYERS' DEEDS BEFORE HE FORGED 81-TON GUNS.

career that was to follow. As a lad he ran errands and served behind the counter in a jeweller's shop in King William Street, London. Next he was a clerk in an office, and finally, after a struggle, he succeeded in entering the legal profession, where his rise was a rapid one.

Another well-known member of Parliament, but of very different opinions, is Mr. Thomas Burt. Few men could have been more heavily handicapped. After two short years in the village school, he commenced working in the coal mines at the early age of ten, and for eighteen years continued at various kinds of underground labour, thus gaining an experience which peculiarly equipped him for his life-work as a leader in all movements for the benefit of the toilers of the land.

Yet another senator who has risen from the ranks is Mr. Michael Davitt, who in his time has played many parts.

When ten years old he commenced work in a Lancashire cotton mill, and a year later lost his right arm through a machinery accident. Next he was employed as a newspaper boy, and afterwards as a printer's devil. For some time subsequently he acted as an assistant letter-carrier.

His association with the Fenian Brotherhood soon afterwards led to his trial for treason-felony, which resulted in a sen-

tence of fifteen years' penal servitude. So greatly have the times changed, that he is now member of Parliament for South Mayo.



SIR WM. HARCOURT WON HIS SPURS AS A BARRISTER, AND MIGHT HAVE LAID DOWN THE LAW INSTEAD OF HELPING TO MAKE IT.



SIR ED. CLARKE WAS A JEWELLER'S ASSISTANT, BUT FORCED HIS WAY TO THE TOP OF THE LEGAL PROFESSION.

Lord Armstrong is another man whose great success in life has been mainly due to a change of professional career. As a young man his attention was occupied, not with huge guns and hydraulic appliances, but with conveyances and other legal documents.

It was in a solicitor's office at Newcastle that Mr. Armstrong—as he was then—first displayed that mental acumen which was in after years to make him one of the foremost engineers of his day.

From 1832 to 1847 he thus followed the law; after which, at the age of thirty-seven, he became an engineer, and started the famous Elswick Works. Everyone knows that his fame and title have been won by the invention of the huge guns which bear his name.

It is a far cry from the gun factory to the novelist's sanctum, but the

usually after a career, longer or shorter as the case may be, in some other profession, that he wakes up to the fact that he is able to write acceptably.

This was the case with Dr. Conan Doyle, who for eight years was in practice as a medical man in Southsea. Here he saw life in many of its more curious phases, and added to a wide experience by travelling both in the Arctic Regions and on the West Coast of Africa. Then, in the intervals of visiting the sick and practising as an oculist, he began to jot down sketches of the people who gathered "around the red lamp." This led to more serious efforts, and soon "Micah Clarke" proved that a new novelist had arrived upon the scene. His many subsequent books have shown how wide and how varied are the interests that occupy the life of Dr. Conan Doyle.

Many Nonconformist ministers of prominence are men who in early life have been engaged in other ways. As a rule they are not educated in boyhood



THE REV. THOMAS SPURGEON WOULD STILL BE ENGRAVING WOOD BLOCKS HAD HE NOT BECOME A PREACHER.

next change we have to record took place in the career of one of our foremost writers of fiction. Mr. Hall Caine was educated as an architect. He does not appear to have practised at all largely, but employed his technical knowledge chiefly in contributing to the *Builder* and other trade journals. This led to a wider range of journalism, but not till 1885 did he commence his career as a novelist.

Of his subsequent success it is quite superfluous to speak. His books are "not many, but much," and everybody who reads fiction at all is acquainted with such works as "The Deemster" and "The Manxman."

As a rule no man starts upon life with the intention of becoming a novelist. It is



MR. HALL CAINE PLANNED HOUSES BEFORE HE PLANNED POPULAR NOVELS

with any special idea of the ministry, but are left to discover a vocation for the sacred office when manhood has arrived.

The Rev. Thomas Spurgeon, son and successor of the celebrated orator of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, was in early life brought up as a wood engraver, in which pursuit he exhibited considerable artistic powers. Since he undertook the far more difficult task of seeking to engrave divine truth upon the hearts of men, he has continued the occasional practice of his former occupation as a hobby. Woodcuts by his hand have from

time to time appeared in magazines, usually as illustrations of articles from his pen, and have proved that he has by no means forgotten his craft.

But space would fail us if we sought to give any detailed account of the famous men who would to-day have occupied very different positions had they kept to their former occupations.

Mr. Labouchere might by this time have been Her Britannic Majesty's Ambassador and Plenipotentiary to some great foreign court, for he was in early life engaged in the



DR. CONAN DOYLE MIGHT HAVE SPENT THE WHOLE OF HIS LIFE IN CONCOCTING MEDICINES INSTEAD OF IN MAKING PLOTS FOR STORIES.

no disrespect—are: the Bishop of Durham, who was a schoolmaster; the Rev. Sir D. Hunter-Blair, who was a soldier; and Dr. Newman Hall, who began as a reporter on a Kentish paper.

One has only to glance at these names, which are not a tithe of all that might be mentioned, to feel convinced that they would have been successful in life even had they kept to their old professions.

diplomatic service.

Among members of Parliament who have commenced low down, Mr. Henry Broadhurst and Mr. W. Allan are conspicuous, for the former was a stone-mason and the latter a working engineer.

Another engineer who would have made his mark was Nathaniel Dawes, who constructed the Blackfriars Bridge. But the call came to quite a different career, and the quondam engineer is now the Lord Bishop of Rockhampton.

Amongst other reverend changelings—we use the term with



MR. BURT, THE MINER, LEFT THE PIT TO BECOME AN M.P.



MR. DAVITT MIGHT STILL BE A POSTMAN HAD HE NOT BECOME A POLITICIAN AND AN M.P.

THE MYSTERY OF THE BRONZE STATUE.

By W. S. SUTTON.

Illustrated by Max Cowper.

PREFATORY NOTE.

The murder of Sir John Duckford and Mr. Jacob Hilton, an Englishman, who had for many years resided on the Continent, is still a vivid memory.

At whose hands, however, they came by their death remains a mystery, for the perpetrators of the foul deed—though popular surmise pointed to the miscreants, who were credited with having stolen a valuable bronze from the museum—were never traced.

The following MS., now for the first time made public, which was found, crumpled and torn, near the body of Mr. Hilton, throws a singularly uncanny and almost incredible light upon the gruesome affair. If it be, as is probable, a source of ridicule to the prejudiced and ignorant, the open-minded, I trust, will find therein matter for serious reflection.

These latter I would refer to the collection of spirit lore and story formed by Mr. Andrew Lang, and regarded by that level-headed *littérateur* with sober tolerance; as well as to the more technical works of Mr. Podmore, and other scientists, who have succeeded in elucidating much that has hitherto been without Nature's pale by an ingenious application of Nature's laws.

I.

THOUGH the tragedy of Alan Chartier's death filled me with horror, I must, to my shame, confess to experiencing a certain elation. For a rival, such as any man might fear, had been removed, and Alice Denzil, no longer under the spell of his subtle charm, was free to recognise my more sober devotion.

WE RAISED THE PROFESSOR'S BODY AND
BORE IT TO A COUCH

With Chartier my intercourse had been slight, and the rare occasions of our meeting had but engendered the mutual distrust that precludes desire for closer acquaintance. Great, therefore, was my surprise on being notified by his executors that he had bequeathed to me his bronze statue of Maximin, a veritable antique, and the gem of a collection that justly enjoyed a world-wide reputation.

As, however, a strenuous life of stern realism had stifled what little appreciation for the arts a more leisured existence might have fostered, this posthumous courtesy awoke in me little emotion, save a nebulous regret at having misjudged my dead rival. Still, I accorded to my new possession a prominent position in my

sanctum, where, amid its *fin-de-siècle* environment of luxurious ease, it looked so grotesquely incongruous as to evoke the cynical depreciation of my old friend Professor Style:

This erudite virtuoso was

never tired of expatiating upon what he declared was a unique example of Roman art; for, though but at earliest the work of the third century, the bronze would not have discredited the zenith of the Augustan period. The statue, which was in height some five feet, portrayed the Scythian in his shepherd's garb, before his advancement to within measurable distance of the purple he so ignobly wore. This bald statement must suffice. For ample detail I refer the curious to that excellent monograph, by Professor Style, that he

had scarce completed ere a ruthless fate snatched him from our midst. It is of this that I must now speak.

One evening, Style, after his wont, dropped in. I was on the point of going out, and, guessing the motive of my friend's visit, did not scruple to keep my appointment. I bade him till my return take possession of my study, where he would find cigars, spirits—and the Maximin. He nodded a laughing assent, and we parted.

I spent two delightful hours with Alice, now growing perceptibly reconciled to the loss of one who, if a tithe of the rumours that darkened his memory were true, would indeed have made an ineligible husband. She, I think, recognised this, and, out of gratitude for her escape, and contrition for such slights as I might hitherto have suffered at her hands, began to regard my suit with no equivocal favour.

I left her house as the neighbouring church of St. Barnabas was chiming eleven. Home was soon reached, and, letting myself in, I hastened to my study, expecting to discover Style wrapped in smoke and contemplation. To my surprise the room appeared empty; but I noticed that the Maximin had been removed from its customary position, and was standing on the rug, before the fire; placed there, maybe, by its admirer, that he might the better consider its artistic points. I summoned my valet, and questioned him as to the Professor's departure. Of this the man knew naught, nor could he, in answer to further query, account for the statue's displacement, a feat assuredly beyond my friend's unaided strength. Of a sudden his face paled.

"Look, sir!—look!" he cried, starting back.

My eyes followed the direction of his gaze. From below a Persian cloth, whose embroidered splendour nearly touched the floor, protruded a clenched hand, which from the cameo ring encircling its third finger I knew to be Style's. We moved the table, and reverently raising the body, bore it to a couch. Though the warmth had not wholly left his limbs the poor fellow was quite dead. His features were hideously distorted, and the impress of pain and terror with which they were stamped attested but too significantly the torture he must have undergone.

In my present awful pass I have no heart to speak further of this grim horror. Let such as love gruesome detail look up the

ample reports of the coroner's inquest as given by contemporary journalism. Sufficient here to say that Professor Style was strangled, and that the brutal deed was accomplished with a ferocity and strength so preternatural as to baffle the ingenuity of our shrewdest detectives. The manner of his death—which, by the way, bore a strange resemblance to that of Chartier—was not inaptly compared at the time to the tragedy so graphically related by Poe in "The Murder in the Rue Morgue"; but the grisly and bizarre element was, I think, even more pronounced in the real than in the fictitious drama.

As soon as I was in a position to leave town I dismissed my servants, and, having placed my house in charge of a caretaker, a decayed gentlewoman of unimpeachable reference and strong nerve, I hurried abroad, trusting in the excitement and hurry of travel to lay the ghastly memory of the past month. But scarce a fortnight had elapsed ere a telegram demanding my instant return reached me at Vienna. I hastened home, to find, on reaching London, that the poor woman to whom I had entrusted my ill-omened abode was dead—done to death in the same awful manner as Professor Style!

The police were again completely at fault. No inkling of the truth dawned upon them. In the light of subsequent events that would have been more astounding than the truth itself. Even now, the accuracy of this statement—made though it be by an eye-witness—can be alone attested by death. Were I to survive this night these words would, to the world, seem but the fantasy of a madman's brain.

Once more I quitted England, leaving this time my house unoccupied, assured in the knowledge that its evil reputation would be a sure deterrent to thief and burglar. For three months I roamed through Hungary and the Tyrol, and when in late autumn I turned homeward I was a happy and hopeful man, for Alice Denzil, whom, with her mother, I had met at Pesth, had promised to be my wife, and our marriage was fixed for the following spring.

For a bride to cross such an inauspicious threshold as mine were impossible; so I cast about for a new abode, which I found at length at Surbiton—a well-ordered, spacious, and newly built villa. Thither, when vacated by the decorators, I moved my furniture; and cheerful and homely the place looked when, the following June, on

our return from our wedding tour, I welcomed Alice as its mistress.

And now I reach the nadir of my misery, to which, though even now its memory lacerates my heart and racks my brain with the bitter strength of present despair, I must perforce make brief reference. Thus only can the tragedy of the past, and the gruesome catastrophe of the immediate future, be comprehended in all their grotesque terror.

A week after our home-coming, Alice and myself were, with our old friends the Baxters, seated in the drawing-room. It was late, and Mrs. Baxter remarked that if they were to catch the last train they must say good-night.

"But the train doesn't start for forty minutes," I said, in deprecation of premature departure.

Tom Baxter glanced at his watch. "Twenty minutes," he said, authoritatively.

"Forty minutes," I persisted; "let the timetable decide."

I rose to fetch it, when Alice, who was nearer the door, said, "I'll get it, dear. I can lay my hand upon it at once; I was consulting it only this morning." She left the room, and we heard her open and shut the library door. Then of a sudden there rang out a shriek so piercing, so appalling, as for the moment to strike us motionless. The voices of the terrified servants rose from below, and their hurried steps sounded on the stairs as we sprang to our feet. I was the first to reach the library door. It was immovable—locked.

"Alice! Alice!" I cried. No answer.

I stepped back some two paces, and flung my weight against the panels. The lock gave; I was precipitated forward. The room was in utter darkness.

"Light!" I gasped; "for heaven's sake, light!"

Someone lit the gas.

At the base of the pedestal whereon stood the bronze lay my wife. I threw myself at her side, and called her endearingly by name. She returned no answer. Sick with apprehension, I peered into her face. It was black and distorted, with suffused eyes that, starting from their sockets, stared into mine with a stony glare of pitiful entreaty.

"Dead!" I moaned. "Merciful heaven! dead!" And I fell senseless across her corpse.

II.

WHEN at length I rose from my bed, on which a fever of uncertain issue had stretched me helpless, I vowed my returning strength to the prosecution of a ven-



AT THE BASE OF THE PEDESTAL WHEREON STOOD THE BRONZE LAY MY WIFE.

geance that was to me as the very breath of life.

Intuitively I connected my wife's death, as well as the preceding atrocities, with my legacy, the bronze Maximin. This I knew to be of great value, and as such likely to tempt covetous rascality. I reasoned then that by an extraordinary series of coincidences the would-be thief had on each occasion been baffled in his nefarious intent by the inopportune presence or entrance of those whom he had sacrificed to the fury of balked greed, or the exigency of safety. That the assassin was not of the common ruck was evident; yet, so far from lessening my determination, this unknown danger urged me forward.

After a somewhat cursory investigation,

the police had, with the smug perfunctoriness that distinguished them when dealing with the former crimes, relegated my wife's murder to the category of unsolved mysteries. I saw then that I must virtually act alone.

My first care was to seek a helpmate, and after some difficulty I procured the services of one John Evan, an ex-sergeant of the Guards, and a giant whose stature and strength would have warranted him in contesting a fall with Goliath himself. Well armed, we each in turn kept watch over the statue, agreeing that the explosion of a pistol should apprise the other, were any sudden danger to arise.

On the fifth night of our vigil I retired at midnight, utterly worn out, to my bedroom, in the hope of snatching some few hours of much-needed sleep. I left Evan on guard, seated in an armchair in front of the Maximin, smoking his pipe and reading the day's paper. On gaining my room I threw myself, dressed as I was, upon the bed.

From a troubled sleep I woke, my limbs a-tremble, and my brow clammy with a cold sweat. It seemed as though someone from a vast distance had spoken my name. A limitless space yawned around me as I sat up and listened—listened till the whispers that dwell in the silence of the night crept into my ears and filled my brain with a hideous dread. The tension was becoming insupportable, when of a sudden, clear and sharp, rang out the warning.

I tore down the stairs and into the library. As I entered, the body of the sergeant was hurled across the room. It struck the edge of the table with fearful force, and rolled, an inert mass, to the floor. Dazed and panic-stricken, I fired my revolver at a venture. A howl of pain, raucous as that of a savage beast, rent the air, and I reeled backward stunned and bleeding. The front door fell to with a deafening clang.

Regaining my feet, I staggered from the house. The calm of the night was broken by the thud of a retreating footfall. Stepping into the road, I looked down the hushed avenue. Past the sleeping villas, bounding from shadow into light, from light into shadow, as one by one the lamps were left behind, sped a monstrous form. It ran with incredible fleetness, and was lost to view in the distant gloom.

A policeman came up. I could not speak. I pointed to certain crimson spots that bespattered the ground—my chance shot had

told—then down the avenue. Very faint the footfalls now—almost inaudible. I beckoned the man to follow. Slowly, painfully, I dragged my aching limbs to the library. On the floor lay the dead body of John Evan. The statue of the Maximin was gone!

Now at last I held the clue; yet so *outré*, so opposed was it to sense and possibility, that to have sought official aid would have been to invite ridicule, or at best such commiseration as is accorded the insane. More than ever, then, had I now to rely upon my own unaided efforts, and, while the hue and cry of Scotland Yard frittered away to its usual lame conclusion, perpend my course.

Broadcast and persistent advertisement, though baited with promise of ample reward, proved sterile. None could tender information as to the lost statue—worthless conjecture only, and unsolicited advice. At last my patience became exhausted, and, leaving for ever my home of hateful memory, I set forth on my quest.

For years I was a wanderer, drawn hither by recital of uncanny crime, driven thither by report of antiquarian find—superior to hardship and danger, guided through the shoals and quicksands of despair and doubt by the dim beacon of revenge. And now that the hour has come, I sit impotent—thwarted by a purblind fool. Yet no small solace have I in the knowledge that, as I pen these words, the shadow of his doom is creeping o'er him.

A week ago I reached this old-world place, where, at the inn, I made the acquaintance of Sir John Duckford, the celebrated dilettante and collector, whose artistic knowledge is almost encyclopædic. As I had some hope of turning this to account, I sought his company; but though he had seen and admired the Maximin—it appeared that he had had intercourse with Chartier—and, like the rest of the world, had heard of its disappearance, he could hazard no surmise as to its whereabouts. His sympathy, however, at my loss was so unaffected that my heart went out to him.

We spent our days together, making excursions into the delightful country that surrounds this forgotten town, or visiting the rich architectural beauties of its silent streets. Close fellowship begat mutual confidence. He consulted me relative to certain family matters, while I in turn related my strange experience. He listened in

courteous silence, punctuated with compassionate interjection at my misfortune; but when, in an access of thoughtless candour, I expounded my theory, he with adroit tact deflected the drift of our converse. He clearly thought the trouble had affected my brain.

This morning a letter of recall came for Sir John. As, however, he had not visited the museum, he postponed his departure for a day. The forenoon was devoted to packing; and, our mid-day meal discussed, we strolled leisurely to the building that contains the town's artistic treasures. Formerly the palace of some noble, it boasts now but scant patronage, for the townfolk love not art, and tourists are few. The custodian gave us admittance, readily pocketed a gratuity, and left us to our own devices.

The collection occupies the left wing. It is heterogeneous and neglected; yet to my companion it afforded no small pleasure. He descanted learnedly, and—to my thinking—with excessive prolixity, on such curios as took his fancy. At last, somewhat tired, we sat down, and, overcome maybe by the oppressive atmosphere of the unventilated rooms, lapsed unconsciously into a doze.

I must have slept for some hours, for it was dusk when I awoke. I aroused Sir John, and, half amused, half vexed, at this untoward occurrence, we rose to depart. To our surprise we found the door by which we had entered locked and unyielding. We raised our voices to their highest pitch: a dismal echo was the sole response. We ran to the nearest window: it gave upon a high-walled courtyard. Cursing the custodian's thoughtlessness and neglect,

we proceeded to make a careful survey of the museum, in the hope of finding another exit.

In the farthest gallery we came upon a door that yielded to the touch. We entered a large chamber—the chamber wherein I now write—which serves apparently as a lumber and store room, containing as it does a quantity of furniture, worm-eaten and decayed—doubtless a remnant of the palace's ancient glory—besides a most varied collection of articles which civic indifference has consigned to uncatalogued obscurity. Sir John, who

was in advance, stopped suddenly.

"Look!" he cried. "There! The Maximin!"

Before me, half concealed by a couch whose erstwhile beauty damp and time had sadly marred, stood the lost statue—the bronze Maximin. My excitement was such that, had not Sir John held me, I should have fallen.

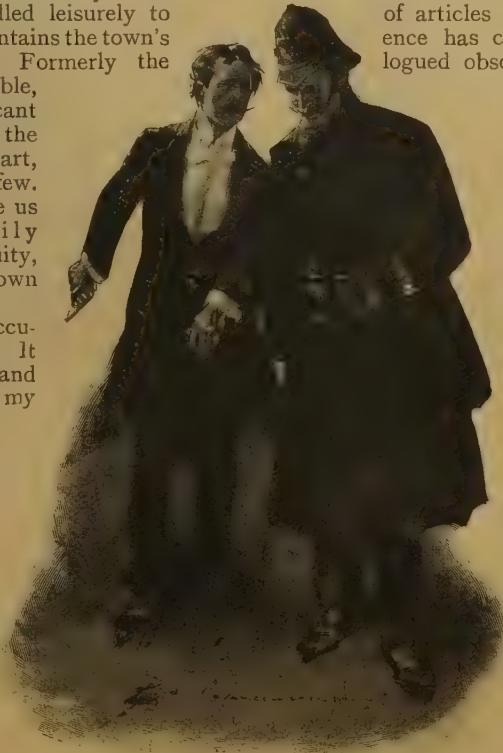
"Steady, old man," he said. "I can quite understand your feelings. Better now?"

With an effort I regained my composure and nodded. I could not trust myself to speak. Then I looked eagerly around. A weapon lay at my hand—a heavy

mace, derelict of chivalry, that of a surety had never been wielded in holier cause than mine. With a shout of delirious joy I snatched it up, and sprang forward. Sir John interposed his stalwart person.

"Out of the way!" I cried, attempting to thrust him aside. He closed with me, and strove to wrest the weapon from my grasp.

"Man—man!" he cried, between the throes of our desperate struggle, "what



I POINTED TO CERTAIN CRIMSON SPOTS THAT BESPATTERED THE GROUND.

madness would you do? Has luck turned your brain?"

"Let go! Let go!" I shrieked, "that, ere it work further ill, I may dash yonder accursed devil to atoms. Let go, fool, ere I do you a mischief."

"Never, madman!"

The strife drew to its close. My antagonist, a heavier and more powerful man than myself, was surely gaining the upper hand. My grip on the steel shaft was relaxing. I made one supreme effort, frenzied and vain, then loosed my hold.

"Your blood be on your head," I cried, and slipped my hand into my pocket. I had left my revolver at the inn!

Sir John laughed, and sat down on the couch, behind which stood the statue. He regarded me

fixedly as he poised the mace in his hands. Anon he lit a cigar, and began to smoke. His eyes never left me. He seemed to apprehend a renewed attempt on my part to destroy the Maximin. Yet he need have had no fear, for my bitter hate had turned from that which had wrecked my life to him who had balked my vengeance. As, baffled and sick at heart, I sank into a chair, I would not for my very soul's salvation have stayed the dread fate that awaits him—that awaits me.

The moon had risen, and was now flooding the room with its silver light. The statue stood out black and grim. Its shadow fell athwart the doomed man. The bells in the old tower chimed ten. From afar came a faint burst of song and laughter. It fell upon my ears like a

dirge—like some mocking memory of the old life.

Then over me came a longing for someone to whom I could speak my dying words—could make my last confession. There was Sir John, but he was my enemy, and could never bear testimony to my truth. Like me, he would not see dawn. Naught remained, then, but to write down my weird experience. Perchance on the morrow it would be found. I took out my note-book and began to write.

For over an hour I kept without pause to my task; I knew that my time was

short. A large bat fluttered across the room, and struck the quarries of an old window, that rattled with the impact. Distracted momentarily by the noise, I looked

up. My eyes fell upon the Maximin, and I shuddered. The statue had become gigantic; it towered above Sir John in malign menace. I felt for the man such a pity as the inquisitor might feel for the victim who should grace the *auto da fé*. A morbid compunction stirred my conscience. I could not keep silence.

"Do you remember," I asked, in a quaking voice, "what Gibbon in his 'Decline and Fall' says about

Maximin—about his fury, his cruelty, his strength?"

Sir John shrugged his shoulders.

"A relevant remark!" he exclaimed, selecting another cigar from his case.

"Very relevant," I said. "You'll find it so."

I laughed nervously; for I saw that the colour of the bronze was rapidly changing—changing to a fleshly hue.



"'OUT OF THE WAY!' I CRIED, ATTEMPTING TO THRUST HIM ASIDE."

Sir John deigned no reply. He struck a match and lit his cigar. His apathy shocked me. Much as I hated the man, I would not have him go to his death unprepared.

"Do you ever pray?" I whispered, hoarsely.

"What?" he exclaimed. Then, "Have a cigar? I find it infallible for unstrung nerves."

"For heaven's sake," I implored, "say some kind of prayer."

"You won't smoke? You make a great mistake."

He leant back in the full enjoyment of his Havana.

Thus far have I written of the immediate past. I must now, as best I may, keep pace with the fearful tragedy that is evolving itself before my eyes. Thus only can this document be complete—be conclusive.

I raise my eyes; hardly can I repress the

cry that starts to my lips. The statue lives! On its mighty limbs the great muscles twitch and quiver. From the depths of its evil eyes its foul spirit glow-

ers. The bat, flapping round in uncertain orbit, strikes it, and utters a shrill cry.

"What's that?" exclaims Sir John. "What are you grinning at, man?"

I am utterly unnerved. I try to say, "For heaven's sake, say some prayer"; I only mow and gibber.

The horror raises its giant arm. My voice finds vent in an unearthly yell. Sir John, starting to his feet, looks round.

"My God!" he shrieks. "Mercy! mercy!"

It is too ghastly; I can look no more.

"God have mercy upon me a sinner. Have mercy up—"



"THE STATUE LIVES! ON ITS MIGHTY LIMBS THE GREAT MUSCLES TWITCH AND QUIVER."

PHOTOGRAPHERS—Amateur and Professional—should remember that immediate and careful consideration is given to all photographs sent to the Editor of the HARMSWORTH MAGAZINE, Harmsworth Buildings, London, E.C. Photographs should be striking and definite. Photographs of telling pictures are invited. All parcels must have stamps sent for their possible return.

BABY BICYCLISTS



YOUNGEST TANDEM CYCLISTS IN THE WORLD, AGED 15 AND 24 MONTHS.
THEY MAKE THE WHEELS "GO WOWND."



By H. J. SHEPSTONE.

THE very youngest bicycle riders of the day may truly be described as mere babies, yet they are capable of managing their diminutive wheels in a way which is nothing less than marvellous.

The unique distinction of being the youngest cyclist in the world is carried off by a Bradford child, Master Clarence House, who is only seventeen months old.

His machine, of course, was built specially for him, and is probably the smallest ridable safety bicycle in the world. The total length of this miniature cycle is 26 inches, while the wheels can boast of a diameter of 10 inches, with a crank throw of 3 inches and a gear of 22.

A better idea of the size of this remarkable cycle may be gauged from the fact that the wheels can easily go under an ordinary chair, while it is possible for our cycling prodigy to ride



MASTER CLARENCE HOUSE AND HIS BICYCLE TOGETHER
WEIGH 30½ LBS. HE IS SEVENTEEN MONTHS OLD.



LITTLE VERNE TRASK, AGED TWO, IS THE YOUNGEST CYCLIST IN THE STATES. HERE HE IS "TAKEN UP" BY AN AMERICAN POLICEMAN.

under a medium-size table—a feat which he has frequently indulged in—the height from the floor to the top of the baby's head being only 2 feet $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Together, machine and rider turn the scale at 30 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.

Already little Clarence has been the recipient of many testimonials in honour of the unique position he fulfils in the cycling world. Last April, Mr. Ernest Flower, M.P., presented him with an illuminated address and gold medal, subscribed for by the leading gentlemen of Bradford "in recognition of his being a native of Bradford and the youngest cyclist in the world." Our photograph, which was specially taken for *The Harmsworth Magazine*, depicts the infant cyclist wearing the coveted medal, together with one other.

his brother Albert distinguished himself by riding from Bradford to Ilkley, a distance of thirty-three miles, in eight hours. In the following year, 1894, he delighted those present at the North of England Cyclists' Meet by racing on his little 15-inch wheel bicycle against Sam Brown, of Coventry, on his Eiffel Cycle, the highest machine in the world—a novel race in which the midget proved an easy winner. In the same year, little Albert disported himself at the Stanley Show, the committee presenting him with a gold watch for his performances.

The youngest cycle rider in the land of the dollar is



When only four years of age NATHANIEL WILSON, AGED SEVEN, RODE 562 MILES IN TEN DAYS



MASTER NATHANIEL WILSON
TAKING HIS BABY SISTER
FOR A RIDE.

undoubtedly Master Verne Alva Trask, who at two years of age demonstrated his ability to pedal his little bicycle with as much composure as a full-fledged cyclist.

We reproduce a photograph of the little mite being held up off the ground by a police officer. The kindly smile on the officer's face, and the calm manner of the captive, make us doubt whether the officer had any but a kind reason for arresting the young cyclist. In this case the machine was made by the young rider's father, Mr. Chas. A.

Trask, of Jackson, Michigan. The total weight of the little bicycle is 11 lbs.; the wheels are $13\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, the gear is 29, with a crank throw of $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

We now learn that little Verne has entered into the field of trick riding, for his father writes us that "he is now beginning to do some simple tricks on his machine, such as coasting on the rear step, kneeling on the saddle, riding with one foot on the handle-bar, etc."; he is, therefore, entitled to our notice as being the youngest trick rider in the world.

Some may be inclined to think that our prodigies, though capable of riding their machines, are unable to do so for any length of time, and the very thought of their covering any distance on their little wheels is entirely out of the question;



TWO LITTLE AUSTRIAN CYCLISTS OFTEN SEEN IN THE STREETS
OF VIENNA.



DORIS AND BERTIE COOK MAY
BE SEEN RIDING ABOUT PORTS-
MOUTH AND SOUTHSEA.

this, however, is far from the case. Our next cyclist, who rejoices in the distinguished name of Nathaniel Wilson the Fourth, covered a distance of 562 miles in ten days, in the June of 1898, a remarkable feat when it is remembered that he was then only seven years of age.

The journey in question was from Reno, in the State of Nevada, U.S.A., to San Francisco and back. Nathaniel was accompanied by his father, Professor N. E. Wilson, who undertook the journey for business purposes at the close of the university for the term.

America carries off the palm for producing the youngest tandem couple in the world, in the persons of Master Verne Alva Trask and his younger sister Marjorie. The photograph at the head of this article shows these two baby cyclists, and very pretty do they look. It is their age, however, which astonishes us most, as when the photograph was taken on May 19th last the smiling Marjorie Iva Trask in her white frock, who occupies the front seat, was only fifteen months old, while her brother Verne is but two years of age.

Vienna can boast of two interesting young tandem riders, Charles and John Wilfarth-Burkl, aged three years and five months and five years and six months respectively.

Probably the youngest tandem team in this country is Doris and Bertie Cook, brother and sister, aged four and five years respectively, who appear in our last two photographs on a tandem and triplet cycle.



THE LENGTH OF THIS TRIPLET CYCLE IS $5\frac{1}{2}$ FEET, AND THE DIAMETER
OF THE WHEELS 16 INCHES. IT IS GEARED TO 44 INCHES.



THE IVORY SHOWN IN THIS PICTURE IS WORTH £40,000.

A BRIEF VISIT TO THE NATION'S STOREROOMS.

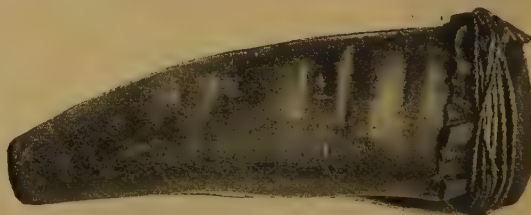
By PHILIP ASTOR.

HOW many Londoners could answer the question, "Where is the biggest shop in the world?"

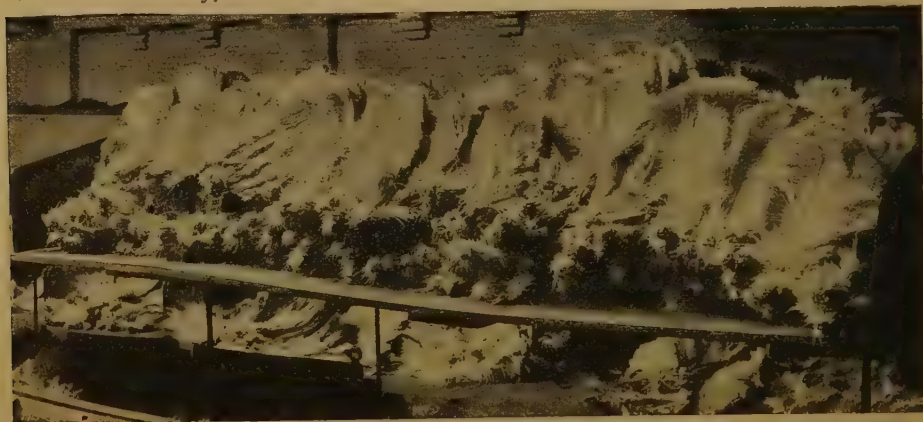
Yet it stands in their midst—the focus of the trade of the world. The port of London, with its vast docks and warehouses, is, in fact, a huge shop where goods of every description are bought and sold. It is far and away the busiest trading concern in the kingdom, the customs revenue yielding three times as much as Liverpool, and six times as much as Bristol.

To explore this vast shop is not the task of a day, but means a

week's hard work. Twenty miles of quay have to be traversed, and warehouse after warehouse, each many stories high, must be visited ere the task is done. Some



THIS HORN IS FILLED WITH PURE CIVET, AND IS WORTH £45.



£1,000 WORTH OF CHOICE OSTRICH PLUMES ARE ON THIS BENCH.

fifteen million square feet of flooring is provided for handling nearly two million tons of goods.

In fact, so colossal are the quantities of goods stored in bulk or exposed for sale in what we may call our national trading concern that the sight soon palls upon the eyes and ceases to impress the mind. Floor after floor of huge bales and packing cases, representing a king's ransom multiplied repeatedly, simply bewilder one with their opulent monotony.



£10 WORTH OF OSPREY PLUMES.

To attempt anything like a complete survey of the goods stored in eight huge docks and three colossal groups of warehouses would simply be to crowd these pages with a bewildering confusion of figures, and would convey little definite information, and still less entertainment, to the reader. We must content ourselves with a series of passing glimpses at some of the most striking details.

We begin with the national tea-caddy. A few spoonfuls of tea spilt upon the floor bring dismay to the heart of the prudent housewife, but at the Cutler Street warehouses it is no uncommon sight to see thousands of pounds of it lying loose like great heaps of garden mould. Men with wooden shovels turn it over and mix it to make some popular blend, while the

sweepings, which form no inconsiderable item, are ultimately used in the manufacture of caffeine. The huge heap of tea in our illustration on page 278 contains no less than 11,400 pounds.

Adjoining the vast floors devoted to tea are the feather rooms. Here are to be seen feathers and bird-skins of every kind and from all parts of the world. Thousands upon thousands of humming-birds of loveliest hues, many of them no larger than moths; birds of paradise of fairy-like form and colour; skins of rare beauty from plumage birds of every description and from every land—all piled up in barbaric profusion.

Among feathers the ostrich plume reigns supreme by universal consent. Here may be seen room after room crowded with benches, and every bench piled high with magnificent plumes.

You may see 60,000 pounds of ostrich plumage displayed at one of the sales that are held periodically, and every pound will contain about 120 good feathers. There was a time when a pound of ostrich plumes was worth £100, but prices are lower now. Still, a good handful of feathers,



WHEN DRESSED AND CURLED, THIS HANDFUL OF OSTRICH FEATHERS WILL BE WORTH ABOUT £100.

such as that shown in the above illustration, is worth £30 in the rough state. When dressed and curled, these feathers would command about three times that amount.

A 'thousand pounds' worth of these feathers is often seen crowded together on one end of a show-bench. When it is remembered that there are only thirty-four of these feathers in an ostrich wing, some idea will be gathered of the vast flocks of birds needed to supply London's huge demand.

The precious egret or osprey plumes are still greatly in demand, notwithstanding the recent agitation against their use, though it should be added that the bulk of them are exported to the Continent. So valuable are they that a mere pinch of them, held between finger and thumb, is worth £10.

In other parts of the Cutler Street warehouses are stored vast quantities of raw silk, cochineal, Oriental carpets, and other valuable commodities. At any time the visitor will find goods to the value of £3,000,000 to £4,000,000 stored here, while the total amount that passes through the establishment yearly is valued at about £15,000,000.

A short walk now takes us to the Crutched Friars warehouses, which are

so thoroughly impregnated his system with the musk and civet that local rumour tells how he has been tracked through the streets of the neighbourhood by scent alone. He himself admits that his appearance in an omnibus or tramcar is usually greeted by remarks more pointed than polite from the other passengers.

It is news to most people to know that the most precious perfumes are only agreeable in a highly diluted form. Here in the musk-room we make the acquaintance—and a very unsavoury acquaintance it is, too—of perfumes in the raw condition.

A tin box, which might hold a pound of biscuits, is brought from an inner room and opened for our inspection. We promptly retire to a safe distance, for what can only be described as a revolting stench at once fills the air. The box contains "pods" of musk, just as they are taken from the musk deer, and a double handful of them is worth £100.

Near at hand is a heap of horns not unlike those of the rhinoceros. Each bears strange hieroglyphics, and is closed at the larger end by a cap of leather. One of them is opened, and an odour worse, if possible, than that of the musk, strikes us full in the face. This comes from a thick substance somewhat resembling exceptionally bad treacle, and is ci-



THIS IS NOT A HEAP OF GARDEN MOULD, BUT CONSISTS OF
11,400 LBS. OF TEA.

vet in the raw state.

used for the storage of valuable goods from the colonies and East Indies. Here we find fifteen thousand tons of goods of a specially costly character.

The most interesting department, from the point of view of the man who wants to see how much money he can spend, is a little room which is jealously guarded from intruders. Passing through long rooms filled with Turkey rhubarb, whose pungent odour recalls painful incidents in the days of our childhood, we pass through a door and are greeted by an almost overpowering perfume, reminiscent of the civet house at the Zoo.

Here we make the acquaintance of the janitor, an old gentleman whose many years of service in this department have

Now comes the most precious of all the commodities in the nation's storerooms. Out of another tin box is produced a lump of something which might be very decayed old dirty-brown cheese, or perhaps a piece of dry mud from the road; but in reality it is ambergris, the most costly of all perfumes, and is worth from £4 to £5 per ounce.

Ambergris is a product of the sperm whale, and is used in blending perfumes, as it possesses the property of arresting their fugitive fragrance, and combining them in an odorous harmony, though it possesses very little perfume in itself. What little there is is not particularly attractive.

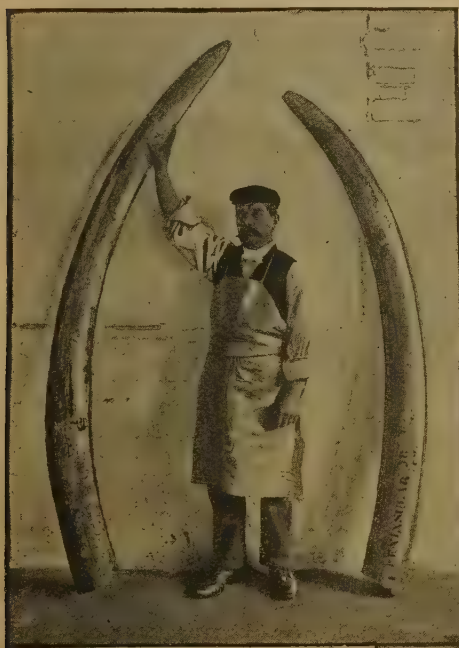
This strangely precious substance is

found floating on the sea, or lying on the shore after a storm. Some years ago a Lascar found a large lump, which he sold to an Englishman for £3. It ultimately found its way to the Crutched Friars

that could cover the whole of London, and would cost the consumer nine million pounds.

It is time, however, to pass on to another branch of this colossal trading concern. Leaving the Crutched Friars, we walk down Tower Hill, and soon find ourselves in the London Docks.

Here the first thing that attracts the visitor is the ivory floor. Piles upon piles of elephants' tusks lie about in picturesque confusion, like so much fruit on a stall, every tusk bearing marks showing its place of origin and the ship that brought it over. Over five thousand elephants are often represented here at one time by their ivory, and it is little wonder that travellers



THESE TUSKS WEIGH 150 LBS. EACH, AND ARE TWO OF THE FINEST EVER IMPORTED.

warehouse. Here it was cut into small pieces, as no dealer ever buys more than a pound at a time, and was put into the periodical sales. In this way it realised for its lucky owner the sum of £1,050.

We leave the perfume department with a sense of relief, and proceed to another part of the warehouse, whither comes all the manufactured tobacco — cigars, cigarettes, and cavendish — imported into London. Here may usually be found a million and a half pounds of material destined to end in smoke. Tobacco to the value of about £1,000,000 is thus dealt with in the nation's emporium every year. The raw tobacco is not sent to the warehouse, but is stored in the Victoria Dock, where there is enough tobacco to raise a cloud



THESE SABLE ROBES WILL REALISE ABOUT £200 EACH.

and hunters fear that the largest of our land animals must ultimately become as extinct as the dodo. Ivory is a valuable commodity, and the sum of money represented by the stock of tusks on the ivory floor is a vast one indeed. The corner shown in

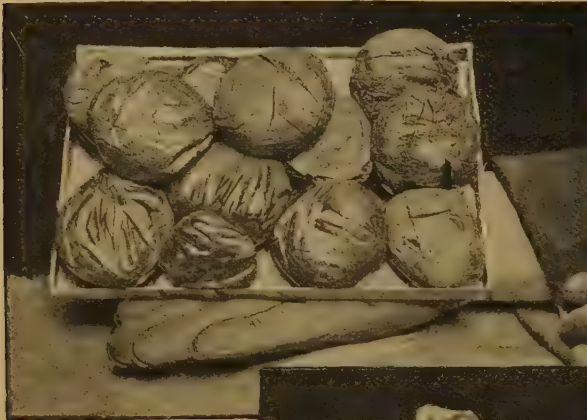
our picture at the head of this article contains over £40,000 worth. Besides elephants' tusks, there is usually a large stock of hippopotamus teeth, rhinoceros horns, mammoth ivory, and other odds and ends that the slender purse cannot purchase.

Ascending flights of stairs, we now visit a series of floors devoted to drugs and spices. Here may be seen tons of Peruvian bark ready to be converted into quinine to fight the influenza fiend. Cinnamon in

From the wool floors we descend to the lower regions, and find that the strangest sight of all awaits us. The ground beneath the vast quays and warehouses is honeycombed with wine vaults, the gangways of which extend for twenty-eight miles. Here we wander, lamps in hand, through the silent gloom, surrounded on all hands by great pipes of wine, chiefly port and sherry. No less than 105,000 pipes find storage here, some of them worth as much as £160 apiece wholesale. Many have been here so long that their very ownership has been forgotten.

Overhead from the vaulted roof hang extraordinary and picturesque masses of fungus, the like of which can be seen nowhere else in the world, while a strange heavy odour of wine pervades the thick warm atmosphere.

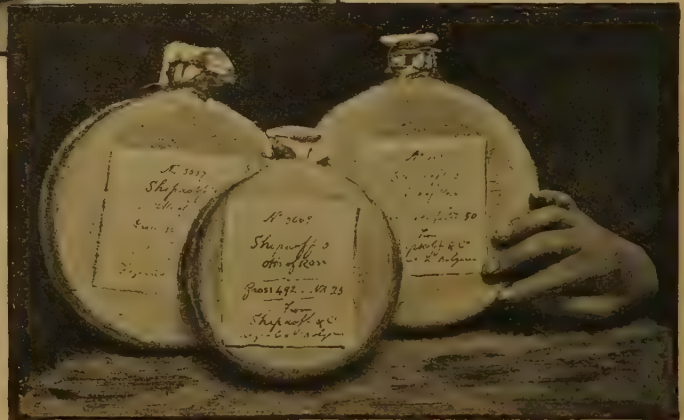
When we come out to the daylight once more, we find



PODS OF MUSK LIKE
THESE WOULD COST
YOU £50.

huge bales fills another floor, and yet another accommodates a small army of men engaged in sorting nutmegs, for the "wooden" variety is not unknown, while of course there are plenty of inferior and wormy ones to be picked out.

Close at hand we find the huge wool floors, which cover an area of a million and a half square feet. Here we see something of the vast wealth of our Australian colonies, though the quantities pall upon one until they cease to impress as we walk a good part of a mile in the course of our perambulations through the stacks of bales of wool, six of which weigh a ton.



THESE BOTTLES CONTAIN PURE OTTO OF ROSES, AND ARE WORTH
£130 WHOLESALE.

that we have but glanced at a small portion of the greatest shop in the world. Both space and time would fail us to tell of the vast stores of grain, spirits, timber, frozen meat, flour, sugar, metals, and the rest that are stored in the great docks, warehouses, and vaults that form the nation's storerooms.

THE NEXT NUMBER of the HARMSWORTH MAGAZINE, ready on November 15th, will be a splendid Christmas Number, Price 6d. Its striking and charming cover will contain a wonderful assortment of Pictures, Articles, and Stories. Orders should be given at once.

OUR MONTHLY GALLERY
OF BEAUTIFUL AND INTERESTING PICTURES.



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OFF TO A PARIS FIRE.

From the Painting by Georges Busson.

(281)



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NAPOLÉON BEFORE MOSCOW.

From the Painting of Verestchagin.



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DANIEL AND THE ANGEL IN THE LIONS' DEN.

From a Photographure published by H. L. Riemschneider, 36, Great Portland Street, London, W.



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BRINGING FATHER HOME.

From the Painting by Fred Morgan.



By Permission of Landwehr and Broom, Warwick Street, E.C., Publishers of the large Engraving

SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE WORKS.

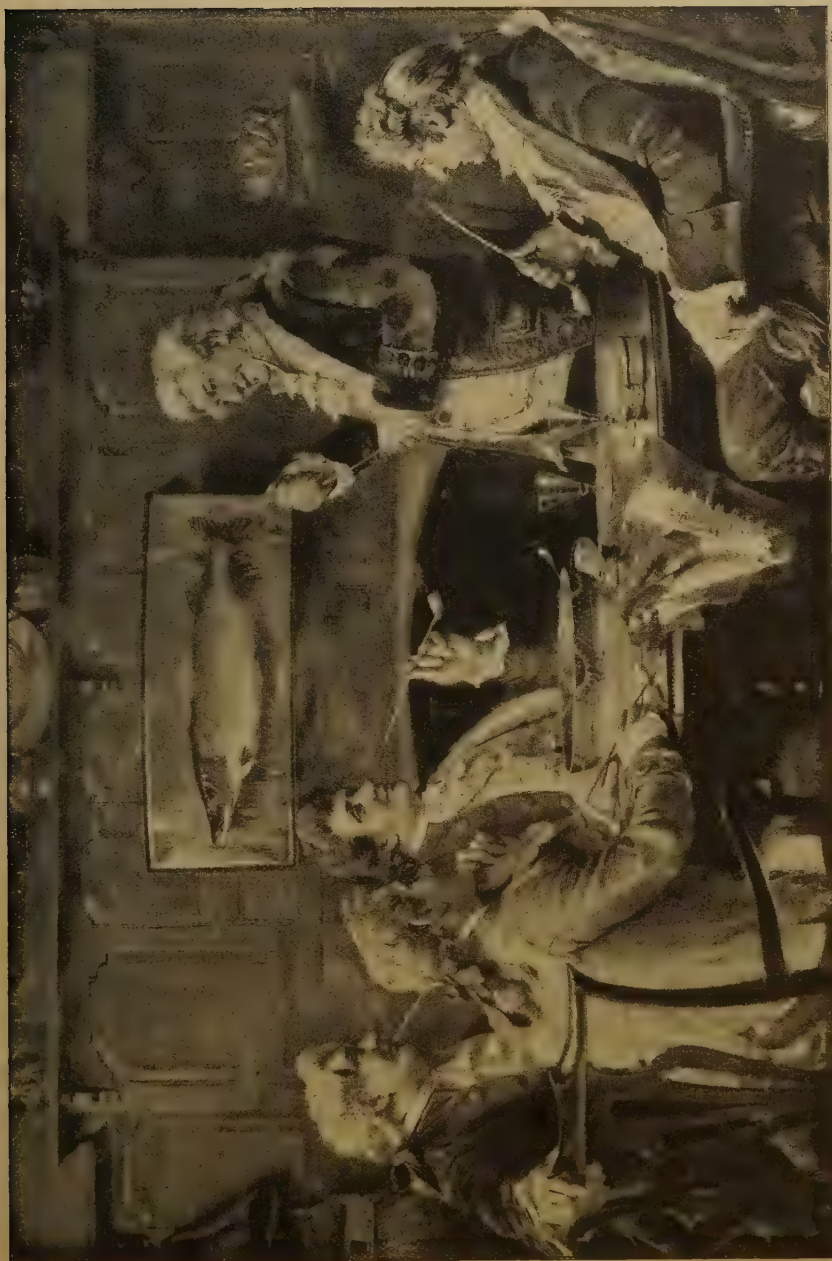
From the Painting by Frank Hyde.



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RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.

From the Painting by C. Burton Barber.



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HOW THE OLD SQUIRE CAUGHT THE BIG JACK.
From the Painting by John A. Lomax.



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PARTING IS SUCH SWEET SORROW.
From the Painting by W. Frank Calderon.





THE DYING SOLDIER'S DREAM.

"If thou seek Him, He will be found of thee.
From a *Painting* by *Ferdinand Pauwels*.

The Queen at Home.



AFTER BREAKFAST
AT BALMORAL.

Milne, Photo

THE QUEEN RECEIVES
HER MORNING MAIL.

THE DOMESTIC LIFE OF THE SOVEREIGN.

By W. J. WINTLE.

SOME time ago at a banquet an American was charged with the duty of proposing the principal toast. He did it in the following terms: "Gentlemen, I ask you to drink the health of Her Majesty Victoria, Queen of England, Empress of India, and *the woman of the world.*"

These last words give the true explanation of the affection and veneration with which the Queen is regarded not only by her own subjects but by the entire civilised world. It is not as the ruler of the greatest empire in history; it is not as the



Milne, Photo



REIGNING UNDER DIFFICULTIES—DISPATCH BOXES 7. FAMILY AFFAIRS.

Hughes & Mullins, Photo

potent peace-maker; but it is as the noble woman on whom the fiercest light has beaten for over sixty years without revealing aught of shame that Queen Victoria has won her unique position in the long gallery of the best and greatest.

The home life of Queen Victoria has ever been a subject of widespread interest and sympathy. Her somewhat dull and monotonous childhood, her idyllic married life, her long widowhood, and her peaceful but busy old age, have alike attracted both writers and readers on every hand.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature in the Queen's career has been the skill with which she has contrived to maintain the charm and simplicity of an old-fashioned English home life notwithstanding the pomp and ceremony which necessarily belong to a court.

This is largely due to her early training. The daughter of the Duke of Kent, a prince of very limited income, the young Princess Victoria saw little of the luxury which is commonly supposed to abound in royal circles. Strict economy was the rule in her early home, and the lesson has never been forgotten. Amid the costly magnificence which characterises the state apartments, the Queen's private rooms

are always notable for their comfort and homeliness.

In matters of dress, too, Queen Victoria is far more economical than many of her middle-class subjects. This may best be illustrated by a good story which has the advantage of being perfectly true.

Some time ago a newly appointed equerry was going through the stables when he saw a person in a shabby black dress and mushroom hat looking at the horses.

Possessing more zeal than discretion, he at once called out, "My good woman, you must go away at once. Strangers are not allowed here when the Queen is in residence."

As she did not seem inclined to leave he went on to threaten to have her escorted to the gates. Judge of his feelings when the shabbily dressed old lady turned round, and the Queen stood revealed!

This is but one of many amusing incidents that have arisen through the sovereign's love of simplicity in dress.

The Queen attributes her



THE QUEEN AT
BREAKFAST.

THE QUEEN AT LUNCH
WITH THE RATTEN-
BERG FAMILY.





THE
QUEEN AS
A SPINNER.

Downey, Photo

long life and excellent health very largely to her practice of spending as much time as possible in the open air every day. In her youth riding was her favourite recreation, and in Scotland she has almost lived on pony-back. Now, of course, carriage exercise has taken its place.

Every morning Her Majesty goes out in her little pony chair, often visiting the farm and stables in the course of her drive. Sometimes her chair is drawn by a beautiful donkey which was purchased in the south of France by his royal mistress to save him from ill-treatment.

This donkey rejoices in the name of Jacko, and on holiday occasions wears a curious harness adorned with bells,

and with two foxes' brushes hanging over the blinkers.

The greater part of the forenoon of each weekday is devoted to business, for no lady in the land gets through more actual work in the course of each week than the Queen. Her dispatch boxes are arranged on a table set in Windsor Park, near the Frogmore tea-house, whenever the weather permits. In summer she will by this time have breakfasted out-of-doors.

Here the Queen carefully reads and annotates the innumerable dispatches which come to her from the Foreign and Home Offices, for it has been the rule of her life to attend personally to all important affairs of state. While the Prince Consort lived he was able to relieve her of a vast amount of routine work,

THE ONLY PORTRAIT OF THE
QUEEN ON THE IVORY THRONE.



Downey, Photo

but since his death the work has gone on just the same, though it has been done by one instead of two persons.

When we mention that in one year the Sovereign dealt with an average of 230 dispatches each day, it will be seen that it is no exaggeration to say she is one of the hardest worked ladies of the land.

But this by no means represents all the multifarious occupations of the Queen. Her private correspondence is enormous, for it is a kind of unwritten family law that all her children and grandchildren shall write to her every day. Needless to say, all these letters are read with deep interest and are fully answered.

The royal mail bag also contains letters by the hundred from persons of all classes and upon all kinds of business, important and the reverse. These are first examined by the private secretaries, and those that



Russell, Photo.

PRINCESS BEATRICE READING THE NEWS TO THE QUEEN.



THE QUEEN TAKES TEA IN THE WOODS: SPECIAL PREPARATIONS ARE MADE IN ADVANCE FOR THIS EPISODE IN THE 'AFTERNOON DRIVE.

are of any consequence are then submitted to the Queen, who gives directions for a reply to each.

All housekeeping questions are settled by the royal mistress herself, who personally orders the meals and even keeps an eye upon the household linen.

When the Princess Royal (now the Empress Frederick) became Crown Princess of Prussia, she greatly scandalised a

cabinet that had evidently not been dusted that day. She promptly wrote the royal autograph in the dust, and beneath it the name of the particular maid whose duty it was to dust the room.

This may seem rather a small matter, but when one remembers that nearly two thousand persons are employed in Windsor Castle and its precincts, it shows a very remarkable knowledge of the *personnel* of so vast a staff.

After the busy morning's work the Queen partakes of a frugal lunch. Notwithstanding the resources of the royal kitchens, and the well-laden table that Her Majesty always likes to see before her, she sets an example of strict moderation, her own tastes in food being of the simplest.

The Queen is a great stickler for old-fashioned observances at the royal table. In particular she insists upon a plentiful supply of cold viands on the sideboard, though she very rarely partakes of anything cold.

The servants at Balmoral will never forget one occasion when only the half of a cold chicken graced the sideboard. The royal mistress noticed

certain pompous old German countess who discovered her busily engaged in arranging the linen cupboard.

"It is beneath the dignity of a Prussian princess," remarked the old lady. But her protests were quickly cut short by the answer, "My mother does it."

Even the smallest details of domestic economy are not regarded by the Queen as beneath her notice. A story is told that on one occasion she went into a practically disused room at Windsor and noticed a

the state of affairs on entering the room. Soon she conveyed a hint to Princess Beatrice and Lady Ely to both ask for cold chicken, and asked for the same herself.

Great was the consternation, and the Queen secretly enjoyed the scene, though the servants certainly did not enjoy the lecture they subsequently received from the Master of the Household.

In the afternoon Queen Victoria never fails to go for a long drive unless the weather is exceptionally bad, for it is no



Milne Photo

THE QUEEN, PRINCE OF WALES, AND TSAR AND TSARINA OF RUSSIA.

small shower of rain that will keep her indoors. Some of the ladies-in-waiting are said to attribute their colds to this cause.

Sometimes when the Queen goes for a long drive a tea basket is taken along, and the cup that cheers is prepared in some quiet spot. A small portable table is then placed in the carriage, and the kindly face of the monarch beams with gratification as she proceeds to pour out her favourite beverage.

After the return from the drive any urgent dispatches on business of state are attended to, and then the Queen prepares to receive the guests who, when the Court is at Windsor, are invited to "dine and sleep."

These all meet the Sovereign in the grand corridor as she proceeds to the dining-room. Notwithstanding the fact that many of the Queen's guests are not exactly personal friends of her own, but are invited for political or other reasons, she never fails to set all at ease by her affability and tact.

The dinner is always worthy of the greatest house in the land, but, as at other meals, the Queen is moderate to the verge of abstemiousness. At the close of the dinner she converses with her guests for a short time in the corridor or in one of the drawing-rooms, being scrupulously careful to acquaint herself beforehand with the subjects of conversation which will prove most congenial to each person.



Downey, Photo

THE QUEEN AT HER
WRITING TABLE.



THE QUEEN GOES FOR A DRIVE

Robert A. Sebold

After a short time the Queen retires to her private rooms for business or quiet theatricals have been arranged, in which case the guests usually accompany her

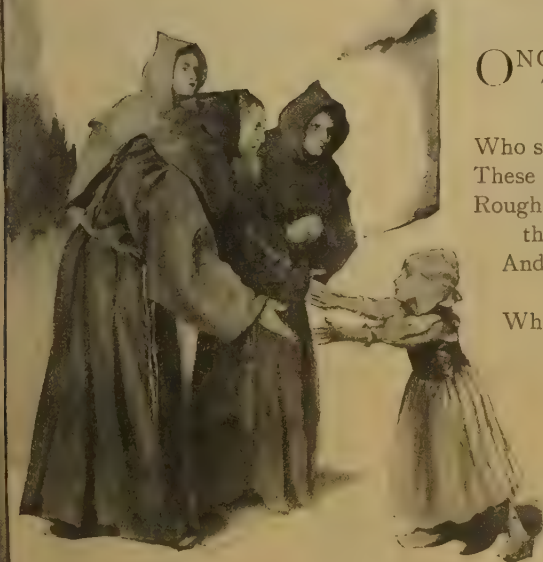


Downey, Photo

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AND HER NINE MAIDS OF HONOUR.

recreation with those members of her family who are present, unless music or to the Waterloo Chamber, which has been fitted up as a private theatre.

HERMITS THREE



ONCE in a desert far away
 Three hermits dwelt in a
 cave, they say.
 Who so sober and sad as they,
 These brave old hermits three!
 Rough were the sack-cloth shirts
 they wore,
 And sharp was the pain they
 daily bore,
 When they scourged their backs
 with blows fourscore,
 To prove their piety.

"Oh, it's great and it's
 grand," they sang,
 I'm told,
 "To live the life of a
 hermit old!"

Now, in the snows a little
 child
 Once lost her way in that desert
 wild,
 And found the cave of the her-
 mits mild;
 Those mild old hermits three!
 They took her in and tended
 her,
 And gave her each of his
 choicest fare,
 Their softest crusts, and their
 berries rare,
 To show their sympathy.





So through the snows that little maid
A prisoner with the hermits stayed,
And daily at their side she played ;
O happy hermits they !
Until, when she at length could go,
Said they, " It would be best, you know,
That we should go as well to show
Her tiny feet the way."

They reached the town at set
of sun,
And when their labour of love
was done,
" Our cave will be lone now she
has gone,"
The youngest hermit said.
" Aye, lone indeed," each brother
sighed.
Then back to their homes they
straightway hied ;
" Leave beasts to dwell in a
cave," they cried,
" For man his own home-stead !
" For it's sorry and sad," they
sang, I'm told,
" To live the life of a hermit
old !"

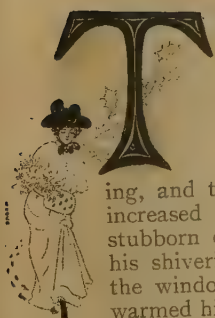
GUNBY HADATH.





A COMPLETE CHRISTMAS STORY.

Illustrated by J. H. Bacon.



T WAS Christmas Eve, and the snow was a foot deep, when Mr. Sikes commenced burglarious operations upon the kitchen window of the "Laurels."

It was Christmas morning, and the depth of the snow had increased to half a yard, before the stubborn catch yielded and he made his shivering way inside. He closed the window carefully after him, and warmed his frozen hands at the lingering fire.

"Blowed if I don't look like a bloomin' Santa Claus," he said under his breath. The humour of the idea tickled him so that he almost forgot professional etiquette and laughed aloud.

When he had thawed sufficiently, an unerring instinct led him straight to the cupboard where the bottled beer was kept. He drank a glassful at a draught, and sat down upon the big fender to enjoy a second.

"If I'd 'ave knowed I'd 'ave sich luck ter-night I'd 'ave gone a bit more on the kids' and missus's presents, 'anged if I wouldn't!" he muttered, reflectively. "That's the wust of our line. Don't never know w'ere y'ar." He counted a load of silver carefully from one trouser pocket to the other by the light of the flickering embers.

"Eight pun fifteen an' six in the till, an'

the side winder open like that! Darnright careless, I call it. Serves 'im right!" He chuckled again. "Lor', 'e won't 'ardly miss it out of wot 'e's took. Groceries is a payin' line this time o' year." He finished the bottle to the last drop, then rose and gave himself a shake. "Oughter do better 'ere," he muttered. "Joe Smith tole me larst year as they was rollin' in cash, an' meant to do it 'isself, if 'e 'adn't got took."

He wagged his head thoughtfully. "Alwus rash was pore old Joe. Three year—it's darnright crule. I wonder 'ow some of them 'ere beaks would like it, if they 'ad to do it their bloomin' selves?"

After unscrewing the lock, which was fastened on the other side, Mr. Sikes proceeded to try the dining-room for plate and the library for the cash-box, but without success. The plate was only electro, he saw at a glance; and as for the cash-box, there wasn't any.

"S'pose 'e's one of the careful sort wot keeps it under 'is piller," he said to himself, with a grin. He was rather a pleasant-looking ruffian. "Can't say as I 'old with upstairs work as a rule; but, lor', they'll be sleepin' like tops wen Santa Claus comes ter-night." He winked at himself in the dark. Bill was such a one for a joke, Mrs. Sikes always said.

He drew some thick woollen things over his boots, and after unfastening the front door, as a strategic measure in case of

hasty retreat, crawled slowly upstairs, growling inwardly at the thinness of the carpet, as reflecting upon his friend Smith's judgment of the family means. He had just reached the landing, when he stopped dead at the sound of a childish voice.

"Roy," the voice said. "Roy; is you asleep?"

"Abart five. Sime aige as my Gladys Mibel," Mr. Sikes pronounced.



"IT WAS CHRISTMAS EVE WHEN MR. SIKES BEGAN BURGLARIOUS OPERATIONS."

"No," whispered an older voice, which might belong to a boy of about eight.

"He's a drefful long time coming," complained voice No. 1.

"I don't believe he'll come, Maisie," said voice No. 2. "It's awful mean of him to stop away just because father——" No. 2 stopped with a sudden choke.

"I specks farver used to make him come."

"I don't believe there is any Santa

Claus—only fathers," the brother answered, thoughtfully.

Mr. Sikes heard a muffled crying. He fidgeted his hand uneasily in his pocket, and the coins made a slight jingling sound.

"Roy," whispered the little girl, with suppressed excitement, "he's coming. Didn't you hear him? Let's shut our eyes and pretend we's asleep."

There was silence for a couple of minutes.

"It wasn't anything," said Roy, sorrowfully. "He won't come."

"He always *does* come, Roy," pleaded Maisie.

"Father was always here before." There was a suspicious break in the boy's voice. "I wouldn't care about Santa Claus if only we had father."

Mr. Sikes shook his head solemnly. Mrs. Sikes had told him that was how his Alfred William talked last Christmas, when he was in temporary seclusion.

"Don't you fink mother ought to give us somethink instead?" asked Maisie.

"Mother hasn't much money now. She says she won't be able to give us only one penny a week next year. I told you it wasn't any use hanging up our stockings."

"But we have hanged them up."

"Yes—but—I tell you what, Maisie, I daresay mother will give us a penny."

"I don't want a penny. I want a Santa Claus like we gived mother."

"It was only sixpence; fourpence me and twopence you."

"She'll be surprised when she sees it outside her door," said the girl more cheerfully, "and wonder why Santa Claus didn't come to us too."

"She'll know we did it," said the boy.

Mr. Sikes, who was getting accustomed to the darkness, detected something which looked like a fancy matchbox outside the further door. But he had to rub a little moisture away from his eyes before he was quite sure of it.

"I shan't git nothink 'ere," he reflected, "that's certain. Blow me if I ain't sorry for them 'ere young 'uns." He turned to depart, then paused and shook his head at nothing in particular.

"If Santa Claus doesn't come," said Maisie, in a voice growing slow and sleepy, "Uncle Tom always brings us presents on Christmas morning."

"Uncle Tom won't bring any presents this year. He's ever so far away—in Birmingham."

"Where's Birmingham, Roy?"

"Oh, it's—somewhere."
 "Where's somewhere?"
 "Ever so far."
 "Near heaven? Where father is?"
 "No, no, don't be silly, Maisie!"

Mr. Sikes felt inclined to tell them the parliamentary fare, and how to calculate the distance therefrom. He had a brother in the profession there whom he visited occasionally.

"He might come in a train."

"Mamma says he can't afford to come this year."

"He might send them!"

"No, he mightn't, because—you don't understand, Maisie. He sends mamma all the money he can spare."

"Then mamma could give us a lot."

"I expect mamma spends it all to buy things," said Roy, solemnly. "It takes a lot of pennies to pay for a house. You don't understand, you're too young."

"No, I isn't young. I—I—want suffink." She began to whimper.

"I'll give you my bright penny for a Santa Claus, if you don't cry," said the boy, with reluctant bravery.

Mr. Sikes gathered that pennies were scarce with Roy, and sympathised accordingly. Sometimes pennies were scarce with Mr. Sikes.

"Trufly?"

"Honour bright."

"Fank you, Roy. Good-night."

"Good-night."

"Roy? If farver comed back from heaven——"

"Don't! Oh, Maisie, don't!"

"Don't cry, Roy. I—I want to come in your bed."

"Come along then."

"It's so dark."

"Wait a minute. I'll fetch you."

There was a patter of bare feet. "No carpet," said Sikes. "Well, I'm 'anged!"

In a few minutes there was quiet, and Mr. Sikes practised ear told him that both were asleep. He scratched his head thoughtfully. Then he carefully extricated a couple of coins from his pocket, felt the edges to make sure that they were half-crowns, and entered the children's room. After a few minutes' groping he found two stockings hung up upon the foot-rails of the cribs, and dropped a coin in each.

"Poor little kids," he thought to himself.

When he came out he paused again on the edge of the stairs, then crawled to the other door.

"I'd better see wot them 'ere young 'uns 'ave given their mar for a Santa Claus," he told himself, apologetically. "The missus 'll be sure ter ask, wen I tell 'er. Alwus curious, women is."

The street lamp gave a flick-side window, uring light in the

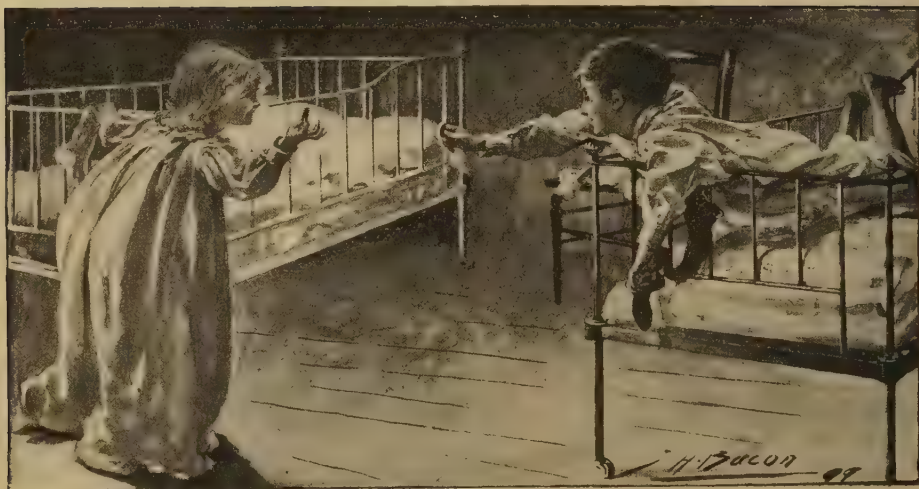


"HE SLIPPED HALF-CROWNS INTO EACH OF THE CHILDREN'S STOCKINGS."

in spite of the pelting snow, so he managed to see the article by putting his face very close. It was a lacquered matchbox on a stand, with soft paper instead of matches inside. Mr. Sikes scratched his head again.

"I s'pose the missus will call me a hass if I do, an' she'll go on at me for certain if I don't," he ruminated. "Women is rum creatures, when yer come ter think." He sat up on the floor and shook his head.

"Wants it more'n us," he concluded at last; and piece by piece he felt out a sovereign's worth of silver, and pushed it in



THE CHILDREN WERE WILD WITH DELIGHT WHEN THEY EXAMINED THEIR STOCKINGS ON CHRISTMAS MORNING.

among the soft paper. Then he retreated on his hands and knees backwards downstairs.

"If they was ter 'ear me, they'd go and yell fer a copper, I s'pose," he reflected. "Blessed if it ain't a funny world!"

He retired *via* the basement and the kitchen window. He dared not slam the front door, if he went that way; and if he left it open the children might catch cold. "Bill don't b'lieve in leavin' kids in draughts, bless yer," Mrs. Sikes often said. "E'd wrap 'em up in cotton wool, an' give 'em the moon ter play with, 'e would."

Mrs. Sikes was reputed a wit in their alley!

In the kitchen her husband opened the beer cupboard again, shook the bottles to see how many were "dead," and put the two full ones regretfully back in their place.

"If *that's* all they've got for ter-morrer," he said, "it's—it's *bad*."

Then he buttoned up his coat, put on his woollen gloves, and departed.

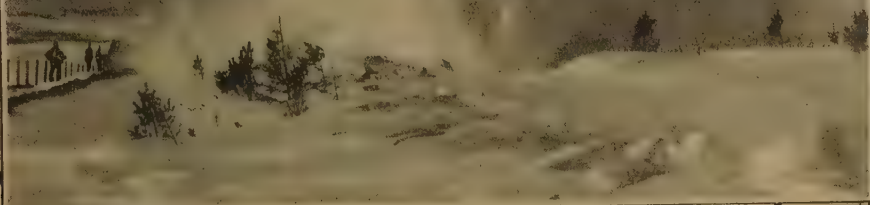
"This 'ere 'asn't been no catch," he said thoughtfully. "But a man wot comes into money 'as 'is responsibilities, there ain't no denyin' it!"



YOUNG ROBINS.

C. Reid, Fishers, Photo

WHAT SNOW AND ICE CAN DO



Johnston, Wick Photo

EXTRAORDINARY EFFECT OF THREE ENGINES CHARGING A SNOW BANK.

WITH REMARKABLE SPECIMENS.

By HAROLD MERVEY.

JACK FROST is responsible for many remarkable eccentricities during his reign in winter. He is regarded with righteous terror by the traveller, and the householder conjures up vivid visions of burst water pipes and frozen gas mains. But on the other hand he fashions many picturesque and fantastic objects which serve to vary the monotony of winter. In this article we give samples of Jack Frost in many moods.

Although America can boast the most awe-inspiring



Johnston, Wick Photo

ONE OF THE ENGINES AFTER THE CHARGE.

handiwork of Jack Frost when the Niagara Falls are frozen, it is left to this country to possess the longest icicle, notwithstanding the massive monsters to be found at the Falls. This monster was created at Broxbourne in a very unique manner during the sharp winter of 1895. The arch shown in the photograph, from which the icicle hangs so gracefully, is the Almond aqueduct carrying the Union Canal.



M'Claren, Broxbourne, Photo

THE LARGEST ICICLE IN THE WORLD, 120 FEET LONG.

When the water in the latter rises to too great a height it overflows through a sluice and falls from the aqueduct into the Almond Water, over 120 feet below. During the sharp frost of February 1895, the expanse of the Almond Water below was soon covered with ice, so that the drippings from the canal above were frozen as they fell, until they grew into a large heap. Meanwhile the water had trickled so slowly through the sluice in the aqueduct, and the frost was so keen,

that it became frozen as it dripped through. The result was that the icicle from the aqueduct gradually grew longer and longer, while the heap of drippings on the ice-covered Almond Water below grew higher and higher, and after three nights' frost the union was effected. The result was a massive icicle about 120 feet in height.

The winters in England, on the whole, are tolerably mild, and in the south of the

country a winter will pass by with scarcely a fall of snow; but not so in the North of England and Scotland, for there the snow causes inconvenience and destruction on every side. Villages are isolated from the larger towns, and often famine threatens many of the humble inhabitants; roads are rendered impassable, and railways are blocked. The latter eventuality is the more serious; for then traffic is absolutely stagnant in some places.

The loss sustained by the railway companies in the North of Scotland through the blizzards runs into thousands of pounds a year. Very often the lines are completely blocked by a solid drift of snow forty feet deep, and extending for miles. In some cases trains have left a certain station and proceeded for some distance, until brought to a standstill by an impenetrable barrier of snow. Progress is impossible, and in many cases retreat is equally out of the question, owing to

the snow having drifted on to the line in the rear of the train. The passengers are then on the horns of a most unfortunate dilemma.

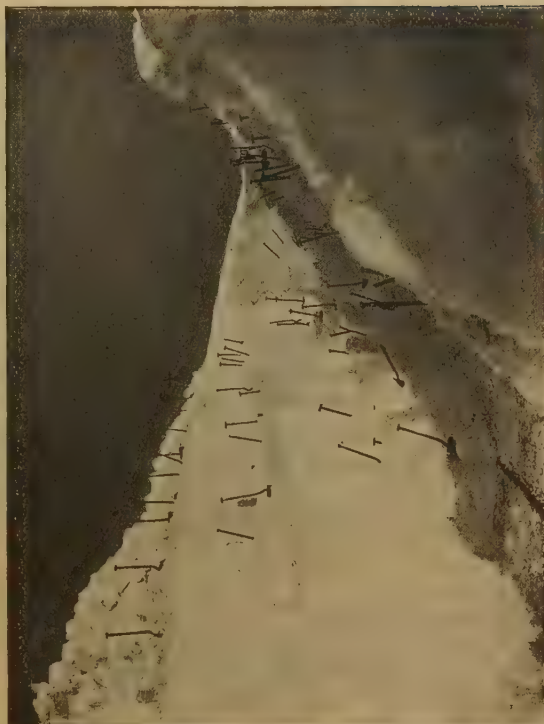
But the railway companies to-day fight the winter king in a very determined manner—though, like the majority of battles, it becomes rather an expensive business. Snow-ploughs are attached to the engines which endeavour to force their way through the drifts. Sometimes, if the bank of snow is at all a deep one, three or

four engines are coupled up together. They then charge the snowdrift full tilt.

A huge column of snow is thrown whirling into the air, completely enveloping the engines. Time after time the charge is repeated, each succeeding effort gradually forcing a path through the solid white wall. It is a very laborious task, and one that is fraught with great danger, owing to the liability of the engines being derailed. Occasionally the engines are buried almost up to their funnels in the drifts.

In some cases the snow-plough is absolutely useless for the purpose, and then the task has to be accomplished by manual labour. Gangs of labourers are retained during the winter months for any such emergency that may arise. These men labour with astonishing rapidity, but they may be engaged for several hours upon one block, the work being maintained throughout at high pressure, for a block upon the main line is a very serious matter. Two blockages on the North British Railway some years ago cost the railway company something like £20,000 from disorganisation of traffic, and so forth.

In America the railway companies employ a unique snow-plough. It is a huge wheel with projecting flanges fixed broadside on to the end of a truck. This wheel revolves at a terrific speed, throwing the snow up on each side, so that the line is cleared in a very short space of time. Although it has not made its appearance upon the British railways up to the present, it will not be long before its aid is called into requisition. It will be interesting to watch how it



Johnston, Dicky, Photo

2. At Lunch.



FIGHTING A SCOTCH SNOWSTORM.

1. Before Lunch.



Valentine, Photo

THE ALBERT FOUNTAIN OF DUNDEE AFTER THE TERRIFIC FROST OF 1881.

will fare in British snowdrifts, as the snow in this country is much coarser and harder than that which falls in the States.

Our photographs showing how a Scotch snowfall is dealt with by the railway company are very remarkable and interesting. The first shows three engines charging a snowdrift; another shows one engine half buried; another photo shows a gang of men busy at work digging out the line; while another is quite unique, for it represents a forest of spades standing idle while their

owners are at dinner. Barras Station, Northumberland, experienced a very hard time at the hands of a snowstorm, inasmuch as it was almost buried, as our last photograph shows. The traffic had to be entirely suspended until the line was cleared and the station somewhat excavated.

The photograph of a frozen fountain in Dundee is undoubtedly an exceptionally striking instance of the potency of the frost. It stands in the Albert Square of the Scotch city, and while playing in the usual manner during the severe winter of 1881 Jack Frost placed his magic icy hand upon it and froze the water as it fell. The effect was most beautiful. Here was a huge fountain consuming several gallons of water per minute turned into one solid block of ice. The frozen mass—which, by the way, weighed several tons—glittered and sparkled in the rays of the winter sun like a tremendous diamond. Indeed, the fountain rather conveyed the idea of having been cleverly sculptured in crystals, than being merely the freakish

handiwork of the frost.

Equally charming and picturesque was the effect produced by a frozen water-wheel



Dumaresq, Guernsey, Photo

WHY THE WATER-WHEEL STRUCK WORK.



WHAT AN ATLANTIC ICEBERG IS LIKE.

U. W. Wilson & Co., Photo

in the Talbot Valley, Guernsey. The Channel Islands, as a rule, owing to their southern situation, possess the reputation of a tolerably warm and genial climate during the winter months, so that snow and ice are almost unknown; but the frost

during the winter of three or four years ago was so sharp that the water, as it passed through the sluice over the wheel, was frozen, until the latter was completely enveloped in a garment of ice.

One of the most frequent, and at the



Burton, New York, Photo

EXTRAORDINARY CONDITION OF THE "GERMANIC" AFTER CROSSING THE ATLANTIC.

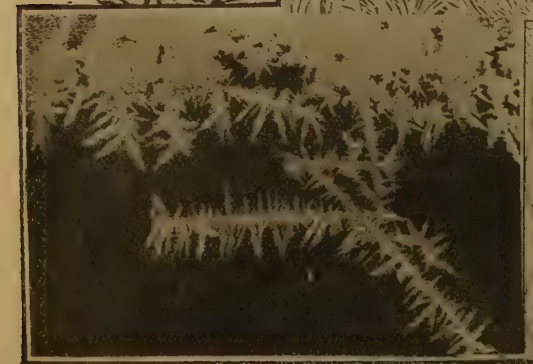
same time disastrous, perils that beset mariners in the North Atlantic, is a collision with an iceberg.

over sixty feet in height, and represent a dead weight of many thousands of tons, it will be seen that they constitute most formidable obstacles to those that "go down to the sea in ships."

A short while ago I saw a vessel that had her forward part completely carried away by collision with one of these bergs, and many vessels have gone down through being wrecked in the same manner. We are able to give a splendid photograph of one of these floating monsters.

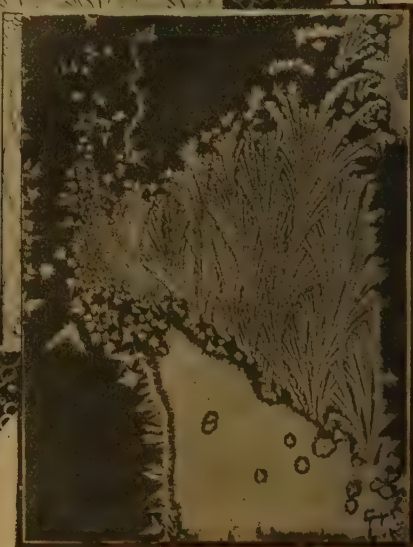
The White Star liner *Germanic*, during her voyage across the Atlantic last winter, experienced terrific blizzards. When the vessel arrived at New York she was entirely covered with snow, and appeared as if she had just returned from a prolonged sojourn in the Arctic regions; the tremendous weight of snow upon the vessel's deck caused her to

HOW JACK
FROST CAN
DECORATE
OUR WIN-
DOWS—
ACTUAL
PHOTO-
GRAPHS.



At first glance there does not seem much danger in running against these masses of ice; but when it is remembered that many of these derelict bergs are

Leadbeater, Ro'herham Photo





Watkinson, Barnard Castle, Photo

THIS IS NOT A PICTURE OF NANSEN AT THE NORTH POLE, THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN IN DURHAM.

list so heavily to port as she was being unloaded that the water poured in through her portholes, and she sank at her moorings. Owing to the little depth of water in the dock in which she was submerged, the vessel was subsequently raised without much difficulty. The accident, however, cost her owners many thousands of pounds.

In the photographs opposite we have a striking contrast to the *Germanic* picture, for here Jack Frost has in the course of a single night transformed the conventional plain glass window-pane into a scene from fairyland by his artistic hand. There are impenetrable jungles, peculiarly ribbed and grotesque designs,



Byron, Photo

WHAT A BLIZZARD DID IN NEW YORK.



Hills & Saunders, Photo

COACHING ON THE THAMES AT OXFORD.

outlined in exquisite tracery upon the crystalised moisture that had gathered upon the window-pane.

In the latter part of last year New York was completely cut off from the outside world by a severe blizzard. The streets were piled up with snow, as our photograph shows. The position in New York was a terrible one, as famine stared the inhabitants in the face. Fortunately, however, this catastrophe was averted, for after six days' reign the weather broke, but not before several luckless people had succumbed to the effects of exposure to the intense cold.

Few people have seen the Thames frozen. But at Oxford, where the river is serene, the

Thames was frozen over during the winter of 1892 to such a thickness that a local gentleman tooled his coach-and-six up and down the centre of the waterway. The horses were specially shod with sharp steel-spiked shoes.

One wonders if snow and ice will be as busy this winter.



Watkinson, Barnard Castle, Photo

DARRAS STATION, IN NORTHUMBERLAND, AFTER IT HAD BEEN PARTIALLY CLEARED OF SNOW.

MAN *v.* PETROLEUM.

A TERRIFIC RACE ON A FRENCH HIGHWAY.

By ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS.

Illustrated by S. H. Vedder.

"YOU will make no effort to escape while I dictate the terms?"

I looked steadily at the revolver muzzle and the tigerish face behind it. I noticed how lovingly the forefinger caressed the trigger, and felt how entirely I was in the power of this man.

"I will not."

"Very good, Mr. Graham. Then you will have the kindness to sit on the bank opposite while I unfold to you my plan of action."

I crossed the road and sat down at the point indicated by Malpas. He took a cigar out of a case and lit it deliberately, eyeing me the while as a cat eyes a mouse.

"We will be brief and business-like," he continued, producing a road-map and laying it open on his knee. "The two main points of the whole concern are these: First, I have you entirely at my mercy. A touch of the trigger, and Frederick Alvara Malpas is avenged. When I saw you in the Rue Grand Pont yesterday my first impulse was one of instant retaliation; but more prudent counsels prevailed. I determined to await a better opportunity and take a longer revenge.

"The second point, then, is the *method* of revenge. Ten years of Portland quarries, burning heat, biting winds, untold humiliation, cannot be wiped off the slate by the swift passage of a bullet. I have in my mind a scheme which will yield me a much



"YOU WILL MAKE NO EFFORT TO ESCAPE WHILE I DICTATE THE TERMS?" SAID MALPAS, POINTING HIS PISTOL AT ME.

more exquisite pleasure, and at the same time bring in the element of sport."

He took a few puffs at his cigar, and moistened his lips as though in anticipation of a most choice bill of fare. He gloated over his coming revenge. To keep me in suspense was part of it, so he sat silent awhile, the very picture of malignity.

"Yes! Sport! Besides, I want to give you a chance. You gave *me* a chance years ago when you secured me a post in your bank. It shall at least be said that I can remember a benefit as well as an injury. But the element of chance must be reduced to a minimum. I have here"—he tapped the map on his knee—"an excellent plan of the roads round Rouen. With its help I shall be able to indicate the exact route to be taken in what may be termed a novel game of hare and hounds; you, of course, being the hare."

The Forêt de Rouvray seemed deserted by both man and beast. Neither up nor down the road could I see any sign of approaching succour. My mind travelled rapidly over the events that had led up to the present position; the rifling of the safes by our trusted cashier; the trial; the damning evidence produced by me; the sentence; the look of hideous, cruel hatred which the condemned cast at me as the officers of the law hurried him from the dock. I read again in my mind the threatening anonymous notes sent from Portland.

If anything was wanting to make Malpas hate me it was supplied by my bringing home to him the gold robbery in the London and Shires Bank. I felt that I might as well hope to squeeze water from a flint as expect mercy from him.

"The road we shall take is as follows: From here to Elbœuf, through Grand Essart. From Elbœuf towards Louviers, turning sharply to the left before we enter that town. Then to Pont de l'Arche, where we cross the Seine and follow its right bank back to Rouen. The total distance is about thirty-five miles. You will have three minutes start, and then it will be a mere struggle between human muscle and motor-car. The car is capable of only about eighteen miles an hour on the level, being, fortunately for you, not a perfectly modern type, but your full powers will be required to keep you ahead. If I catch you, as no doubt I shall, two courses will be open to me. I may either shoot you, if the oppor-

tunity offers to do so without danger to myself; or, I can ride you down. The latter alternative will be the safer, for if it proves fatal to you I can say it was your fault; and if not fatal—well, the car weighs nearly a ton."

He spoke in a matter-of-fact tone as though he were announcing the details of an excursion to a party of trippers. Yet his words brought a little comfort.

"By the bye, there is one thing I must add," he said, slowly blowing a ring of grey smoke; "the chances seem all in your favour. You doubtless think that the byways and hedges, to say nothing of the towns, will afford you hiding-places. But beware! You remember Boshier, who was mixed up in the gold-bag affair? Well, our release came on the same day. As soon as we were again masters of our own actions, our first thoughts turned to revenge. So by an arrangement, of which I don't mean to tell you the details, we have jointly woven a web about you from which you can escape only at the expense of your family. Boshier is watching them at Shanklin."

He spoke with such cruel assurance that I could only feel my extreme helplessness. The complicity of Boshier in the scheme of revenge was quite outside my calculations. Malpas' devilish plans were indeed complete! How could I hope to escape this insensate thing of rubber and steel? How, on the other hand, could I refuse to make the attempt?

He tossed the map across, saying, "You had better study that for a few minutes while I overhaul my car and see that everything is in order. The signposts are so good that you can scarcely miss the way accidentally; but you must be careful not to take the short cut from Elbœuf to Pont de l'Arche by the river."

Then he took a small parcel out of his pocket and undid it, revealing six shining revolver cartridges. "Nothing like plenty of ammunition," he added, almost jocularly, with a sudden change of manner. "One never knows what may be needed to finish the job properly."

This was not comforting, but I picked up the map and pretended to study it. I knew the route well enough, having traversed it a few days before. The contrast between that pleasant ride and the present crisis was so great that I felt inclined to throw away the little shred of hope and dare Malpas to do his worst. But I

thought of the dear ones at home. The instinct of life rose strong within me.

"It is time for you to start, Mr. Graham. But, before starting, one more thing must be told you. Supposing you reach Rouen in advance of me, I shall, for the time being, take no further steps to injure you. You had better not make any attempts on my liberty, however, because intention apart from action is nothing illegal. You can't prove anything against me until I have struck a blow. You can't bring home to me those anonymous notes. You can't even produce witnesses to my present actions. So I say again, beware!"

He drew out his watch and continued—

"In three minutes from the time when I say 'Off,' I shall start: so be ready. Perhaps you will pledge me your word as a gentleman to keep to the route we have agreed upon? An Englishman's word goes for a good deal, even in France."

It seemed exceedingly strange that Malpas should make such a request, with me entirely at his mercy. I did not then know that the complicity of Boshier was a mere fiction,

and that he was trying to substitute for it my sense of honour. The impudence of the fellow stung me to retort.

"No, you scoundrel, I won't!" I shouted furiously, forgetful of prudence. "You might just as well ask a criminal to give his word as a gentleman to stand quite still while the drop-bolt is drawn. If you were more than half a Briton you would

never have made such a suggestion; but I promise you that I will do my best to prevent your being a murderer as well as a common thief."

I know that the taunt cut Malpas to the quick; for his swarthy face turned pale, and his dark eyes burned with hatred.

"So you call me a common thief, Mr. Graham," he said. "Say rather, em-



"HE TOSSED THE MAP ACROSS TO ME, SAYING 'YOU HAD BETTER STUDY THAT.'"

bezzler, a much greater person than a thief. As to the term murderer, it yet remains to be justified, though you have done your best to provoke me to murder. Only the pleasure of a hunt saved you. But the insult must not pass unnoticed: you will now have only *two minutes' start*."

He mounted the car—a yellow-wheeled Panhard-Levassor—and, seating himself

behind the steering-wheel, said, "Now then, up you get. No shirking, and remember your family. One, two, three, off!"

As may be imagined, I lost no time; so much depended on those first two minutes. I believe that I rode the first mile as fast as any human being could have covered it. Talk about competition for bringing out a man's powers!—it is nothing to the stimulus provided by the fear of death. My feet flew madly round, at a pace I had hitherto only dreamed of.

At Grand Essart I narrowly missed a collision with a small boy carrying two buckets. The fault was mine rather than his, being the result of confusing the French with the English rule of the road. I had not been long enough in France to take the right side instinctively. The boy stared open-mouthed at the "mad Englishman," and, dropping his buckets, he fled into the nearest cottage. This escape made me more careful. I glanced over my shoulder and got a momentary glimpse of the motor-car, still a mere speck in the distance. For the present I was making the running, and took comfort in thinking that I should out-distance him. If I could only keep up the pace!

Pines gave way to the welcome shade of maple and hornbeam. Ringing wildly, I dashed round corners at a breakneck speed, to the consternation of more than one brown-faced, wooden-clogged Norman. Before I could believe it I was on the slope descending into Elbœuf. Riding now became dangerous, owing to the sharp bends that characterise the French road-engineer's work on steep hills. I rode with my life in my hands, whirling round at acute angles to the ground, praying that what vehicles might be about would meet me in the intervals between corners. By good luck, only one market-cart met me, and in a few minutes I was tearing along under the railway-bridge and up the outlying streets. An electric tram fell behind as if it had been standing still. Soon cobble paving obliged me to slacken speed. Guiding my machine carefully among the traffic of the main street, I reached the open country again on level macadam.

The thought that Malpas would be even more hampered than I had been caused a sudden thrill of exhilaration. I blessed my forethought in overhauling the machine now quivering between my legs; I blessed

the art of the French road-maker. But my exultation was premature. When within six feet of a cast horseshoe bristling with nails I suddenly noticed it, and the violent swerve made to avoid it threw me completely off my balance. Fortunately, my shoulders bore the brunt of the collision with the ground. As soon as the first stage of pained bewilderment had passed, I rose to my feet. All hope seemed jarred out of me. The cycle lay on the other side of the road. I picked it up and shook it to ascertain the damage. I spun the wheels; the front was a good deal buckled, but could clear the forks. The right pedal brushed the crank at every revolution, but could turn. The bell was a wreck. No time this for lament or examination of bruises. Forward, at all cost! Yes; that cloud of dust *did* contain a car—so close, too!

Up I tumbled again, and made off—painfully, but swiftly. At the first corner I nearly ran into a gentleman.

"By Jove, it's Graham!" exclaimed a voice, which I recognised as that of my friend Alhusen, to whose house I was riding when Malpas overtook me. I could not stay to explain—time pressed. Onward, ever onward; so I left Mr. Alhusen to solve the mystery as best he might.

Oh! terrible are those moments when the body cries out "Stop! Stop!" and the mind shouts "Go on! Go on!" The pain of years seemed concentrated into that struggle with the French hill—pain, mental as well as physical, so great were the stakes. Nearer and nearer came the "kiss! kiss!" of the car. I felt that I was lost: to a feeling of utter exhaustion was joined a sensation of pleasure at the thought that all would soon be over—and a Bollée *voiturette* flashed by me up the hill. The intense mental relief at once spread to my limbs; and to the aid of my spent sinews the north-westerly wind came singing through the spokes, turning the ascent into level road. Then in imagination I pictured Malpas smiling at my struggles—perhaps even holding in his steed to prolong my agony. Could he but have realised my suffering, part, at least, of his vengeance would have been satisfied.

Doubt soon changed to despair; for some way in front lay a level crossing, and the gates were shut! The devil and the deep sea! There was no time for calculation. I dashed up to the gates, clapped

on the brake so suddenly that a part of the rubber stripped off the front cover, and in a moment stood on the permanent way, machine and all; then over the second obstacle, heedless of what the gate-keeper said.

That level crossing was my salvation. It checked Malpas for about two minutes. I made good use of the time, snapping my fingers at him and his stinking petroleum-pot in a fresh access of hope. The front tyre, however, caused me some anxiety. The canvas beneath the rubber showed white at every revolution. Yet there was small fear of puncture if I kept my eyes well open.

I hurried on through the Forêt du Pont de l'Arche in pursuit of the dust clouds which the wind raised from the roads and blew into the trees, not daring to look behind me. The noise of the motor cylinder was wafted down to me so distinctly that I thought Malpas to be gaining ground rapidly. As a matter of fact a good quarter-mile separated us when I reached the beginning of a long down-slope. Here, if anywhere, I must improve my position. A waggon was ascending the hill heavily laden with hurdles. The driver slept on his seat, but the horses kept to the middle of the road. I passed easily enough; not so

Malpas, who was obliged to stop and curse the driver into wakefulness. The sound of his oaths came as music to my ears.

In a few moments my front tyre began to jam mud against the brake rubber, causing considerable extra friction. The chain, tightened by the wet—for it began to rain—gave out a rapid series of sharp cracks.

I was drenched to the skin very soon, but my mind was too much occupied with other matters to heed that.

How
I cursed
myself
for al-
lowing



"I TOOK UP MY BICYCLE AND SHOOK IT TO ASCERTAIN THE DAMAGE."

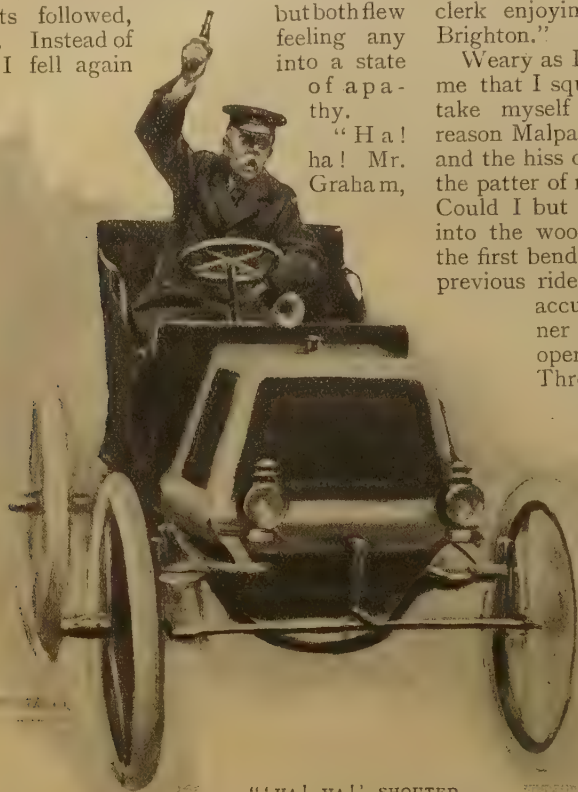
Malpas to get me into this straight bare stretch of road where I had about as much chance of eluding pursuit as a rat has of escaping a ferret in a drain! If only I had slipped into the woods and retraced my way to Rouen!

Fiss! A bullet hummed past me and

flung up a spirt of mud in front to the right. Malpas was firing under cover of the thunder. In such weather there would be nobody abroad to see or hear. I divined his little game at once; and when the next clap came swerved my bicycle sharply to the right. Another bullet screamed past, this time to the left. I had avoided it, but at the cost of so violent a skid that I determined to take my chance and not repeat the manœuvre. Two more bullets followed, wide. Instead of fear I fell again

Two more but both flew feeling any into a state of apathy.

"Ha! ha! Mr. Graham,



"'HA! HA!' SHOUTED
MALPAS, A FEW YARDS BE-
HIND, 'SO YOU HAVE GIVEN ME
A GOOD RUN AFTER ALL.'"

so you have given me a good run after all!" said Malpas's voice, a few yards behind. "I was beginning to fear that you would get to earth before I could try conclusions. Considering your forty years you make an exceedingly game fox, and really deserve to get off."

I plucked the lamp off its bracket and hurled it behind me in the road, then my coat after it; anything to save weight.

"Really, Mr. Graham, you surprise me," continued my tormentor, in a tone which

suggested that he was smiling mockingly; "you make rather free with lamps and coats. Not that it will do you any good. That little revolver practice was merely to let you know of my whereabouts. I can do a great deal better than that if I try. Dear me! what would the charming Mrs. Graham say if a decimal 330 were to strike her beloved husband in the back! It makes me laugh to see you wobbling along like a cross between a drowned rat and a clerk enjoying a Bank-holiday scorch to Brighton."

Weary as I was, his taunts so maddened me that I squeezed out sufficient work to take myself out of earshot. For some reason Malpas seemed to be losing ground, and the hiss of his car gradually faded into the patter of rain. My mind was made up. Could I but get the chance I would slip into the wood, which began shortly after the first bend in the road. Thanks to the previous ride I knew my bearings pretty

accurately. I got round the corner well ahead of Malpas. An open gate lay ready to hand. Through it I rode, and pushed my cycle far into the dripping hazel and hornbeam. The rain fell off the trees in a regular deluge, soaking through any dry portions of my clothing that remained. Water squelched in my shoes and obscured my glasses, so that I could scarcely see whither I was going.

Leaving the cycle flat on the ground, I worked my way towards the outside of the wood, where, screened by the bracken, I watched for the car. It did

not appear so soon as I anticipated. The rain was thick enough to form a kind of mist. I hoped that Malpas would not notice that I had left the road until he had gone on a long distance. But the mud in the road betrayed me. Malpas saw at a glance the tracks leading into the wood, and brought his car to a standstill. He dismounted with something gleaming in his hand.

As he turned, his face was towards me, and if ever I read the determination to

commit murder it was there. I heard him pushing a way through the bushes, where the marks of my feet in the wet grass must have been plain enough. Should I trust to concealment, or spring upon him un-awares and possess myself of the revolver? But what could a man, exhausted by twenty miles' furious riding, hope to do against one whose work had been nothing more severe than to manage a couple of handles?

So I lay quite still, hardly daring to move or breathe, lest the cracking of a twig should reveal my hiding place. Malpas soon found my cycle, and uttered a hoarse cry of triumph. Well he might, for it was my sole means of escape. The sole means? No! the motor car stood in the road. I knew how to start the mechanism: If Malpas wished to catch me he should have a turn at the cycle.

Before I was ten seconds older I had climbed into the car. But to my dismay all my efforts to start it were un-availing; probably Malpas had foreseen the manoeuvre. To stay where I was would be dangerous; but I did not mean to leave the car as I found it. Taking out my knife, I leaped down and cut two large slits in the back tyres. The air came out with a hiss loud enough to be heard a hundred yards off. I saw now what had delayed Malpas—my coat, small shreds of which

still clung to parts of the machinery. No doubt the wheels had picked it up off the road and it had gradually been dragged into the cogs. There was no time to lose, so I went forward to treat the front tyres like the others.

Scarcely had my knife touched the rubber of one, when a bullet splashed into the back of the car, and made me look up. Thirty yards away Malpas was preparing for a second shot. With the agility born of necessity I regained the wood, closely

pursued;
but not
before a
sensation



"I CUT TWO LARGE SLITS IN THE TYRES OF THE BACK WHEELS, AND WENT FORWARD TO DO THE SAME TO THE OTHERS."

of hot iron passed across my right calf. I doubled back on my tracks, and soon found my cycle, which Malpas had not had time to injure. To snatch it up was the work of a moment. Hazels switched my face cruelly as I pushed through them, leaving at least one scar which I carry to-day as a memento. Before Malpas had cleared the wood I was fifty yards up the road riding for dear life. I got a glimpse of him kneeling on the grass with his left arm up. I crouched in the saddle, so avoiding a bullet. Another struck the cycle somewhere behind. I heard fragments of lead scatter among the bushes,

but my machine seemed none the worse. Then another and another; and I was out of range, uninjured.

So once again I took my courage in both hands, as the Frenchmen say, and reasoned with myself. About fourteen more miles to go; a bleeding leg; muddy roads; rain beating down vigorously. Not

Should the body disobey the will? No! I might drop dead, but not otherwise would I yield to this ever-increasing sense of exhaustion. The struggle between fixed resolve and physical fatigue resulted in a state of semi-torpor, from which I was rudely awakened by the cobbles of Pont de l'Arche. A pest on that mediæval invention of the devil, that foul blot on the splendid thoroughfares of France—a *pavé* road! The jarring transmitted by the

machine tortured my wounded leg, but it helped to combat the stupor gradually

clouding my senses. I remember crossing a long bridge over the river, then a shorter one over a railway, and longing for the speed of the train that rushed beneath as I passed. Then there came another of those fearful inclines. My head swam, there was a buzzing in my ears; but I clenched my teeth and spurned the pedals desperately. The faculty of hearing seemed to desert me. My machine made no sound in the mud, and the pelting rain fell like shot into velvet—noiselessly.

Ping! I heard *that*; the right handle-grip flew into atoms. My hand must have a moment before.

at my heels. I dodged from side to side like a rabbit, losing ground at every turn. The car came closer and closer. My hour was approaching.

"You devil!" screamed a voice, at my elbow, so it seemed; "you'd escape me, would you, by your dirty tricks! Yes, duck and dodge, and dodge and duck, as much as you like, but you won't be able to get out of the way of this messenger."



"IN FURIOUS DISAPPOINTMENT HE HURLED HIS REVOLVER AT ME."

a pleasant outlook, indeed; but the pursuer had missed his best opportunity, and wasted the greater part of his ammunition. At most he started with twelve cartridges; ten of these were expended. He would be sure to reserve the other two for close quarters. Thank goodness I had managed to rip up his tyres. That meant a good many miles an hour off. Pont de l'Arche was close now, and once over the river I should be in more thickly populated, and therefore, for me, safer, country.

In the intense desire to restore myself to them, I forgot thirst, pain, and fatigue.

I knew that the last bullet would be soon despatched. Many times I felt it grinding its way into my vitals. The suspense was awful, intolerable. By instinct I bent forward, with my head drooping over the handle-bar.

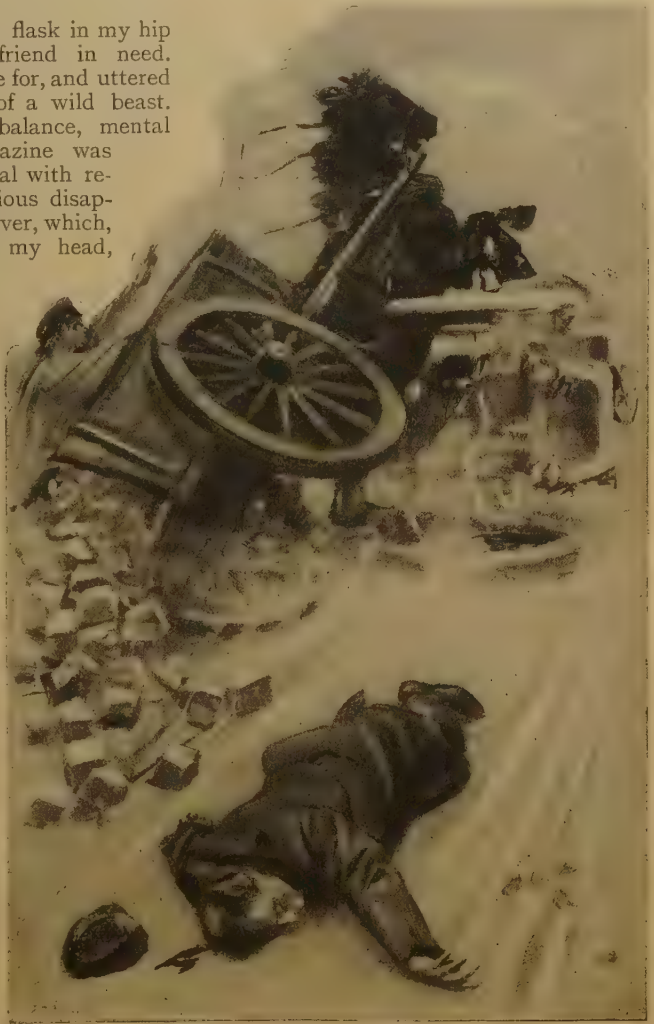
Then it came; but the flask in my hip pocket proved a good friend in need. Malpas thought I was done for, and uttered a sound like the snarl of a wild beast. That cry restored my balance, mental and physical. His magazine was empty! He saw me pedal with renewed vigour, and in furious disappointment hurled his revolver, which, after whizzing close to my head, leaped gleaming along the road.

Man against man and oil now! Human muscle struggling with petroleum gas! He tried to ride me down. How I kept ahead I can't imagine, unless it be that a special cherub is told off to help hunted men. Twice his wheels brushed my back tyre ever so slightly; twenty times I slipped in the treacherous mud.

We were on a down slope now, flying along at a tremendous pace. I gained little by little, a foot, a few yards, maybe. Still that accursed yellow thing thundered in the rear, spitting and panting like a demon thirsting for my life-blood. Its evil breath was upon me again. The hiss of the cylinder sounded clear even amid the crashing thunder. I gathered myself together for a supreme effort. Malpas saw me draw away, and howled in impotent fury. Blood-curdling were the curses he heaped upon the sluggish car. The driving rain filled my eyes with a watery film, through which all looked misty and uncertain. I managed to avoid a cart full of chalk standing in the road. But as I passed, a deafening crash split the heavens. I heard

the terrified horse snort; then came the sound of collision and a dull thud.

I dismounted mechanically, and looked back. The carter was trying to extricate

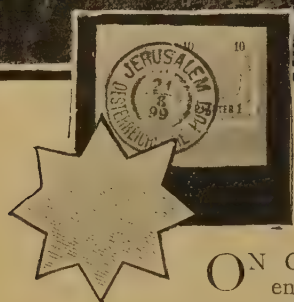


"THERE WAS A DEAFENING CRASH AND THEN A DULL THUD, AND A DARK MASS LAY IN THE ROAD."

his horse from a *débris* of cart and motor-car. Chalk strewn thickly round testified to the violence of the impact; and five or six yards ahead a dark mass lay in the road.

I turned and walked back some paces to get a better view of this motionless object.

One glance sufficed to show that the race had been won—by me.



Photochrom Co., Photo

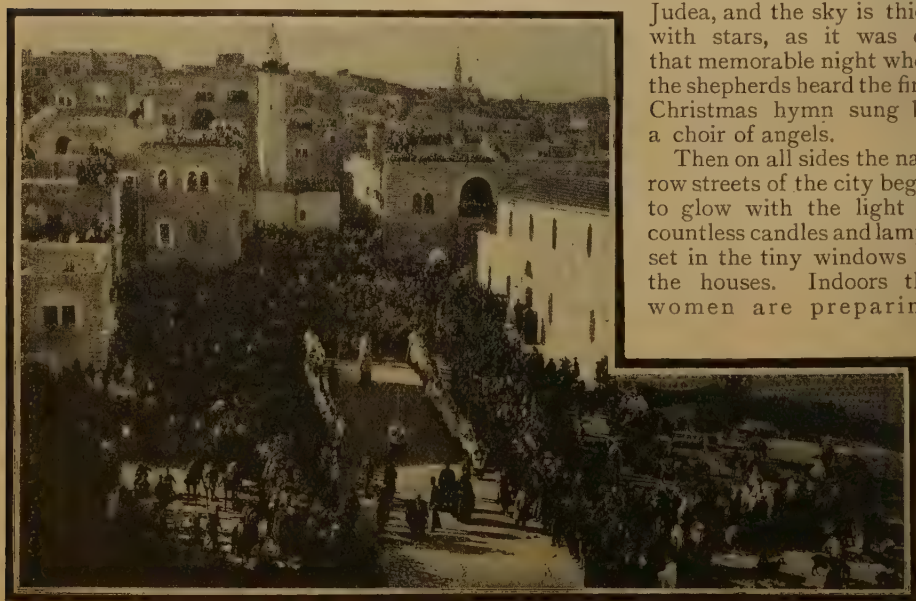
A VISIT TO THE HOLY LAND AT YULETIDE.

BY PHILIP ASTOR.

ON Christmas Eve in Jerusalem the Christians are busily engaged in their preparations for the great festival of the Nativity. The sun has set over the hills in Western

Judea, and the sky is thick with stars, as it was on that memorable night when the shepherds heard the first Christmas hymn sung by a choir of angels.

Then on all sides the narrow streets of the city begin to glow with the light of countless candles and lamps set in the tiny windows of the houses. Indoors the women are preparing



THE CHRISTMAS PROCESSION OUTSIDE THE PLACE OF CHRIST'S BIRTH.

themselves for the first ceremonies of the feast of the Nativity. The elaborate bead bracelets are removed from the wrists, and the armlets of polished pebbles strung on slender gilt wire are unclasped. Necklaces and jewelled pendants are laid aside, and a simple white veil takes the place of the gaudy coloured garb in which these Oriental women usually delight.

Then from many a home sets forth a little company of pious folk on their way to join the great throng who on the morrow will worship at the very spot where the new-born Babe lay in His manger-cradle.

Throughout Christmas Eve a vast cavalcade of pilgrims is wending its way to Bethlehem. From all parts of the earth they have come, but now all are following the rugged path from Jerusalem which was once trodden by the three Wise Men from the East who sought the new-born King.

Though the journey is but five miles long, and is not quite an hour's drive from Jerusalem, we prefer to travel earlier in the day; for the road has many points of interest that we must not miss.

Starting from the Damascus Gate in one of the Arab carriages in common use, we drive round the walls till we reach the Jaffa Gate, where we leave the sacred city. This gate is prettily called by the people of the district "Bab-el-Khalil," which means "The gate of the friend," because it is the starting-point on the road to Hebron, the dwelling-place of Abraham, who was called "the friend of God."

Passing by the tower of David, which Titus left standing when he took the city, the road descends to the lower pool of Gihon, and skirts the ill-omened valley of Hinnom, where stands a lonely tree associated by tradition with the end of Judas. Then we pass the house of Caiaphas, and are now driving through open country, broken by low but rugged hills.

Far away on the left we see the hazy outline of the blue mountains of Moab, stretching away on the other side of the Jordan. Occasionally we catch a brief glimpse of the Dead Sea, lying far below the ridge which marks the middle of our journey. Its placid waters are shimmering in the sunlight with a beauty that surprises the traveller, who has been taught to associate the salt sea with gloom and death.

About three miles from Jerusalem we

pass the convent of Mar Elias, which marks the spot where Elijah is said to have rested under a juniper tree. Close at hand is a well which has for ages been associated with the visit of the Magi.

The legend states that after their visit to



THE SYRIAN PATRIARCH OF JERUSALEM GIVING
THE CHRISTMAS BENEDICTION.

Herod at Jerusalem they lost the guidance of the star. They then wandered doubtfully down the road to Bethlehem until they reached this well, where they paused to water their animals. While doing so, one of the Wise Men noticed the reflection of a large star in the water, and looking



THE STAR ON THE FLOOR MARKS THE SPOT WHERE CHRIST WAS BORN.

up, he saw the star itself, which proved their guide until they reached the place where the Child lay.

We now pass the tomb of Rachel, which is greatly venerated by the Moham-medans, and near by we see the well from whose water David refused to drink when it had been brought to him at the risk of his soldiers' lives. It is a curious fact that the wells of Palestine are the best authenticated and most generally accepted relics of the early history of the Jewish nation.

We are now on the outskirts of Bethlehem itself, and the first

hill till we reach the eastern brow of the ridge upon which the market-place is

impression of the place that we gain is not a pleasing one. The state of the streets is emphatically bad—so bad that the driver of our vehicle gives up his task in despair. We dismount and pick our way cautiously through streets barely six feet wide, and deep in mud and garbage. It is by no means the perfume of Araby the Blest that greets us as we enter the little town to which all Christendom is looking at this season of the year.

We plod up the



BENEATH THE LAMPS THE MANGER USED TO STAND IN WHICH CHRIST WAS CRADLED.



A MODERN SHEPHERD OF BETHLEHEM.

situated. On the south side stands the Church of the Nativity, one of the oldest Christian edifices in the world. It consists of the church proper and three monasteries—Latin, Greek, and Armenian—adjoining it on the north, east, and south sides.

To this common centre all the processions of pilgrims are converging. The entrance to the church is so low that one has to stoop considerably to pass through. It is commonly said that this is for the benefit of the irreverent, who, if they will not bow after they enter the church, are at least compelled to bow before they can get in. More probably these low doors, which are not unusual in the East, are designed to keep wandering cattle out of the building.

The church, which seems to have been first built in the fourth century, stands over a cave which has from the

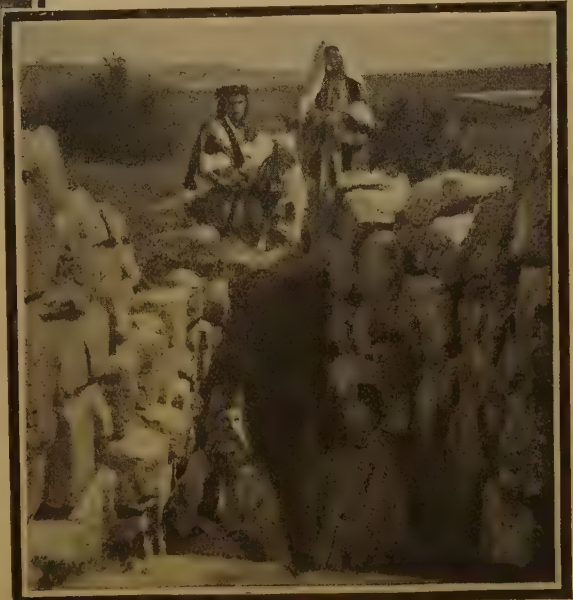
earliest ages of Christianity been associated with the birth of the Saviour.

On that memorable occasion, Mary and Joseph, finding no accommodation in the khan or inn where travellers put up for the night, sought shelter in the stable. This was almost invariably a cave or rough cellar, built in the rear of the house, and was used as a shelter for oxen and asses.

There is very little doubt that the cave under the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem is the genuine birthplace of Christ. The evidence in its favour can be traced back to within living memory of the days of the Apostles.

The church consists of a fine nave with double aisles, a photo of which appears on the next page, but this is now rarely used, save on the occasion of such a vast assemblage of pilgrims as takes place on Christmas Eve. The sanctuary is separated from the nave by a high screen, and is divided into three parts used respectively by the Greeks, Latins, and Armenians.

Unfortunately, these three Churches are in rather violent antagonism to each other, and the Turkish soldiers are occasionally needed to preserve peace. It is just as well, therefore, that the three communities do not celebrate the Christmas festival at the same time.



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Underwood & Underwood

THE SPOT WHERE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS AT NIGHT AND HEARD THE ANGELS SING.

The Latins keep it on December 25th, the Greeks twelve days later, and the

Armenians observe the Feast of the Epiphany instead of Christmas. Thus we find that most of the pilgrims who are coming from every quarter to Bethlehem are adherents of Latin Christianity.

We join the throng and pass through the nave of the church to the sanctuary with its magnificently gilded and painted screen. Passing into the Greek portion, we descend a flight of narrow stone steps in the south choir aisle, and find ourselves in the actual cavern to which the eyes of the world have turned at Christmas-tide for nearly nineteen hundred years.

It is hard to realise our position. On every hand costly marbles, rich embroidery, and jewelled lamps meet the eye. There is

In the recess hang many jewelled lamps of gold and silver, for the different communities of the place share the privilege of keeping these lights always burning. All around are rich embroideries, and above is a slab used by the Greeks as an altar.

On the other side of the entrance from the stairway is another recess in which it is believed that the manger cradle of the Holy Child was placed. If this be so, then we are standing on the very spot where the shepherds knelt when they came to see the Infant King. Two photographs of this birthplace appear on page 324.

The traditional cradle was taken to the Church of St. Maria Maggiore at Rome in



THE NAVE OF THE CHURCH BUILT ON THE SITE OF CHRIST'S BIRTHPLACE AT BETHLEHEM.

little to suggest a cave or a stable; yet it is the fact that we are in a veritable cavern surrounded by rugged masses of limestone rock, though these are masked by an interior lining of marble.

The eyes turn at once to a small recess close to the floor at the side of the cavern. Around it the pilgrims are crowding to throw themselves upon the pavement and kiss the stones: for this is the very spot upon which it is believed that the world's Redeemer was born. A silver star is let into the pavement, surrounded by the inscription, *HIC DE MARIA VIRGINE JESUS CHRISTUS NATUS EST* ("Here of the Virgin Mary Jesus Christ was born").

the fifteenth century, and now a marble one takes its place. But this does not interfere with the devotions of the crowd of pilgrims, many of whose eyes are bedimmed with tears as they gaze upon the spot hallowed by so many sacred associations.

As night comes on the pilgrims are augmented by the cottagers from Jerusalem, whose setting out we have already described. Then comes the midnight mass, celebrated with all the dignity and beauty that the Latins can achieve. Such a service is impressive anywhere, but amid such surroundings it rarely fails to stir the emotions of even the casual tourist. Thus is Christmas spent in Bethlehem.

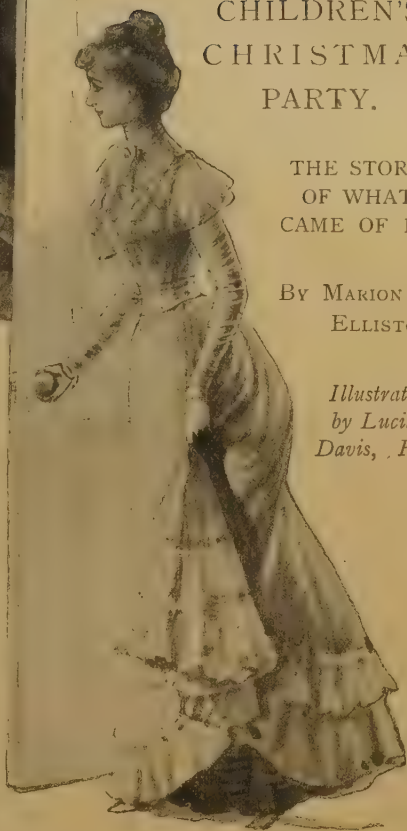


THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS PARTY.

THE STORY
OF WHAT
CAME OF IT.

BY MARION
ELLISTON.

*Illustrated
by Lucien
Davis, R.I.*



MUMMIE and Daddy were giving a glance of critical surveillance to the two mites Nurse had just set down before them. The biggest of the two was a jolly little sturdy fellow of six years, dressed in a white "man-of-war" suit, looking very much on "parade-muster," and generally known as Dickie.

The other mite was a midget of three-and-a-half, in white socks and shoes, and a new white frock with a beautiful sash tied on one shoulder, with long, fringed ends. Her name was Beryl, but she rarely heard her own name, for everyone called her "Somebody!"

It only wanted a few minutes to 5.30, the appointed hour for their Christmas Eve party, and Mummie and Daddy were getting a preliminary cup of tea before it all grew busy.

"There's Gwen, I think," said Mummie, as the soft swishing of petticoats came down the staircase, and in a moment a slight, pretty girl came in.

"Come and get a cup of tea before they come, Gwen," said her sister, too busy at the moment to look round, while the two children rushed to meet her, Somebody pulling up short, and hanging her small head on one side for a rapt and critical gaze, then saying with reverence for her auntie, mingled with expanding pride in herself—

"My, auntie! I does sink you's pwetty to-night, 'cause you's dot a new party-frock on, like me; an' I hasn't never been to a real, 'stay-up-late' party 'efore!"

Somebody's Daddy shot an amused telegraphic glance to Somebody's Mummie, but discreetly forbore to do anything worse than pulling some of the decorating holly

"'THERE'S GWEN,' SAID MUMMIE, AS A SLIGHT, PRETTY GIRL CAME IN."

into a more artistic angle. Not so Somebody's Mummie; she answered the telegram with quick comprehension, then shook the ripple off her lips and the mischief out of her eyes as she turned round from that tiresome little kettle that she was sure wouldn't boil before "those partying children" should appear.

"Oh, Gwen, how pretty! What a darling frock! But, dearest, isn't it too fragile for this evening? It's only 'boys and girls and babies,' as I carefully explained on my cards, and really it will mostly be babies, I expect; witness our own small people. They are sure to want Blind Man's Buff, and Musical Chairs, and every possible riot, and I wouldn't guarantee

safety to a single inch of those lovely chiffon frills. Wouldn't you rather save that for Mrs. McCalmont's 'Children's Dance' on the 28th, where everyone will have to be very correct and well-behaved all the time—'sit - properly - and - guess - riddles' kind-of-party, you know? I promised to lend you to help her then. Wear something more substantial for my romp now. Just see how very sensible and matronly I've been," she said, spreading out a beautifully built, delicate grey cloth gown, guiltless of all skirt trimming, but by no means lacking in queenly grace.

"Oh, I shan't hurt it, Jessie, thank you. And we quite love babies, don't we, my dearie?" she answered, stooping over Somebody, apparently busy superintending that personage's demolition of a biscuit, in reality much more concerned to avoid meeting her brother-in-law's eyes at that moment. He had such a tiresome faculty for reading all the things you wanted to keep safely hidden inside yourself, and then, the brute, he *would* laugh, and that always made Jessie think of things.

But, unwilling to be avoided, he asked demurely, "Have you a preference for any particular size of baby, Gwen, for we should so like to accommodate you if we anyhow can, especially when you come down looking so very pretty and nice? I have arranged to accommodate our own Somebody with a boy-baby of three foot six, that she especially adores, and after that I have them in a variety of sizes, one even (this with an especial glimmer of mischief) measuring six foot two. So do let me know if there is any especial size or kind of baby that you would most enjoy this evening, and I will do my humble best both for you and the baby." And he looked at her with a particularly impish expression as he fetched her some tea, and put a tiny table within reach.

"Archie, if you are absolutely determined to be a nuisance to me, I won't stay and help Jessie through this vortex of Christmas dissipations that you have landed on her shoulders, and then you'll wish you had been gooder. Do bring me some more toast, and don't tease any more!"

He laughed a comfortable inside chuckle, and brought the toast. Then he picked up his own baby girl, and, setting her high on his shoulder, walked her over to the big holly-wreathed mirror, apostrophising her reflection in it with, "There, little

Somebody, little girls do like pretty frocks, don't they? And little girls do love big boy-babies, don't they? And little girls don't always speak the truth about them, do they? And little girls are good at pretending they don't know that good-looking captains are coming to parties, aren't they? But we don't always believe them, do we?"

"Archie," put in his wife, in her severest tones, "Gwen and I are talking hard to each other, and not listening to you a bit. I think you ought to be quite ashamed of yourself to behave so abominably. There—hark! There's the first carriage now!"

And after that there was no more time for teasing each other, for they came fast, and they kept on coming. Such a lot of unrolling and unshelling of little fairies from the depths of fur rugs and big shawls—such a lot of bustling everybody away from the hall door, that hadn't a chance of being shut, and that kept on letting in the sharp, Christmasy air. "Sharp frost—snow before morning," all the coachmen said; but, once inside, it was warm enough and bright enough—and, despite the thin frock, there was little chance of Gwen feeling cold.

Soon it was time to cut the lovely Christmas cake that was covered with white sugar that was meant for snow, with "Merrie Christmas" written on it in chocolate, and when they had reached the limits of their power in that direction they turned their loving attention to the patron saint of children's parties, and pulled his crackers, and revelled in the treasures they revealed. Then the little fairy frocks, and the boy pages, and the princes, and the Jack Tars, and the be-sporraned Highlanders, were all turned into the big drawing-room to play games, until Father Christmas should call them to gather away the fruits of the Christmas tree. Gwen took them off, but she stole another glance at the grandfather clock as she went.

She helped them through Blind Man's Buff till the little sailor nephew caught the little buttercup girl, and the little buttercup girl caught the little boy that had two fascinatingly plump little legs growing out of two cream silk socks firmly rooted in two red shoes. He had beautiful long curls, quite rivalling those of his captor—captorress, to be strictly accurate—and she quite admitted her puzzledom as to naming him, but added, "But when I

saw his breeches, then I knew, of course, it must be a boy, and Jimmie is the only boy with hair as long as mine, and so it must be Jim!" And Jim it was; but by that time everybody was tired, so Auntie Gwen

it with true military zeal. She didn't turn her head that way, but the colour grew brighter in her cheeks, and she knew she needn't trouble to look at the clock any more. By the time they had finished she



"THE CHILDREN CAME FAST, AND KEPT ON COMING."

sang "The Piccaninnies" and "The Soldiers in the Park" to them while they rested enough to play Musical Chairs.

And when they reached the chorus to the second verse she knew another voice had joined her brother-in-law in shouting

had grown shy, and broke into the midst of the children almost before Captain Farland could make his way to her. She looked up quite surprisedly when his hand came over their heads, and he said—

"How good it is to see you again, Miss

Tresscott; you were not much bigger than these small people when I saw you last."

"That's quite a fib; I'm sure I was quite a grown girl when you went away, as tall as I am now, only that I wore short frocks, and my hair down my back," she rejoined, smiling.

"Well, I like you better still in long ones," he replied, and had more to say, but that she interrupted him, saying—

"Come, you mustn't stop to talk now, go and fetch some chairs, do, and then make them do it properly, while I play. You take away one chair each time, you know"; and she left him to go back to the piano, and he settled down to do her bidding.

And Archie, at a distance, noting with amusement the look of surprise with which she greeted him, remarked to his wife, "How very funny, Jessie! Gwen must have forgotten that I said Captain Farland was coming, she is looking quite surprised to see him."

"Archie, you are abominable. Leave off teasing and tormenting that child at once. Go and see if the tree isn't ready, there's a dear."

He did as he was told, dear obedient man, and soon came back to tell them all to come. He told the little boys to choose partners, and take their ladies across the hall into the library, but to be sure not to forget each to kiss his own lady as they passed under the mistletoe.

And the little sailor nephew flew to the auntie he worshipped, and Captain Farland escorted Dolly Hargreaves, a lonely little damsel of six, who was left forlorn and partnerless; and they all shrieked over the fairyland where the Christmas tree grew, for the room was a fascinating dream of brilliancy and mystic shadow, for the electric light was switched off and the room was lighted only by the Chinese lanterns and baby candles that were lodged in every sort of corner and cranny as well as on the tree.

There was only one untoward incident in the evening's merriment—only comedy to the grown-ups, but a real tragedy to Archie's six-year-old sailor-boy.

There came the "Good-byeing," and the rolling-up and packing-in of the mites and their treasures, more than one little head already a-nodding and a-wandering in "The beautiful garden where dreamikins grow"—bright, beautiful dreamikins

of Santa Clauses, and Christmases, and Chinese lanterns, and crackers, all over again. And as the last carriage rolled away, the house-party drew up for a moment round the big hall fire before banishing the mites to bed, and themselves to dress for dinner.

Auntie Gwen broke up the pause, picking up Somebody in her arms, and holding out a hand to the sailor-boy who loved her, and saying—

"Come along, chicks, you'll never get to sleep in time for Santa Claus to come if you stay here any longer. Come along, and I'll take you up to Nurse."

And in her arms the baby girl began "Good-nighting" all the way round, Dickie making a little halt over Captain Farland. She was half-way across the hall, still kissing her little puddie over her auntie's shoulder, when the Captain hauled along the loiterer, saying—

"There; hold her still a minute, Auntie Gwen. I must have a kiss from my own and only godchild under the mistletoe."

And, still holding tight to her auntie, she wound the other little arm round his neck, cooing and crowing.

"Does you love you's little dodchild, Tap'ain Farly?"

"Yes, and I've brought her a Santa Claus surprise for to-morrow."

"Where is it, Tap'ain Farly?"

"In my bag."

"Tan't I have it now?"

"No; I'm going to put it in your stocking after you're asleep."

"And has you dot a Santa Claus surprise for my auntie, too?"

"Yes; I think I have."

"Come along now, baby," says auntie, "you get so heavy."

"What crams that girl tells, Jessie," whispers Archie.

A slight kick from the point of Jessie's shoe is her only reply.

"Has you dot that in your bag, too, Tap'ain Farly?" persists the Somebody.

"No; it's too big."

"Six foot two is rather an awkward size for a portmanteau," murmurs Archie, *solto voce*.

"An' is you doing to put her surpwise in her stockin' w'en she has gone byes, Tap'ain Farly?"

"I shall have to ask her if she'll have it first."

"Tap'ain Farly, does you see my new pwittv fwock?"

"Yes, I do. It makes you such a pretty girl."

"And does you see my auntie's pwitty new fwock?—'cause we is sisters in new fwocks."

"Yes, I do. I've been looking at it all the evening."

"And does you fink it makes her a pwitty dirl, too?"

(Auntie Gwen had acquired a rosy colour.)

"Yes, I do—quite lovely."

"Den why doesn't you tiss her, yike you tisses me?"

"I can't think why. I don't, Baby, but I want to, very much." And he did it.

Vengeance was near. In a blaze of pain and passion, Dicky threw himself upon him with both hands and feet.

"You bad, wicked man! You bad, wicked man! She's *my* auntie, and you shan't have her. My daddy told me that genelmans never kissed anybody escept their own sweethearts, and that they was only allowed to have one sweetheart. I wanted to have three, 'cause I wanted to have Ruthie our housemaid, and Dolly Hargreaves, but my daddy wouldn't let me have only one, so I gived the others away, and only kept my auntie. And she said she'd be my sweetheart for always, and she was to-night, 'cause I brought her and kissed her under the mistletoe, like Daddy told us to. And you kissed somebody else—that was Dolly Hargreaves—and you didn't ought to kiss another of my sweethearts, and you're a bad, wicked man!"

And his tears, and his fists, and his tongue were all going just as fast as they were able, until Captain Farland caught both hands and drew the boy close.

"Poor old boy! I say, Dickie. old

chap, won't you try to forgive me, and let's make friends again?"

Auntie Gwen had, not unnaturally, disappeared, and he drew the boy close to where Daddy and Mummie were standing. Mummie was looking very sympathetic, and Daddy was admitting to himself that, under such mighty provocation, "Timothy Temper and his kicks" must be condoned considerably.

"Don't you think you could be generous, and spare me a little bit



"HOW GOOD IT IS TO SEE YOU AGAIN, MISS TRESCOTT," SAID CAPTAIN FARLAND."

of Auntie Gwen, without feeling so very bad about it?"

"It looked as if you wanted her all, when you kissed her like that; and I think it's mean, just because you're big and I'm little. If I was a man, I would kill you with my sword," the child went on, still between big sobs.

"Poor Dickie! Does it hurt as bad as all that? Look here; what have you done with all your Christmas-tree toys?"

"I don't want my toys if you take away my auntie. She promised me yesterday that she would wait till I was a man and be my little wife. And my daddy said gentlemen never kissed anybody except their own little wives, and now you've took her."

"Well, Dickie, I do want to take her, so won't you try and think of something else you'd like instead. You let me buy



"DOES YOU LOVE YOU'S LITTLE DODCHILD, TAP'AIN FARLY?"

your share of her fairly—shall we do that? What do you say to a football?"

Ineffable scorn.

"Well, a big knife, with a corkscrew, and a screwdriver!"

A sniff of contempt.

"Two live white mice?"

Here he lifted up his head, and looked thoughtful, albeit a little suspicious.

"Well, I should love two live white mice, but Mummie said I couldn't have

them when Bert, our head coachman's boy, wanted to give me some!"

"Well, but perhaps if I asked her, she would say, 'Yes.'"

There was certainly a gleam of hope faintly dawning in the child's face, but after a moment he shook his head again, saying—

"Well, but if she said 'Yes,' I could have Bert's, and then I could still have Auntie Gwen for my own too—so that's no good. Besides, I don't think two white mice are quite worth a whole Auntie Gwen, do you?"

"Well, then; let's try again. You go to bed and think what you would consider was worth a whole Auntie Gwen! What would you say to a real live little doggie! I know just a little beauty, the dearest little Aberdeen terrier that ever was—such a plaything!" (The boy's face was lifted now, and lightened considerably; perhaps Captain Farland wasn't quite so bad after all!) "Or, let me think—I know a little pony, just the size for you! How would that do? His name is Taffy, and you could go real rides on him! You go to sleep thinking which you would like best—Bo, the little doggie, that you can have for your plaything always, to live in the nursery, and go for your walks with you; or Taffy, the pony, to live in the stables, that you can ride on fine days—or your Auntie Gwen? And just see if you couldn't let me have her if she'll agree too."

The boy's face was all aglow now—such a bewilderment of possible blisses was almost too much for him to grapple with.

"Don't you think Taffy could live in the nursery, in the corner where my rocking-horse is?"

"No, I'm sure not! It must be Bo in the house, or Taffy in the stables—you go to bed, and think which. Good-night."

He started away, went the length of the hall, but turned on the first stair to say, "Mummie, if I choose Taffy, may I go and live at the stables like Joe, and then I can sit down by him and talk to him all day?"

"No, I'm afraid not. You could go and see him twice every day, and feed him, and Harris could teach you to groom him, perhaps, and you could ride him every fine day. Run away and think. Good night."

On he went up the staircase, and half way round the gallery, then stopped to shout down again with joyous triumph—

"Captain Farland, I expect I shall choose both."

Daddy laughed, and the Captain shouted back—

"Well, mind you don't choose all three."

* * * *

Auntie Gwen went into the nursery to say "Good night" to them on her way to dinner. Somebody was already fast asleep, but Dickie poured into her ear a wonderful tale about Captain Farland giving him a live doggie and a pony in exchange for her, if she would agree, and please would she? She wouldn't promise, but thought it was taking great liberties to arrange it all without consulting her. All the same, she went down to dinner with a strange look of tenderness, a kind of hush, akin to a sweet terror at the thought of the coming offering of a man's great love.

After dinner Mummie ran upstairs to see that the little chap was sleeping comfortably, and that the trouble hadn't come back, as children's troubles so often do, when the candle is taken away.

But he was sleeping quite happily with two pictures hugged tight in his fists, the one of a pony, the other of a dog, that he had insisted on Nurse cutting out of an old copy of a paper for him, because he said if he cuddled them tight it would help him to dream about them.

And while Mummie was away, Daddy got very engrossed in his newspaper, except when he occasionally stole a glance over the top of it, or round the side. So

Captain Farland and Auntie Gwen were left to entertain either themselves or each other. They seemed to prefer the latter, for they chatted very freely for some time, and then the Captain said—

"If I were to find you a warm shawl, don't you think it would do you good to come and walk up and down the terrace for a little?"

"Well, no,

I can't say I do. I should be sure to get



"DICKIE THREW HIMSELF UPON THE CAPTAIN IN A BLAZE OF PAIN AND PASSION."

my feet damp, and take cold; and, besides, it's very warm and cosy in here."

"Considering that it has been freezing hard for three days and nights now, you couldn't possibly get damp, and if I brought you a very warm wrap, I don't think you would be cold. It's a lovely evening, so brilliantly starlight, and I have a story to tell you about your godson Dickie."

Well, they went, and he told her of



"GWEN THREW UP THE WINDOW TO LOOK AGAIN AT THE STARS."

Dickie's distress, and how at last he had found a plan that would comfort him, *if* she would agree to it. But, would she?

They stood together watching the stars, and listening to the distant Christmas carollers, and the distant Christmas chimes. They didn't talk very much; what little they did say they each remembered for ever; and yet it was so trivial that there is not the least reason for repeating it here—almost everybody else has said just the same.

But she did agree, and by-and-bye they came indoors.

With exemplary forbearance Archie refrained from making any remarks as to the peculiar weather and time at which some people elect to go for walks; but when

Mummie and Auntie Gwen went upstairs, leaving the men for their final smoke, Captain Farland told Archie, who slapped him on the back and said, "Jolly glad, old fellow."

And upstairs Mummie and Gwen sat down by the fire, while Gwen confessed to it. And Mummie said, "You darling! It's just what I wanted."

And then Gwen went away into her own room, and, slipping out of her thin dress and into her thick dressing-gown, she put out the candles, stirred the fire, and threw up the window, to look again at the stars, and to listen to the chimes and the carols she had listened to an hour earlier with him, and to tell God He was good to have given her a man's great love for her Christmas gift.



Byron, New York. Photo



DOCTORING ONE OF THE
G.E.R. CHIMNEYS.

'TWIXT' EARTH AND SKY.

HOW SPIRES AND CHIMNEYS
ARE REPAIRED.

BY SWANHILDE BULAN.

"**F**RIGHTENED! What — of climbing a few ladders, as we do every working-day? There isn't a child that couldn't hold on tight enough to go up!"

But this man's view of his daily calling is not the view of even the intrepid observer, who watches with nervous admiration the little black figures hundreds of feet above him, rising higher and higher, swinging by ropes from one side to another, hammering, chiselling, painting.

Though to the steeplejack his climbs are but daily occurrences, as is his train journey from the suburbs to the worker in London, yet to the lay mind the profession will always be one fraught with danger, and requiring as much nerve, though not necessarily as great callousness, as that of a hangman.

The profession is anything but overcrowded — in fact, steeplejacks were sent from the North of England to decorate the Nelson column. The wages are consequently very good, and the men have things pretty much their own way, knowing that they are not easily replaced.

As a rule, the men train their boys from childhood to the work, and thus long lines of steeplejack families are established.

The steeplejack is not merely a climber; he is a builder and a mason who has learnt to climb to his work. That only care is required is proved by the fact that the London firm, J. W. Gray and Co., 69, Commercial Street, E., have, during their long experience, not had one single accident. When a novice, such as the architect, or a reporter, ventures the ascent, special precautions are taken.

The method of working is as



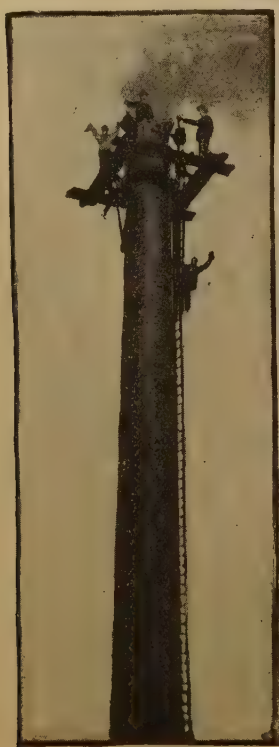
REPAIRING THE SPIRE OF
ST. LEONARD'S, SHOREDITCH.

follows:—Each ladder is 16 feet in length, so as to pack easily into a railway truck, and the top end is provided with iron sockets, into which fits the ladder above. To each section of ladder there are two “dogs”—iron staples driven into the stonework, to which the ladders are attached with rope.

A “dog” is first driven in a foot or two from the ground, and a ladder is fastened to it. The jack climbs to the top—which is, of course, still unfastened and liable to sway—drives in his second “dog,” and fastens the first section.

Then comes a feat which, at any distance from the ground, seems rather terrible. Mounting the ladder already erected, and sitting

the next section of ladder. The second ladder is then so bound with rope that about half of it projects beyond the end of the first ladder, and, mounting up, the jack drives in another



ON SMITH'S SAW MILLS AT PIMLICO.



astride the top rung, holding on only by his legs, the man hammers in the lowermost “dog” of



RESTING ON THE SPIRE OF ST. PAUL'S, ONSLOW SQUARE.

SWARMING CHRIST CHURCH SPIRE, SPITALFIELDS.

is made fast. In this manner any height may be reached.

Great care is taken in fastening the ladders, and the ropes and “dogs” are tested every morning. The more dangerous

staple, then descends and hauls the ladder up till it fits into the sockets and



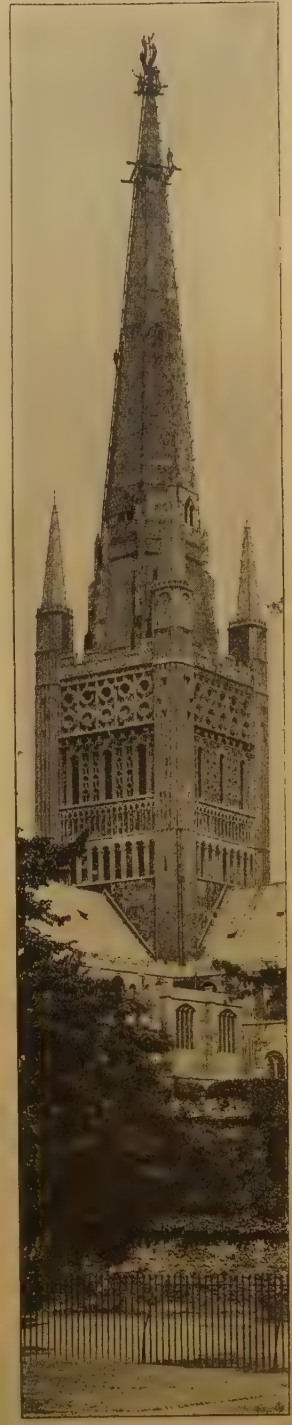
ALBERT OIL MILLS, KING'S LYNN.

part is taking the ladders down, for as each is unfastened from the top "dog," the upper part swings free, and unless great care is taken, the weight of the man at the top would exercise so much leverage as to pull out the bottom fastening.

A great point in the employing of steeplejacks is saving of labour and time in dispensing with the scaffolding which an ordinary builder would erect. The trouble of erecting a scaffolding to the top of Norwich Cathedral spire, for instance, can be imagined. The spire was recently in the firm's hands, and only two small scaffolds were erected near the top, from which the steeplejacks rose or descended in a "bosun's chair"—a piece of board having two ropes at each end. The man takes another rope, the end of which he holds between his knees, and hauls himself up or down. The fact that one slip or one break in the rope would mean a terrible death does not daunt the men in the least. Norwich Cathedral spire, which was recently pointed with sand and cement, presented with a new lightning conductor, and regilt at the top, was an exceptionally lofty job, the height being 320 feet. On the topstone of the spire six men can stand together. Our illustration shows Mr. D. Christy, the representative of the firm, at the very top, from which perilous position he took a dozen snapshots of the cathedral and the town below. Lower down to the right is the cathedral architect, Mr. C. J. Brown.

The view was of course magnificent, and the sensation very thrilling, inasmuch as the wind blew very strongly. Carriages below looked like perambulators, and people like specks. The tombstones in the cloister garden resembled handkerchiefs laid on the grass. Below lay the city, with its red-roofed houses, and all around the woods and fields of Norfolk.

Among other churches which



AT WORK ON NORWICH CATHEDRAL, 320 FEET HIGH.

have been ascended in this manner by Messrs. Gray's men are St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol; St. Mary Abbots, Kensington; St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, of which we give a photograph on page 335; Christ Church, Spitalfields; and St. Paul's, Onslow Square.

But not all the work undertaken is of an ecclesiastical character; this firm placed the lightning conductors at Windsor Castle, at Claremont Palace, and at Fry's chocolate works.

Another style of work—far less aristocratic—has often to be attended to. This is the repairing of chimneys, and when, as sometimes happens, the work has to be done amid flames and clouds of thick smoke, it is not very pleasant. Chimneys with tops shelving outwards, where the steeplejacks have to walk like a fly on a ceiling, are difficult to repair, especially when chemical fumes ascend from the fires beneath.

The chimney of the Great Eastern Railway at Bishopsgate, of the House to House Electric Lighting Company at Earl's Court, of Smith's Saw Mills at Lambeth, and of the oil mills at King's Lynn, have been ascended.

The men engaged in this calling are not so different to their fellow workmen as is commonly imagined, but strict sobriety, good nerve, presence of mind, and a quick eye are, and always must be, the characteristics of these hardy workers in mid-air.

It must not, however, be thought that there is no danger: only the great care

taken has prevented any serious accident hitherto. In one case, during the work on the Humber Company's shaft at Coventry, after the men had got their ladders up and had thrown a line round the top above the cap and made it fast, the foreman commenced to walk round the coping-stone, holding on with one hand to the line. Suddenly a large portion of the coping gave way under him, but with great presence of mind he clutched the rope tightly till a fellow workman pulled him up.

The large chimney of the House to House Electric Light Company is 150 feet high. It split up from the bottom in about two weeks, probably through its proximity to the railway line, and the sudden stress of firing when new boilers were added. Our steeplejack friends put on twenty bands, and thus assured perfect safety.

Another dangerous job was the pulling down and rebuilding of the shaft of Smith's Saw Mills as far as the cracks shown in the illustration on page 336. The same work was done on the Albert Oil Mills chimney.

At Christ Church, Spitalfields, the stonework needed general repair, having become very bad through old age. At St. Leonard's Parish Church, Shoreditch, the stonework was very rotten. The steeplejacks took off and rebuilt the top of the lofty spire, cut off the tie-rod above the masonry, and socketed on a new spindle to carry the vane. This was a very awkward spire to carry the ladders up, owing to the intricacies of the architecture.



"TWO'S COMPANY," EVEN IN SKATING.

Eggen, Photo, New York

THE COLONEL'S

OPEN-AIR

CURE

A COMPLETE STORY.

By WARDEN ELLERSLIE.

Illustrated by Ernest Prater.



IT was not much of a surprise to me when I turned up at our offices, about eleven on the Tuesday after Christmas, to find only two members of the staff assembled for business.

I know what holiday time means. Old Elkins, my sedate "confidential" sexagenarian, I knew would be awaiting my arrival, but I never expected to catch a glimpse of Charlie, my younger brother, and partner in the legal firm of Preston and Preston, before Thursday afternoon at the earliest. He had gone down to Beachampton to spend Christmas with an old client of ours, who had taken to faddish notions and their fostering in his late middle age, and was then living in a big house, constructed after his own ideas of architecture, situate in the piny depths of the celebrated health resort.

The invitation had included both of us, but as we were expecting some important instructions at any hour that would require the individual attention of one of us, it was arranged that Charlie should stop till the Thursday in Christmas week with Colonel Billiter, and I would go down on the Friday till the following Tuesday.

"Hello," I said, "what brings you back to town so early, old chap?"

"Oh, I don't know," he replied, lackadaisically. "Lot of the other men came up yesterday, and I had a beastly cold coming on, so I thought I'd join the party if for company's sake only."

"Have a good time of it?"

"No—rotten," he choked out, during a violent fit of coughing.

"Miss Norton down again?"

Like myself, Charlie as yet rejoices in single-blessedness. I fixed my eye on him steadily.

"Yes, till Saturday. Then she had a wire to go home at once. I received one, too, yesterday morning."

"Who from?"

"Elkins. I dropped him a line on Sunday night. . . . But anything fresh about that Courtenay business since I left?"

After this disclosure I diplomatically confined the conversation to strictly professional and anti-Beachampton topics for the rest of the morning. So she had given him his *congé* after all!

On the Friday afternoon—and who'll forget that day in a hurry?—Charlie and I braved the elements down to Waterloo, where he saw me depart for Beachampton with evident gusto. He had been gradually improving in spirits as the day advanced. I was glad that he appeared to be mending rapidly from the shock a recent little episode must undoubtedly have occasioned.

It was not a pleasant day for travelling, and hardly the sort of weather one would choose for visiting a sea-side resort, but if I failed to keep my promise I knew the old colonel would be greatly annoyed. He met me at Beachampton, and from what I could gather, had walked from his house to the station, a hitherto unheard-of feat on his part. His appearance certainly did not tend

to belie the statement, for he was in a fairly soaked condition—outwardly—and plentifully mud-bespattered.

"I suppose you'd prefer a cab to walking?" he queried.

This astonished me somewhat, but I resolved to be firm on the point.

"Yes," I replied, "from the look of you I should say it would be the best, and I have my luggage as well."

The colonel grunted, and hailed a vehicle with apparent reluctance.

"Old man's taken a mean fit for a change," I thought to myself, as we got in and drove off. It was blowing a full gale, and the stinging raindrops spat through the open windows with such uncomfortable effect that

I took hold of the strap of the wind-

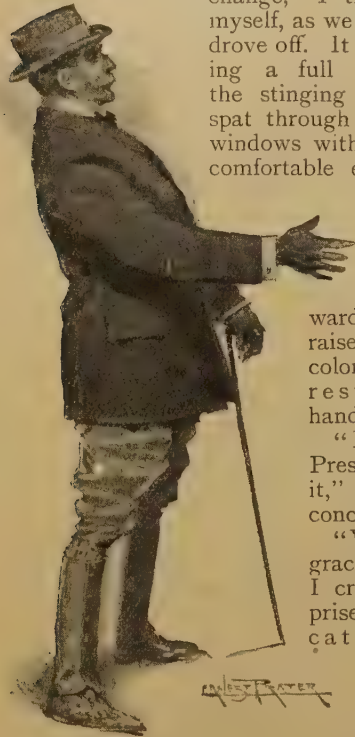
ward one to raise it. The colonel laid a restraining hand on mine.

"Leave it, Preston, leave it," he said, concernedly.

"Why, good gracious, sir!"

I cried in surprise, "you'll catch your death of cold."

You really ought to be more careful



"THE OLD COLONEL MET ME AT THE STATION."

at your time of life, courting disaster in this fashion."

He gazed at me pitifully. "A sorry fallacy, my dear Preston, a sorry fallacy. Too long have we been heedlessly neglectful of the simple doctrines of fresh air. Many a life has hitherto been unnecessarily sacrificed through inattention to hygienic laws and principles.

"We are a smaller party than I expected would be the case," he remarked, as we halted at the open front door of his

residence. "Only the wife and Dolly"—his married daughter. "Jephson, a fresh acquaintance of mine, has promised to be down later in the evening. I hoped to have four or five others to meet you, but they have all written or wired things are too busy in town to leave. Remarkably busy season this Christmas it appears, for all the men we had down last week had to leave on Monday, and one or two on Sunday evening. No, no, don't close it!" I had followed him shiveringly into the hall, and was in the act of shutting the door after us.

"But, my dear Billiter," I expostulated, "surely you don't mean to say you enjoy a hurricane like this through your abode?"

"Positively revel in it," he ejaculated, briskly. "But we can discuss that later on. The wife and Dolly are dressing just now, so if you'll just trot up and do likewise, dinner will be on in half an hour. Here we are; this is your apartment. You'll find everything in apple-pie order for your reception."

I had wonderingly and woefully followed him in silence, and when he departed sat down to think stoically. The old man had evidently taken up and was working his new fad with a vengeance. Whew! how the wind did whistle through the room, to be sure. Three of the walls were outer ones, and along the top of each was arranged a succession of wide-open ventilators, which appeared from the scarcely dry cement borderings to have been but recently inserted. I attempted to close the top sashes of the two windows which were lowered fully a couple of feet, but in each case a pair of screws, deftly driven home on either side of the frames, rendered the operation impracticable.

As for curtains and blinds there were none, and the total floor covering consisted of a small square of icy-looking linoleum in front of the washstand. Fortunately, the bed clothes appeared to be ample, and I had my travelling rug and overcoat with me. Determining to further expostulate with my misguided friend and come to some amicable arrangement before definitely retiring for the night, I dolefully got into my things and descended to the drawing-room.

Mrs. Billiter—poor soul, my heart went out to her—greeted me with an involuntary shudder, and when her daughter, Mrs. Langton, appeared a minute later, huddled up in a fleecy shawl which the colonel

almost rudely pulled from her otherwise exposed shoulders with an expression of horror, we proceeded mournfully in to dinner.

And such a dinner! The colonel, to start with, was joviality personified, but as the infection failed to spread he toned down rapidly. The soup was hopelessly tepid at the moment of its instalment into the plates, the fish flabby, and the gravy of the joint speedily resolved itself into a mass of grease.

But the old man seemed to notice no serious culinary defect, and chiefly occupied himself with reprimanding the servant every half-minute for religiously and rightly closing the door each time she entered or left the room.

Dolly coughed and Mrs. Billiter choked alternately, and gazed sympathetically at each other. It was truly the most awful meal I ever had the misfortune to sit out (and I speak from an experience of perhaps more than ordinary limits), and I hailed with joy the time when the ladies rose with a spontaneous pent-up sigh of relief and left us to indulge in old port and reminiscences.

Thank goodness the old man had not decided to work teetotal principles in conjunction with this new enterprise! The wine was perfect, and after four glasses, and under its goodly influence, I felt just fit to vent my extreme disapproval of his latest freak in no malingering terms. I led up to the attack by judicious stages, and then launched out.

"And how long has this idiotic refrigerating system of hygiene been in practical operation?" I began, turning up the collar of my jacket for about the twentieth time, and endeavouring—a trifle ostentatiously I must admit—to keep a vesta aflame between my palms in order to light a cigarette.

"This idiotic system has been in existence here exactly ten days," he replied, calmly.

"And how long do you intend it should last?" I went on, totally unabashed.

"For the rest of my natural life, I trust."

I shrugged my shoulders. "Then we

can assuredly put that down to embrace a comparatively short period," I remarked, pithily.

"You speak plainly, Preston."

"I do—and feelingly to boot. Can't you see, colonel, how miserable you are making those living about you? Mind you, should anything happen to your wife or daughter in the immediate future, I should say you would be held responsible for such a catastrophe. As your legal adviser, I have never hesitated to uphold and advance your interests and see you



"I DOLEFULLY GOT INTO MY THINGS AND DESCENDED INTO THE DRAWING ROOM, WHERE I MET MRS. BILLITER."

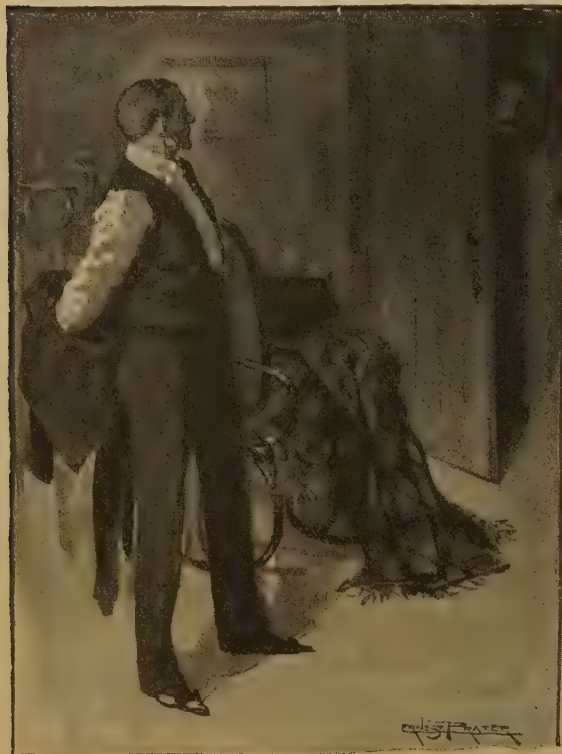
through. Now, as your friend,

permit me to offer you more wholesome advice.

"Leave this hygienic business to those who understand the craze and can regulate it satisfactorily, or you'll shortly discover that you require legal assistance of a higher order than we are personally in a position to afford you. I can well imagine, even after my brief experience of your current hospitality, why your Christmas guests were obliged to curtail their visits, and why others have reluctantly been compelled to forego this week-end's invitation. Charlie never breathed a word to me regarding the reason. I speak purely from my own opinions."

"It's not an atom of use your going on any longer," interrupted Billiter, rising from his chair. "I won't concede a point even to oblige *you*! If you've finished that cigarette we'll adjourn to the other room."

I took the hint none too graciously, and we joined the comfortless pair in the draughty drawing-room. Mrs. Langton gallantly essayed to give us some music. But the instrument was in sad condition



"THE DOOR CREAKED ON ITS HINGES, AND THROUGH THE GLOOM I JUST DISTINGUISHED A FACE."

and her voice in undeniable harmony, so that the attempt closed prematurely.

At half-past nine I made my apologies for feeling tired, and as I had also some letters to write for post, desired to seek my room. Billiter wished me to stop up and welcome his other expected guest, but failed to tempt me. I was heartily sick and tired of the whole senseless farce that was being enacted, and had thoroughly made up my mind to return to town in the morning and refuse to visit Beachampton again until I could be assured of my

friend's return to moderate sanity and more humane treatment of his visitors.

I sat disconsolately smoking, huddled up in my overcoat, till eleven, when I heard the other deluded individual being ushered into the cheerless abode. Poor Jephson! According to Billiter's account, it was one of the few chances of a day or two's holiday he was able to snatch, and therefore would hit all the harder, if it didn't actually carry him off.

The idea of undressing in the teeth of a twenty-miles-an-hour wintry blast that hurtled through the open windows and percolated with dreary whistles through the row of ventilators was not a cheerful prospect.

Muffled up in my coat and travelling rug, I must have fallen asleep while mentally engaged in roundly anathematising my ungenial host, for I awoke with a start and a shiver some hours later as an extra gust fairly shrieked through the apartment.

The candle had guttered out its feeble existence in the early stages, but, the sky having cleared somewhat in the meantime, there was sufficient light for my purposes. During a temporary lull I struck a match, lit another candle, and looked at my watch. It was close upon half-past two. I was about to divest myself of my outer garments and roll myself in the blankets in a more suitable position for rest, when suddenly the door creaked on its hinges, and through the gloom I just distinguished a face, which immediately disappeared as I gave vent to an ejaculation of surprise.

"Hello," I called out gently, "who's that?" and straightway

made for the door and out into the passage.

Someone grasped me tightly by the arms from behind.

"Hush! be quiet," said a voice I was unfamiliar with. "Don't make a row, for goodness' sake, or——"

The probable situation suddenly broke upon me. "You—you're Jephson, then?" I broke in, whisperingly.

He released his grip.

"Y-yes," he answered, testily. "Who are you?"

"Preston, the other suffering guest. I had retired when you arrived last night. But what are you wandering round this time of the morning for? I might have taken you for a housebreaker and done something desperate, the way you looked in at my door."

"Sorry, but I was trying to get back to my room for a toothbrush I'd forgotten, and mistook my bearings. But I want to find the front door. I've had enough of these arctic regions," he whispered.

"What do you intend doing?" I asked.

"Walking to an hotel and obtaining accommodation fit for a human being. I didn't bargain for lodgings in a windshoot!"

I sympathised with him deeply. "But whatever will the colonel say when he discovers you have cleared out in this mysterious manner?" I said next.

"Don't know and don't care. If you are fool enough to risk ruining your constitution to please the whims of an arrant old idiot, I'm not! Anyhow, now you're here you may as well give me a hand to get out. I shall turn up later on in the day and give the old ass a piece of my mind. The front door is open on the chain a few inches. You can let me out quietly and put it up again. It'll save me dropping from my window, and possibly a glazier's bill for his lordship. You needn't be dragged into the affair at all, because it's easy enough to skip by the window, though I prefer the easier method under the circumstances. This is our way, I think. Mind my bag! That's right. Now I've got it. Go easy, now, for I don't want to needlessly alarm the ladies."

I was in my socked feet, and Jephson had taken the precaution to carry his boots, so we made no noise descending the staircase to the main entrance. Jephson quietly withdrew the chain, thanked me hurriedly for my services, and opened the door just wide enough to pass outside. I handed him out his Gladstone, wished him good luck on his mission, and, after re-securing the portal, grimly resigned myself to my fate and returned stealthily to my room, to sleep soundly in spite of all climatical conditions and drawbacks.

The breakfast gong had sounded a couple of times before I put in an appear-

ance at the table. Mrs. Billiter and her daughter, I learned, were feeling indisposed, and consequently partaking of matutinal refreshment in the privacy of their apartments. But the colonel and Jephson were present, the former sleepily discoursing on hygienics and awaiting my arrival to turn to the more substantial discussion of kidneys and bacon. I smiled grimly as I was formally introduced to my acquaintance of the earlier hours; but as he offered no sort of facial or verbal recognition, I inwardly resolved to lie low and await eventualities. However, I was glad to



"WHAT ON EARTH
ARE YOU DRIVING
AT, MR. PRESTON?"
HE REPLIED, BRID-
LING UP."

think he had apparently, after due consideration of the facts in more congenial quarters, decided to resort to common sense and less awkward methods of reconciliation by putting in an early appearance as if nothing unusual had occurred.

The colonel took his seat at the head of the table with an ill-concealed yawn and sigh. His eyes, to me, appeared dull and leaden-looking, as if he had experienced a none too pleasant period of slumber. Suddenly his gaze rested on something on the table before him, and, giving a dissatisfied grunt, he struck the hand-bell by his side

a few sharp, irritating taps. The maid-servant appeared.

"What do you mean by putting this stuff on *my* table?" he growled, holding up an electro fork and spoon for her inspection. The girl appeared confused, and answered apologetically—

"You wasn't down when I set the table this morning, sir, and when I couldn't find the silver basket in the pantry I thought as you must have taken it upstairs, as the missis said you was thinking of doing."

The old gentleman's brewing tempestuous tirade was cut short in the bud by a violent ringing from the upper story, and the voice of Mrs. Billiter declaiming in pitiful accents from the head of the stairs for her husband's immediate attendance. We all rose hastily from our seats, and the colonel rushed from the room to his wife's assistance. I stared appealingly at Jephson, and he returned the compliment.

"What the dickens is up now?" he gasped.

A horrible thought crossed my mind.

"Tell me," I ejaculated, plucking him forcibly by the sleeve. "Where did you go after I let you out this morning?"

He pushed me off unceremoniously. "What on earth are you driving at, Mr. Preston?" he replied, bridling up, "I never met you before we were introduced, five minutes ago!"

"And—and," I went on, excitedly, "you—you never left this house early this morning by the front door because you couldn't stand the cold and draughts?"

"Goodness knows I should have welcomed the chance if I could only have found a way out of it!" he added, warmly.

"Then—then it wasn't you! I was imposed upon! I—I——"

I sank into an armchair practically tongue-tied and in a state of utter collapse.

"Something extraordinary seems to be happening!" cried Jephson, making for the door, regardless of my distressful condition. "The colonel's growling about the absence of the silver, and now Mrs. Billiter has mislaid her jewel-case or something, as far as I can make out from the clatter going on upstairs."

I followed him dumbly to the scene of feminine wailing and unrestrained masculine execrations. My worst fears were speedily realised, as a diligent stock-taking

of the household gods and treasures revealed the visit of the despoiler. Plate and jewels to the value of some hundreds of pounds had been successfully annexed during the night. I clutched the banisters for support as I mentally pictured the shivering figure of Richard Preston assisting a comrade in distress a few hours previously.

The whole story had to come out, and the sooner relieved of the better for all concerned. Accordingly pulling myself together, I wasted but little time in laying bare the history of events as previously related. The colonel didn't say much at the time, but heroically made the best of matters by putting the machinery of the law into immediate motion by means of the telephone and spending the morning in town, after explaining the various facts to visiting officials. He returned, however, for lunch, and during that awkward meal I falteringly expressed my intention of returning to town by the afternoon train if my presence was not specially demanded.

"Don't make matters the more disagreeable by doing that, Preston," he replied, not unkindly. "By leaving us now you will mortally offend me, and I know you wouldn't wish to do that. I'll tell you to go when I've had enough of you, should your presence prove distasteful. You know my method of disposing of unwelcome intruders."

I did. As this wasn't the usual proceeding, I resolved to stop and see the affair out to the bitter end. After all, I was but the unconsciously victimised colleague of a 'cute scamp, who had undoubtedly resorted to the application of narcotic sedatives to aid his scheme. The individual condition of the household on rising, supported by medical testimony, had proved that.

I was not present at the time, but during the afternoon a pantechnicon van lumbered up, and a small army of a local furniture storing company's assistants took possession of the colonel's residence for a few hours. The colonel himself had previously requested Jephson and me to make ourselves scarce until the evening; and when we returned it was to find to our united genuine surprise the house of Billiter restored to practically its former pristine glory, with all the attendant microbe haunts of curtains, blinds, carpets, rugs, and similar domestic paraphernalia. The

disillusioned old fellow met us with a cheerful smile on the doorstep.

"Now, no remarks I beg of both of you," he began. "All's well that ends well, and while I mix you a bitters this little wire may not be uninteresting."

The message was from the police

and one of the most delightful little parties—what a comparison to divulge in so short a space of time—I ever remember forming a unit of, assembled round the dinner table that evening, in spite of electro spoons and forks and the *entrée* in a vegetable dish.

When the ladies left us, and the door was

carefully closed, Biliter, raising a warning finger to command our attention and silence, rose to his feet.



"GENTLEMEN,"
SAID THE
COLONEL,
"HERE'S TO MY RESTORA-
TION TO A HEALTHY STATE
OF LIVING."

"Gentlemen," he began, with a benign wink in my direction, "here's to my fortunate and complete restoration to a healthy and rational state of being and living!"

"A complete cure!" I interpolated.

The colonel screwed up his eyes.

"Complete," he assented, decisively.

"Wonderful—wonderful," I muttered, shaking my head gravely.

And we toasted that cure in triple bumpers.

authorities in a neighbouring seaport town, and told of the capture on a Channel packet—with spoil intact—of my suffering pseudo-brother in affliction. Then Dolly's husband turned up in response to earlier special request,



QUEENS OF HEARTS

SOME NORWEGIAN BRIDES.

BY A VIKING.

SOME of the most charming women and maidens in the world are to be found among the hills and fjords of Norway.

The photographs in these pages are good evidence of that, and one does not wonder that they soon become Queens of Hearts.

Notwithstanding all the plays of Ibsen, and all the admiration vented on Hedda Gabler and the other young ladies who come knocking at the door, Norway rejoices in a normal number of brides and would-be brides, to whom a wedding day is a day above all others.

Away from the busier centres of human industry life is lived more



slowly, and the great commonplaces of life, the idea of crowning a bride is poetical." such as birth, marriage, and death, are At a farm of Maera-bru, in Numedal,

perhaps of greater moment than where the wheels of life whirl more swiftly.

The most noticeable features of our photographs, next to the charming faces, are the elaborate and beautiful crowns which some of the women wear. These are bridal crowns—some of them of great value.

Mrs. Tweedie says that "Formerly every family had its bridal crown. They are of metal, usually silver, and stand about four inches high. They are ornamented with various styles of filigree with stones or with hand-wrought mythical figures. In some cases the decorations are very tasteful, and

there is preserved a most beautiful bridal crown. A recent visitor tells the following story about it:—"Tradition has it that a young peasant was one night passing a sæter on the mountains. He was surprised to see

lights and hear merry noises, and he congratulated himself on the prospect of an evening's enjoyment. When he peeped in at the window he was witness to a *huldre*, or fairy wedding. Everything resembled an ordinary mortal wedding, but the bride was the fairest creature he had ever seen. He could hardly take his eyes off her lovely face, her beautiful dress, and her



massive silver crown. He fell in love with her, and determined to marry her himself.

folk instantly disappeared, except the bride, who was bound fast by the spell of the steel



to the stool where she sat. The young peasant declared his love, and the bride accompanied him home. After she was baptised they were married—but her beautiful wedding-dress was spoiled by a cow's tail, which only gradually disappeared. They lived long and happily together, and their descendants still recall with pride their ancestry, and treasure the fairy bridal crown."

Norway is the land of long engagements, and friends and relations are made aware of the engagement through cards or through the papers, and then the betrothed pair appear with a plain gold ring on the third finger of the right hand.

"If," says Miss Anna Hvoslief, "they should not be sufficiently well acquainted beforehand, every opportunity is given them after the engagement. Parents, brothers, and sisters with great tact and discretion disappear from the drawing-room when the young man comes to see his beloved, and in their walks, or when in the theatre or at concerts, the betrothed are never expected to be under the wings of a duenna."

The weddings in Norway are always picturesque. "As a rule the

He therefore threw his knife through the window over her head. All the huldre-

bride and bridegroom ride to church; but along the fjords they go in boats. The

bride wears a crown if she have one, all the family heirlooms and brooches, and usually a handsome girdle round her waist.

"All the friends and relations attend the wedding, which is a great feast, and usually they dance in the evening to tunes played on old fiddles, and drink and make merry."

Comparing the average Norwegian woman with her English sister, Miss Hvoslef says that "the Norwegian woman takes a livelier interest in the topics of the day, and has a more thorough education, knowing much more of languages, among other things; while, on the other hand, the most highly educated women, the very flower of womanhood, are found



among the intellectual aristocracy of Great Britain.

"The present generation of Norwegian women is perhaps never seen to more advantage than in winter, swiftly gliding down the snowy hills on the ski, or in summer, roaming among the mountains. This fresh, bracing kind of life brings out their best qualities. Here, amid the wonderful beauties of nature, all petty cares are forgotten; they enjoy the delights of the moment, and the sunshiny side of their disposition is shown. They are never more pleasant and unrestrained, nor more in harmony with their surroundings, than under the blue sky among the mountains."

Photography ought to flourish in Norway, if all sitters are like those in these pages. For permission to use our charming photographs we are indebted to Mr. H. Edwards, Redhill.



HOW LONG COULD WE LAST WITHOUT FOREIGN SUPPLIES?

By J. F. WILLIAMS, F.R.G.S.

THE regular recurrence of breakfast, dinner, and tea is of more vital and real importance to the vast mass of British people than any other mundane matter.

The Christmas food question seems to emphasise this point, and yet we cannot supply our own needs!

That is to say, we in Great Britain are dependent on foreign countries for the greater part of our supplies. This article will show how long we should hold out if we depended only on the food produced in this country.

Over three-fifths of the people of England live in towns, and year by year our town population is steadily increasing, while the rural or country population continues as steadily to decline in number.

Up to the close of the last century England was essentially an agricultural country, and produced ample supplies of food for its then relatively sparse population. But our colonial expansion and a correspondingly rapid growth of an immense mercantile marine stimulated both

HOW LONG WILL OUR FOOD SUPPLY LAST?

HOME GROWN FROM BRITISH COLONIES FROM FOREIGN COUNTRIES

ARTICLES	JAN	FEB	MAR	APR	MAY	JUNE	JULY	AUG	SEPT	OCT	NOV	DEC
BREAD												
BUTTER												
CHEESE												
EGGS												
MEAT												
POTATOES												
FISH												
TEA												
SUGAR												

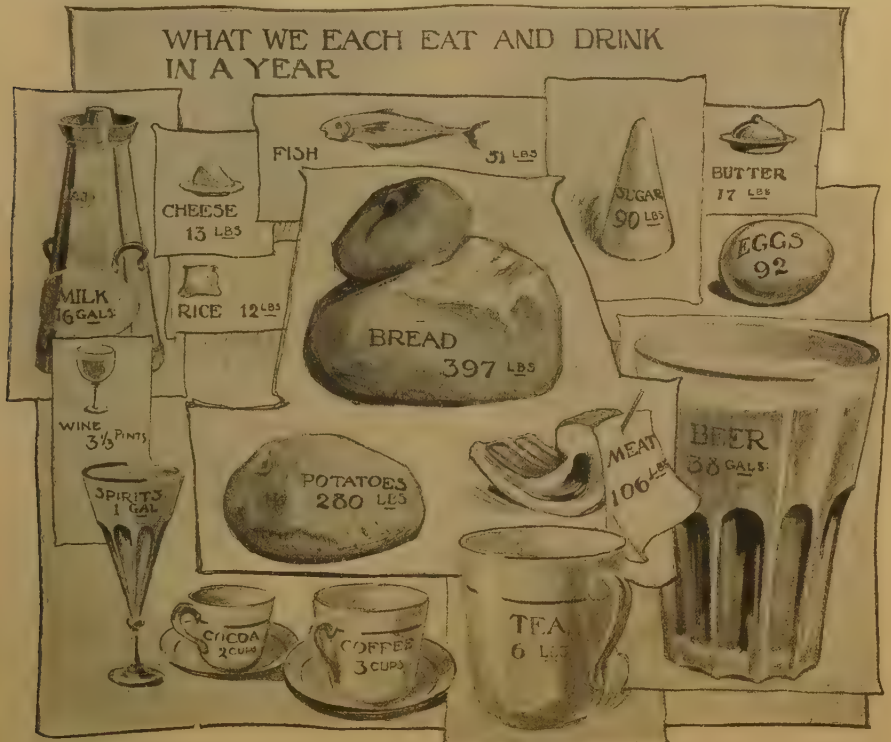
THE BLACK LINES SHOW EXACTLY HOW LONG OUR HOME PRODUCTION OF THE VARIOUS FOODS WOULD LAST. THE OTHER LINES AND DOTS SHOW WHERE WE GET THE REST OF OUR FOOD.

home and foreign trade and our manufacturing industries to such an extent that villages were depleted or expanded into towns, while many a formerly well-peopled rural district became almost deserted. The better pay offered in factories, warehouses, and shops attracted vast numbers of country people into the towns, and this townward tendency is daily becoming more and more pronounced.

London alone contains nearly a sixth of the total population of England; ten

over 50,000; and of these, only one—Glasgow—has 750,000, and another—Edinburgh—300,000 inhabitants. Two only of the towns of Ireland contain over 200,000 people—Dublin with 350,000, and Belfast with 275,000. Only one other town—Cork—touches 100,000.

It is in England and Wales, then, and in a less degree in Scotland and Ireland, that the question of food supplies is of so tremendous an importance that practically it dwarfs every other consideration.



THIS DIAGRAM SHOWS THE ANNUAL AVERAGE CONSUMPTION PER HEAD OF THE VARIOUS ITEMS OF FOOD AND DRINK. BUT—(LOOK AT THE PICTURE ON THE NEXT PAGE).

English cities have each of them over 200,000 inhabitants, and together contain considerably more than one-fourth of the people in the whole of England and Wales. Ours is a small country as areas go, but it contains altogether no less than 30 towns with upwards of 100,000 people, and more than twice the number with over 50,000 inhabitants.

In Scotland, barely a third of the people live in towns. There are only seven towns north of the Tweed with a population of

Matters of high policy and even imperial interests must needs give place to the more imperious necessity of preserving an unchecked inflow of food for our teeming population.

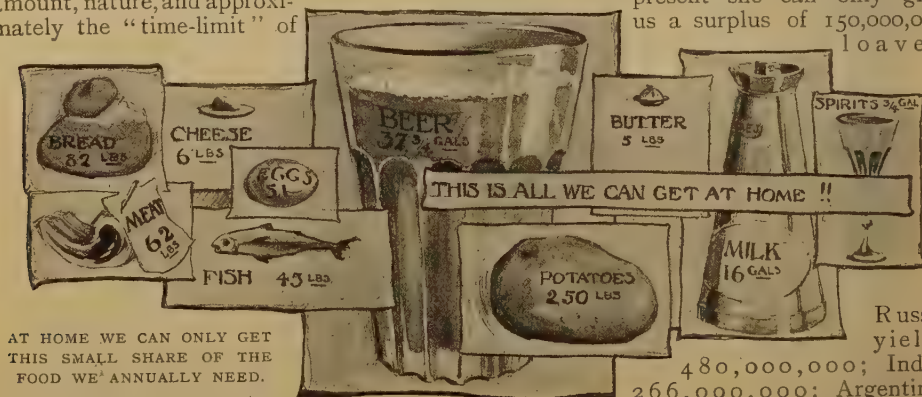
Generally speaking, townspeople live mainly by the manufacture or distribution of goods. Country people, on the other hand, find a livelihood chiefly by the production of food for the much more numerous town-dwellers. England is certainly the most highly cultivated country in the

world. More than two-thirds of her entire area is under crops or in pasture. In Wales, the cultivable area is about three-fifths of the whole; in Scotland, about one-fourth; and in Ireland, about two-thirds. In Scotland barely one-half, and in Ireland only one-sixth, of the arable area is actually tilled.

In England about a third of the cultivable area is under the plough; but while the acreage under barley, oats, potatoes and other root crops is practically the same now as it was thirty years ago—when the population was 7,000,000 less—the wheat area has fallen from 4,000,000 to 2,000,000 acres. The entire agricultural produce of Great Britain is thus utterly insufficient to feed so populous a country, and the deficiency must therefore be met by supplies from abroad. Let us see what is the amount, nature, and approximately the "time-limit" of

In the diagram bread comes first and foremost, mainly in the form of wheaten bread, and usually made into 4 lb. and 2 lb. loaves. Taking the 4 lb. loaf as our standard of comparison, we find that the 40,000,000 inhabitants of the British Isles require in a year about 3,875,000,000 of such loaves, an annual average of 96 loaves, or 1 lb. per day. British agriculturists only grow enough wheat to make 800,000,000 loaves, leaving us dependent on our colonies and foreign countries for no less than 3,075,000,000 loaves!

The vast wheatfields of the United States supply us with flour to make 1,500,000,000 loaves, but this immense quantity and millions more could be easily supplied by Canada, had she only the men and the means to put even a tithe of her rich wheat soil under cultivation. At present she can only give us a surplus of 150,000,000 loaves.



the eatables and drinkables required by the 40,000,000 people who live in this country.

The first diagram shows the startling extent to which we are dependent on our colonies and foreign countries for our principal articles of food, and what it would mean to millions of our working people if by any chance combination of hostile fleets our corn-bringing ships were prevented from landing their cargoes even for a short period. Roughly speaking, home-grown wheat would enable us to live for about two and a half months; that is to say, supposing it were then wholly and continuously available. With unchecked supplies from the United States and Canada, we would have enough bread for five months longer. From our own colonies and India we can only get enough wheat and flour to last us for one and a half months.

Russia yields 480,000,000; India, 266,000,000; Argentina, 120,000,000; and Australia, 6,000,000 (in Queensland alone there are 50,000,000 acres suitable for wheat). From other countries we obtain grain and flour sufficient to make 553,600,000 loaves. From a bread point of view, while war with Russia would affect us to a considerable extent, hostilities with the United States would be a calamity indeed, inasmuch as it would be an utter impossibility for the rest of the world to make up at short notice the terrible deficiency. The situation is shown at a glance in the diagram on page 354.

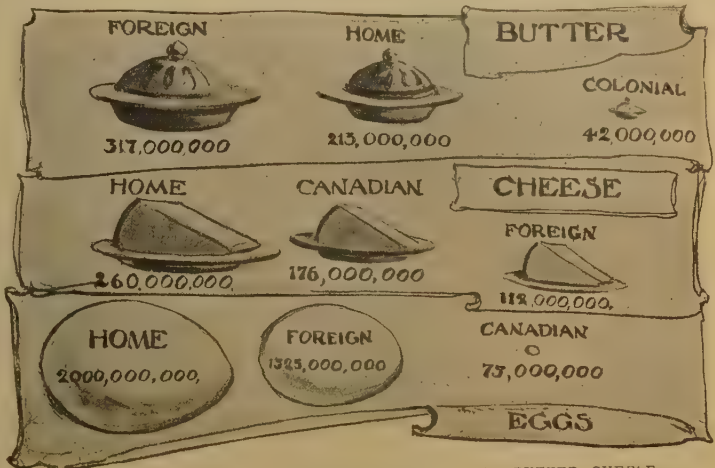
British people do not live on bread alone—dry bread is in this country a synonym for dire poverty. Butter, or nowadays margarine, is indissolubly associated with bread, and bread-and-butter is about the most common article of food among all classes. That there is ample room and verge enough for British dairy

farmers to expand their means and improve their methods of butter production is evidenced by the fact that in twelve months we buy no less than 317,000,000 lbs. of butter from foreign countries—one half from the scientifically trained dairymen of Denmark, and 42,000,000 lbs. from our colonies, in addition to 105,000,000 lbs. of margarine, nine-tenths of which comes from Holland.

Our home produce of butter is only 213,000,000 lbs., and so it comes to pass that, from the bread-and-butter eaten in this country, foreign and colonial farmers derive an annual income of over £60,000,000 sterling. Half that amount, at least, should find its resting-place in the attenuated purses of our own corn and dairy farmers. A glance at the above diagram will show the respective time-limit of the home, foreign, and colonial butter, cheese, and eggs that we use.

Cheese, and something else, are also closely associated with bread, particularly in the bucolic Englishman's mind. We pay foreigners about £17,000,000 sterling a year for butter, and our own colonies only an eighth of that amount; but in cheese for England's use, the canny Canadian—aided, it must be admitted, by one of the most "helpful" governments in the world—has outstripped the foreigner altogether. From all foreign countries we get about 112,000,000 lbs., as against 176,000,000 lbs. from Canada. Our home produce of 260,000,000 lbs. gives a cheese supply for five months. Canada alone could keep all Britain in cheese, at the present rate of consumption, for about four months.

At the mere mention of eggs, the true-born Briton sniffs suspiciously, for no inventor—not even a German chemist—



SHOWING IN DETAIL HOW WE GET OUR BUTTER, CHEESE, AND EGGS—

has found any effective means of extending the very brief time-limit of an egg. We pay foreigners between £4,000,000 and £5,000,000 a year for eggs; but it is somewhat comforting to know that although we "consume" 3,600,000,000 eggs a year, we eat only a moiety of them, and most of these are laid in England. The huge supplies of foreign eggs are mainly used in various manufactures, and our egg merchants and their agents rake the Continent from France to Russia, and cannot get enough to meet the ever-increasing demand. As a marketable commodity, eggs are rising in value, foreign eggs being



NOT FORGETTING THE MEAT AND POTATOES.

about 7½d. per dozen, and Canadian eggs 8½d. per dozen. Millions more eggs would be used if they could be got. Incubators and skilled poultry hands should be

HOW WE GET OUR BREAD

AUSTRALASIA

6,000,000

ARGENTINA

120,000,000

CANADA

150,000,000

INDIA

264,000,000

RUSSIA

480,000,000

OTHER COUNTRIES
555,000,000HOME GROWN
300,000,000UNITED STATES
1,500,000,000TOTAL CONSUMPTION
3,875,000,000 - LOAVES

HOME GROWN

found on every farm.

For dead meat (principally frozen beef and mutton, the latter chiefly from Australia and New Zealand) required to supplement our home production, we pay each year no less than £30,000,000 sterling, while animals for food — cattle and sheep, chiefly from the United States, Canada, and Argentina — cost us £10,000,000 a year. Cut off our colonial and foreign meat supplies, and we should be meatless for over five months out of twelve.

Our supply of potatoes would not be appreciably diminished by a complete blockade of our coasts—an utter impossibility in any event. Only about a tenth part

of the 4,500,000 tons we annually consume is imported, and this comparatively small quantity consists chiefly in the early varieties grown in the Channel Islands, the Canaries, and France. Spain does a relatively large trade with us, and among other eatables obliges us with 2,000,000 bushels of onions every year. We get about the same quantity from Holland, and about half as much from Egypt.

We may perhaps gain a clearer idea of the actual time-limit of our food if, in addition to a careful study of the first diagram, we note the annual quantities of the chief articles of food consumed by each individual, and how they are supplied, as shown in the diagrams on pages 351 and 352.

These figures show the necessity for more intelligently directed effort to increase the "time-limit" of England's home-grown supplies of food. By utilising her idle capital, idle

lands, and idle hands, the dangerous dependence of England on foreign food-supplies would be considerably lessened.



A THRILLING SEA STORY.

By JOHN ARTHUR BARRY.

Illustrated by R. Jack.

CHAPTER I.

THE SECOND OF THE "URANIA."

FOR many days I had been tramping round the London Docks, from Katherine's to Tilbury, looking for a ship. But no one seemed to want a mate or a second, or, in fact, anything at all in the way of officers. And my clothes were getting shabby, my boots worn and thin, and the bottoms of my trousers beginning to fag out like a bunch of ropeyarns—a very sure sign, this last, of a southerly wind in their pockets.

This particular fine midsummer afternoon I had been doing the South-West India Dock, and, after a score of rebuffs, I brought up in despair, and took a seat on the platform of one of the hydraulic cranes, in front of a big iron sailer, to think things over a bit, and have a rest.

I sat down and mechanically watched the ship. As I could see, she was nearly ready for a start, with her sails all bent and her cargo under hatches.

Urania was the name on her bows, and she was a big lump of a vessel with lofty spars and square yards, straight-bowed and round-sterned; some 1,800 tons or so I guessed her at.

As my eye listlessly took in these details, two men came down the gangway and stepped on to the dock. One—the taller of the pair—wore a frock coat, patent leather boots with grey spats, and a bell-topper hat. He was a sandy-whiskered, red-faced customer, with small, cold, twinkling blue eyes; and, spite of his swell, long-

shore rig, labelled sailor all over to any man who used the sea.

His companion was a shorter, stouter man, clean-shaved except for a heavy reddish moustache completely hiding his mouth, but with the same peculiar restless blue eyes as the other. He was dressed in a suit of tweeds and hard-felt hat, and, as unmistakably as his companion, bore about him the stamp of a seafarer. The men were brothers.

They stood talking in low tones at the foot of the gangway. Presently odd words came to my ears. The tall man was speaking. "Sign on in the morning," I heard. . . . "Foreigners to a man . . . wait till we get to sea . . . know all about it then . . . any poor swab'll do . . . we've only our two selves to consider . . . ay, ay, you'll be as wise as myself then . . . always an inquisitive dog."

The speaker laughed, and was stepping briskly off, leaving the other standing there with a puzzled expression on his rather heavy features, when, moved by some sudden impulse, I stuffed my pipe away, and cut across his path, mouthing for the twentieth time that day the sickening question, "Want a mate or a second, sir?"

He stopped instantly, his dancing little eyes playing all over me, from well-worn cap to worn-out boots, as he pulled at his straw-coloured beard and took my measure.

"Ticket?" he asked sharply, at last. And out from my breast-pocket came the thin tin case containing discharges and my chief mate's certificate.

"Um, um," he muttered, as he just glanced at the latter, and then ran through the long list of "V.G." mate's discharges that I placed in his hands.

"I could do with a second, if Mr. Baleston there hasn't got one in view. On your

told him the Captain's name. "Why, yes, of course I've heard of him. He's one of your advanced, new-fangled navigators—goes in for hydrography and half a dozen different ologies, and all that sort of thing. Unlucky beggar, though, in spite of his scientific fads. Lost a ship, I recollect, some years back, for the same firm he's with now—Shroud, Cat-block, and Co., isn't it? He got the sack at last. And now, you say, they've given him the *Urania*. Well, I only hope he'll have better luck with her! Curious how forgiving some firms are!"

Next morning, in company with a crew composed wholly of Germans, Swedes, and a couple of Norwegians, I found myself on the *Urania's* articles. Not that I cared much about the nationality of the crowd, for just then I felt willing to get away in a ship manned by baboons, so long as I was at sea. Nor ever did I experience more pleasure than in seeing the well-known greens and whites of the Channel landscape slip by, outward bound.

CHAPTER II.

FELONY ON THE HIGH SEAS.

To me Captain Baleston seldom or never spoke except to give an order. And of this I was glad, not in the least liking his haughty style. About the steering he was most particular, sending man after man away from the wheel until he found four to please him, and these he made quartermasters.

"Well," I thought to myself, as I watched him hovering about the compasses and comparing them critically, "you don't mean to take any risks, this trip—foreigners or not."

The mate, I now discovered, was but a puppet in his hands, a mere tool, with opinions and ideas moulded absolutely on his brother's; he regarded the Captain as a little marine god from whose lightest word and act was no possible appeal.

Frederick Baleston was, nevertheless, a good seaman and a first-class navigator, doing almost all this part of the ship's work, whilst his brother fiddled about with his scientific instruments—of which he had a large stock—determining the heat of the sea at various depths; noting soundings; and perfecting an instrument to supersede



"HE TULLED AT HIS BEARD AND TOOK MY MEASURE."

uppers, eh? Glad to take anything, I s'pose, eh?" His manner was distinctly bad, almost insulting, and I had hard work to stomach it, as I answered surlily enough in the affirmative.

"Want a second mate, Mr. Baleston?" he sung out. "This chap's papers are all right. Anybody you know for the job, eh?"

"No," replied the mate, approaching and taking stock of me, much as the other had done. "There's dozens of 'em at the office, though. Still, I suppose this man'll do as well as any of the rest."

"All right," said the Captain—for such he was—turning to me. "Be on hand at Green's in the morning, and you'll get first show."

"Baleston, Baleston," remarked the grey-haired old Home Superintendent, when I

the deviascope, and automatically correct compass errors in iron and steel ships. But with all this preoccupation, nothing escaped the ever-shifting glances of those small sharp eyes. With a look they appeared to take in every detail aloft and aloft; and was there the least thing lacking, the intolerant acrid voice quickly made itself heard, as well to his brother as to myself.

One other matter he was to a degree particular about in addition to the steering. Never in all my time at sea had I been on any vessel where the boats were kept in such a complete state of preparation as on the *Urania*. Water, provisions, compasses, oars, masts—all their furniture, in fact, was seen to constantly. Also, at regular intervals, the watches were called to swing them out, on which occasion the Captain himself narrowly inspected davits, falls, and other belonging gear.

"Decidedly," I said to myself for the second time, "this man takes no risks. If he has once lost a ship, it couldn't have been for want of looking after her. Or, perhaps, all this care is the outcome of the experience gained in that disaster. Anyhow, it's satisfactory."

One evening, having had tea, as usual, by myself, I went out to relieve the mate, who had finished his some time before. I was suffering from toothache that night, and finding I had forgotten the silk kerchief I used to tie round my face as some protection from the air, I presently slipped down the poop ladder and into my berth on the starboard side of the saloon.

It was a few minutes before I could lay my hand on the thing in the dark. Then, just as I was pulling my door open, I heard voices in the saloon, and the rustling of papers. I don't know why I didn't boldly go out at once. But I hesitated for a minute, and heard the Captain say to his brother, "Where's Morris?"

"On deck," replied the other. "He relieved me ten minutes ago."

"That's all right then," said the Captain. "He's no more brains than a serving-mallet, and not two ideas above his work. All the same, I don't want him, or anyone else, to hear what I'm going to tell you."

Just here, I decided to stay where I was. "I suppose you can guess," continued the skipper, "from what I've already let drop, that this won't be a long voyage?"

"Well, yes," assented his brother, "I've thought as much. But I never knew——"

"No, I didn't intend you should,"



"PEERING THROUGH THE DOOR, I SAW THE CAPTAIN AND HIS BROTHER BENDING OVER A CHART."

interrupted the other, brusquely, "till the time was close at hand. I want one man, at any rate, besides myself, who won't lose his head when the pinch comes, and will back me up all he knows how. That's why I brought you out of the *County of Durham*. Now, do you see, this is our exact position at the present moment. In thirty hours we shall be there."

Peering through the crack in the not-quite-closed door, I saw the Captain bending over a chart with a pair of compasses in his hand. On the other side of the table sprawled his brother, staring intently at the point indicated. Over their heads swung the lamp, making a big patch of white light on the table and paper.

"And there," went on the Captain, with a modulated accent of triumph in his voice, "as nearly as I can judge, at about four bells in the middle watch, the voyage ends."

No glimmering of his meaning as yet reached my brain. I simply thought the man was mad—mad as a hatter—and that his brother was only humouring him. But I was presently undeceived.

"There, you see," said the Captain, "31° 15' W. 42° 10' N. That's the exact spot in which we leave the good ship *Urania* with her valuable cargo"—and he laughed silently—"insured for £75,000 in London, Paris, Bremen, and Hamburg!"

Now, at last, I understood, or thought I did. He was going to scuttle the ship. I had heard of such things happening in bygone days. And, yet, one can't bore holes in iron, or—

"But—but," stammered his brother, bending low over the chart, "there's nothing there!"

"Look at this," said the Captain, unrolling another map. "What do you see at the same spot?"

"Broken water. Doubtful," was the answer.

"Exactly, only it isn't among the doubtfuls at all," continued the other. "Although the bat-eyed survey people couldn't find it, I did. When I was in the *Blink Bonnie*, trading to the Western Islands, I spotted it first. Water only breaks with a S.S.E. wind—perhaps not more than two or three times a year, and then very slightly. Well, I reported it; and the *Falcon* was sent to look for it. But in vain. So, although on the strength of my assertion they marked it temporarily on the old maps, you see it's been taken off

the latest Admiralty chartings. I've seen it once or twice since.

"One trip in the *Bonny* it fell dead calm within a couple of hundred yards of where I knew the thing to be. So I sculled myself over to the place, and looking down I saw four big, broad, wide-gapped fangs of rock sticking up to within some ten feet of the surface, and shoals of fish playing about the weeds that covered them. Bah! I know of lots more uncharted peaks and prongs—especially in the China Seas. I don't report them all."

"And the *Agenoria* affair?"

"Something the same," replied the skipper, with a laugh. "A private reef. Now this is the kind of thing you'll read in a week or so:—

"CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.—Some years ago Captain Baleston, well known for his valued contributions to marine hydrography, reported 'broken water'—and presumably, therefore, a rock or rocks—as existing in a certain spot in the North Atlantic. The authorities at once investigated the matter, sending H.M.S. *Falcon*, whose officers, after a thorough search, assured themselves that no such danger to navigation was to be found. Naturally, Captain Baleston imagined he must have been mistaken. But, quite recently, being in command of a fine vessel, the *Urania*, he unfortunately demonstrated the correctness of his original discovery by running her on the very same reef that he reported to the authorities so long ago, which it appears is almost on the track usually taken by sailing ships bound to the Cape. Much sympathy is felt for the Captain, as his misfortune is undoubtedly owing to official incompetency. Fortunately no lives were lost. The vessel, we hear, was fully insured; and doubtless her master will be held free from all blame in the matter."

"It's a wonder the navy men didn't drop on it," remarked the mate, who had listened to his brother with open-mouthed admiration.

"Not a bit of it," returned the other. "They might have sounded and sounded for years without being any the wiser; and ships might sail within a foot of it and never suspect its existence. And—well, it wasn't until afterwards that I took the trouble to verify my present bearings beyond all doubt. So it's just possible they may not have been within a degree of the exact spot."

"Then I got into my present employ; and finding that such a secret might prove valuable, I said no more about it. I made money out of the *Agenoria* affair; and so did they. Now this is their last sailer—all the rest are steamers. They were offered £3 a ton for her the other day—considerably less than her hull alone cost. So, as

old Catblock put it, better turn her into a fixed deposit at 400 fathoms. The chances are she'll hang when she takes the reef. But, even if she slips off again, her fore-compartment will give us ample time to get clear.

"If she hangs she will break up in a few hours, so it matters little one way or the other. You'll take a couple of thousand out of the job. I shall make enough to give up the sea and devote myself wholly to some new inventions I have in mind. Now, that's all. Oh, when you relieve Morris put the new compass—the Thompson one—in the binnacle. I want her steered like a steamer for the rest of the time."

Well, here was a pretty kettle of fish indeed! But I had no leisure to think it over. Already I had been far too long away from my post; and I was glad as I presently heard the mate go into his berth and close the door. Peering, I saw that the Captain had also left the saloon. Now was my time, evidently, and I slipped noiselessly out and made for the main deck entrance. Just as I gained it I turned and saw the Captain staring hard at me.

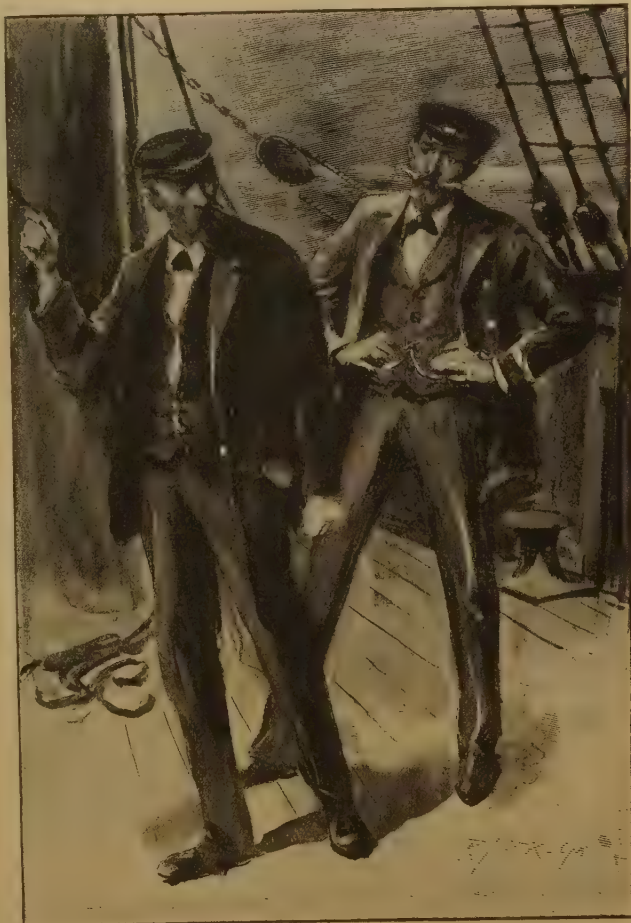
By this I was in the shadow of the little alley-way, close to the pantry, and whether he had recognised me or not was doubtful. He might have come out of his berth, the door of which was close to the head of the table, before I had got the whole length of the saloon. In that case he must guess where I had been and what I had heard. But from his attitude I was inclined to think he had only just caught sight of me.

However, I lost no time in getting on to the poop.

As I tramped backwards and forwards I fell to considering over what I had lately heard. What was I to do in the

matter? Was it any concern of mine at all?

An appeal to the crew was not to be thought of. The chances were that they would not believe me; and, even if they did, I knew the Germans and the rest too well to think they would dare interfere. The more I thought the matter over the less I saw my way out of it. Doubtless, the insurance companies and the underwriters would lose heavily. But I had myself to consider.



"HOW MUCH DID YOU HEAR WHEN YOU WERE IN YOUR BERTH?"
ASKED THE CAPTAIN."

And if I held my tongue before the act, I was well aware that it was of no use letting it wag afterwards. I was on the horns of a dilemma, and at last I made up my mind to take a seat between the prongs and lie low.

CHAPTER III.

A FRILLED NIGHTCAP.

AT ten o'clock, as I walked to the bell and struck it, the Captain, tossing away his cigar stump, suddenly came up to me and asked quietly, "How much did you hear, Mr. Morris, when you were in your berth, whilst my brother and I were talking?"

For a moment I was taken flat aback. Then, evasive words of subterfuge rose to my lips. But suddenly the notion came into my mind that now, as he knew so much, it would be far better to have it out



"I SAW THE CAPTAIN'S FACE FRAMED IN THE FANLIGHT."

and done with. Thus I replied after the momentary pause, speaking quietly as himself, "Well, sir, pretty nearly everything that was said, I imagine."

"So?" he replied. "And what do you think of the affair, looking at it from a speculative point of view?"

"I think," I replied boldly, and staring him squarely in the face, "that it's about the most cunning, rascally scheme of wholesale robbery I ever heard of; and that if I had anyone besides myself who had heard as much as I heard, penal servitude for life would be the share of its promoters."

"Aha," replied he, "I'm glad you see your weak point. You're alone, fortunately, and no statements you could make would be entertained for a moment as against my name and reputation. You've more sense than I credited you with. I thought when I picked you off the dock a week ago, starving and shabby, that you were the common type of sea-dog who's only too glad to bark when he's told, and leave well alone."

This made me angry, and I tried a chance shot with, "Anyhow, Captain Baleston, you'll hardly attempt the game now, whilst I'm with you. And perhaps, in port, I may

find somebody to at least believe me as far as a sworn statement will go respecting the nature of your cargo."

It was a rash and utterly reckless speech, but I was pleased to hear his teeth gritting against each other with rage, and know that my wild words had hit a mark.

Taking a few paces along the deck, he looked into the binnacle, muttered something in German to the man at the wheel, and came back to me, saying—

"You shall have £500 to stand in with us?"

"Far too much for a mere sea-dog with no more brains than a serving-mallet," I replied, politely. "Thank God," I continued, "I'm a fairly honest man, and want no share in such tricks as you've made your money by, and which'll yet land you behind iron bars!"

"Another £500 for poor old honesty," he retorted, in a jeering tone, "and that's as far as I'm inclined to go. You'd better take it. But please yourself."

"Not for fifty times the amount," I replied, angrily. "And now wreck the ship, if you dare! You won't find it such simple tea-drinking as the *Agenor* business seems to have been. Now you can do your worst, and plague on you and all such cursed pirates!"

I was by this time thoroughly vexed and losing my temper.

As I spoke, the Captain walked away and disappeared down the companion,

making no answer whatever. Presently, looking through the open skylight, I saw him come out of his state-room and pour whisky from the decanter in the swinging tray. He took nearly half a tumblerful—neat. Then he went into his brother's berth; and I could well imagine the pair plotting to counteract this unexpected check.

At eight bells, when the mate relieved me, I could detect nothing out of the common in his manner, which was always pretty cordial. As was my invariable custom before turning in, I mixed myself a tumbler of grog, taking the whisky out of the same decanter I had seen the Captain use.

Then I went to my berth, and—first, however, doing what I never had done before, viz., slipping the bolt of my door—I lit my pipe and the lamp, undressed, and lay down to think matters over.

Gradually, I became aware of a sense of lethargy taking possession of me, accompanied by a not unpleasant feeling of drowsiness. My pipe fell out of my mouth on to the floor, and I watched unconcernedly the hot ashes making little black holes in the strip of carpet. Presently the smell of the smouldering wool became disagreeable, and I wished to rise and extinguish it.

To my dismay I found that I could move neither hand nor foot. My brain was active as ever, but all power of slightest motion

had completely disappeared. I imagined at first that I had received "a stroke" of some mysterious description. But, in that case, I argued, surely I should feel sick and ill. And I never felt better internally. I made tremendous efforts to stir—a finger even—but without avail.

What was this dreadful thing that had come upon me in a flash, and without the least warning? Probably it would disappear as quickly. I was lying on my



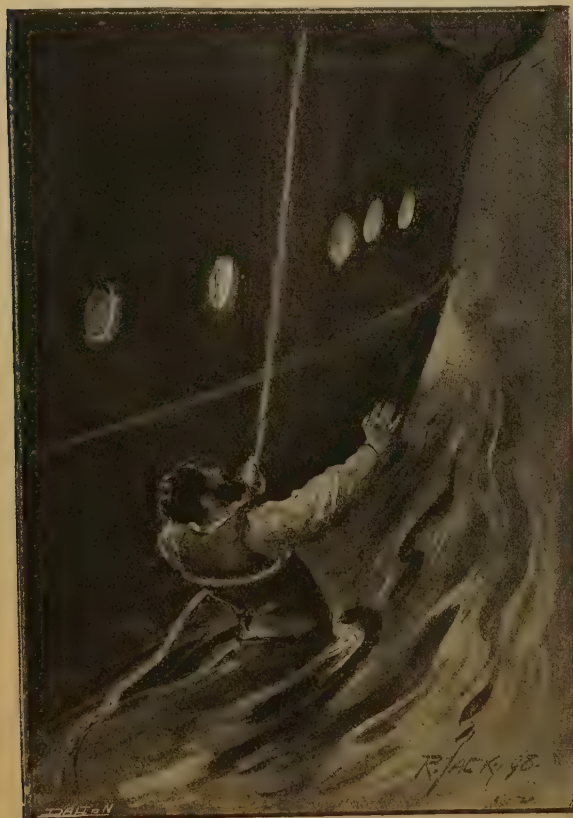
"BETWEEN THEM THEY HOISTED ME ON THE RAIL AND PUSHED ME OVERBOARD."

side, facing the door. Over the latter was a glass fanlight that moved on a 'midship swivel. A noise at this made me look up. It was turning, and the next moment I saw the Captain's face framed in the square aperture. He was grinning, with a row of white teeth showing under his straw-coloured moustache; and I caught quite clearly the dancing devil in his eyes as he fixed them intently on mine.

For fully three minutes we stared at each other. I tried to speak; but, to my horror, tongue and jaws refused their office. Presently the face at the fanlight disappeared, with a noise as of a person stepping

off a chair or a stool. There was some whispering outside, and all at once I saw my door giving slowly but surely. The bolt was but a flimsy thing at best; and now, under heavy pressure, it first bent, then the brass socket carried away, and the door flew open, disclosing the two Balestons.

"He's all right, Fred," said the skipper. "Let me introduce you to the gentleman who's going to play up with us in such style. Your grog was doctored, Mr. Morris; the nightcap had a frill to it," he went on, as, one at my head, the other at my legs, they lifted me out of the bunk like a log. "And now you're going down amongst the dead men, to tell 'em the *Urania's* coming. Gently through the door, Fred, or you'll bump his head."



"THE ROPE JAMMED UNDER MY ARMS."

Out on the quarterdeck, with the fresh breeze blowing cool on my face, they carried me. It was dark, much darker than when I came below, and clouds were

gathering over the stars. Between them, panting, they hoisted me on to the rail just be-aft the main rigging.

"The beggar's heavy," exclaimed the Captain, "and he'll make a devil of a splash! Take the t'gallant halliards, Fred, and shove the bight of 'em round him under the arms, and we'll lower him down easily."

The mate, who had not spoken a word, silently obeyed, whilst the other held me half on the pin-rail, half on the t'gallant one, in a reclining posture, with my back against the rigging. Again and again I strove to utter a cry; but my tongue felt like a lump of lead in a throat swollen to the verge of suffocation. In vain my despairing eyes—the only members I could use—swept the deck. Not a soul was to be seen, not a sound heard except the steady hum of the wind as it blew under the foot of the mainsail.

The high break of the poop sheltered us from the sight of the helmsman, even had the darkness not sufficed. Gazing outboard, my glance swept the black waste of white-tipped furrows, and the bitterness of death entered into my soul, as already I seemed to feel them closing over my dumb and helpless body.

The mate threw the coil of kalliards off the pin, and was nervously, with trembling hands, passing the end around my body, adjusting the rope so that his brother and himself might lower away on equal parts.

"Better take a round turn," muttered the Captain, "or he'll slip before we're ready. Now then, good-bye, Mr. Morris. A thousand pounds or Davy Jones! You chose the last. You've got no choice left. Take a turn under the pin. So, together! Over he goes!"

As he spoke, the pair pushed and lifted together, and I fell about six feet with such a shock as seemed to bring some slight sense of feeling into my numbed limbs. As I hung there, already the sliding waves washed up to my knees. Lower still, and they were breaking over my head and shoulders, whilst I swallowed big mouthfuls of bitter salt

water. Why did they not let go, I wondered?

Ah, now I knew! The round turn had jammed under my arms, and they were pulling and hauling furiously on the single part they still held. All at once—in a second—hanging one moment under water, the next hove up by the roll of the ship, I vomited violently; and suddenly, with a dreadful tearing sort of pain, there came back to me the use of both limbs and voice.

But even as, with a gurgling, half-choked cry, I raised my hands to clutch the rope, it cleared; whilst, released, I sank, to rise again the next moment breathless, panting, beating the water wildly, and only dimly conscious of a dark patch bulking high, with one twinkling light like a yellow eye, ever receding, and glaring at me there, left struggling alone to perish miserably.

As soon as I recovered my voice I shouted and screamed at that pitiless eye lifting and lowering in the *Urania's* stern as if nodding a ponderous farewell to me, swimming wildly, helplessly after it in all the strength that supreme fear of death gives.

But with my first collected thought came back the utter futility of what I was doing, and I suddenly ceased to breast the curving waves that met and broke smarting and stinging over face and eyes, and turning my back to wind and sea I let myself float at random.

In the water I had been at home all my life, and now, lightly clad in under-flannels, and feeling fairly warm, I had no doubt of being able to keep afloat, if I wished, for many hours. And I determined, at all events, to wait for the dawn, before dropping to those dreary depths below.

At last I saw the eastern sky grow grey, and watched the sun rise with the resigned gaze of a man who knows that, beyond all doubt, it is to be the last one he will ever see.

I raised myself as high as I could, and stared steadily around the horizon. Empty from rim to rim! A lovely morning, too!

Stay! a black object was bobbing away scarce half a mile distant. Certainly it was not a boat; and yet it rode high and had a massive look with it. Well, at any rate, it was worth investigating; and with slow strokes I swam towards it. Drawing nearer, I recognised the object. Yesterday, during my morning watch, we had passed

it—the half of a ship's lower mast with yard, top, and topmast—rigging attached.

Almost mechanically I swam alongside it and caught hold of some of the gear,



"I FELL INTO AN UNEASY SLEEP ON THE TOPMAST RIGGING."

climbed up, and sat on the rim of the top whilst the hot sun warmed my sodden limbs, and sent the chilled life-stream once more coursing through my veins.

Was it worth while, I wondered? I was fair in the track of ships. And it was no use throwing away a chance. A few minutes ago I was knocking for admission at the very gate of death, and now — Well, then, till to-morrow at any rate!

CHAPTER IV.

AN OCEAN TRAMP.

JUDGING from its appearance, I thought the wreckage could not have been in the water very long—perhaps a fortnight or

so. And as I perched on the top I wondered about the ship that had come to grief, and whether this was the extent of it, or had worse happened. But first, thirst, and then hunger, soon put an end to any thoughts or cares except personal ones. The sun's heat, grateful for awhile, now was so intense that every few minutes I had to slip down and soak to obtain relief; and as the day dragged slowly along, and my sufferings increased, I began to doubt whether I should be able to hang out to my set limit—another sunrise.

One thing I had noticed was that, evidently in the set of some strong current, my spars were making an easterly drift of fully a couple of knots per hour. But there was no great comfort in that; although at a rough calculation I reckoned I could not be at this moment more than a hundred miles to the westward of the Azores, if so much.

The day wore on; and, worn out with all I had gone through, towards the middle of the afternoon I gave up my continuous

off into an uneasy sleep. I woke with a start.

The sun was still a couple of hours high. I had slipped down the trailing rigging till my knees were awash. But what had disturbed me? Something, I was certain, for the sound of it was in my ears still. Hurriedly throwing off my lashings, I crawled on to the rim of the top, and only a few cables' length away was a big steamer coming along, her screw kicking up white water behind her as she towered, flying light, with rusty wall-sides twenty feet high.

Owing to my position, I had been quite hidden from the sight of those on board. But eyes were on the wreckage; and almost as soon as I showed my body on the top I heard her engine-room bells clanging, and could see her gradually slow down, until she came gliding along with her sharp tall bows nearly overhanging me, whilst her screw squashed and whisked astern to stop her way. There was no need for hailing or talk, and in a very few minutes a boat was in the water; a few more, and I was in her and, without help—such momentary heart had my rescue put into me—able to climb up the gangway ladder of the *Norseman*.

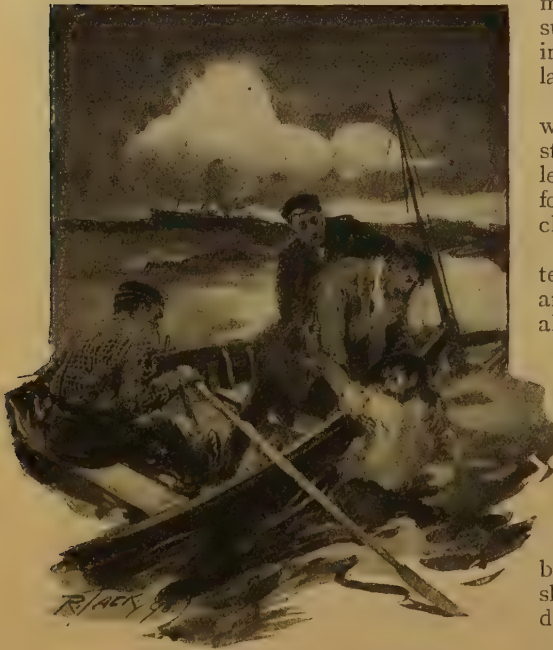
Once on deck, however, I staggered and would have fallen but for the arm of a short, stout, red-faced man who held me up and led me into the steamer's saloon, where food, drink, a hot bath, and some clean clothes soon made a new man of me.

Captain Craigie and his chief officer listened to my story with interest, but also an amount of incredulity that I was not altogether unprepared for. Not that they said openly I was lying; but from an unmistakable coolness in their manner as I finished, I could see they thought so.

Perhaps if it had been any other but Baleston who was concerned they might have been more ready to credit the yarn. But Baleston had a reputation. Also that secret reef affair, I could see, by the stare and half laugh passed from skipper to mate, would by no means go down.

"If I've been close to there once, I've been close to there fifty times, and never seen anything," remarked the former when I put the pencil on the chart as nearly as I could make the spot bear from our present position.

"A very curious story, Mr. Morris," he



"IN A FEW MINUTES I WAS IN THE BOAT."

and useless staring around the horizon, and, taking a few turns about my waist with a length of rope, I stretched out along the incline of the topmast rigging and dozed

continued, coldly, and regarding me with evident disfavour. "However, it's no particular business of ours. You're welcome to a passage as far as Belize—our first port of call. I hope you may be able to get a ship there."

I could almost have cried with rage and vexation as he went on deck, followed by the mate.

At a glance I saw that I was on board a cargo tramp of some 3,000 tons, and an eight-knot speed, doing her best. Her bridge was stuck far away for'ard, and the rest of her was mostly hatches, steam winches, and a grove of ventilators amidships.

The sun was setting as I went below again, and in a very sour temper—first telling the steward not to call me for tea—went to the berth assigned me and turned in for a good sleep, which I badly wanted.

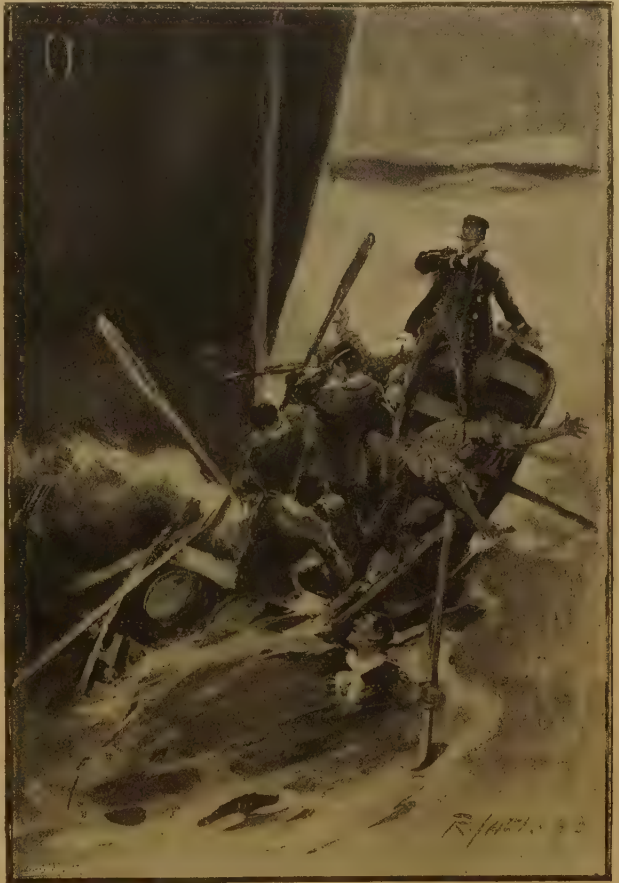
It seemed to me that I had been asleep only a few minutes when I felt a hand shake me, and a voice shout loudly in my ear. Half awake, I turned and said something uncomplimentary to the disturber of my rest, who had struck a match and was lighting the berth lamp.

"I've come to ask your pardon, Mr. Morris," said somebody who, presently, as I sat up in my bunk rubbing my sleepy eyes, I saw, to my great surprise, was Captain Craigie himself. "I confess I didn't believe a word of your yarn," he went on; "and I know you saw it; but we've just had an accident. Run down a boat belonging to the *Urania*. Only one man saved. He says Captain Baleston was in her. Says, too, that the *Urania* went on to the reef right enough. Will you come on deck and see him?"

Would I not! In a jiff I was into my clothes and out of the saloon at a half run. The night was dark as pitch, with splashes of electric light here and there

about the ship. A stiff breeze was blowing dead ahead, with an awkward lump of a cross-sea on. The *Norseman's* engines were stopped; and the big steamer was rolling uneasily and giving a dive now and again that sent white water seething aft along her iron decks.

At intervals her siren blared, making noise enough to wake the dead, whilst blue lights shed a ghostly glare over the sea and ship. As I hurried for'ard I noticed davit-falls hanging slack, and knew that a boat



"WITHOUT A SECOND'S WARNING THE 'NORSEMAN'S' BOW CUT THE BOAT IN HALVES."

was battling away somewhere in the black smother outboard.

On the lower bridge I found a dripping creature, wild-looking and pallid, who shivered and gesticulated and shrank back when he caught sight of me. I knew him

at once for one of the *Urania's* quarter-masters—the man, in fact, who had been at the wheel when I and her Captain were having our momentous talk.

As I came into the light the chief mate stepped out of the chart-room and shook hands, saying something handsome at the same time—I forget what, but to similar purpose as the skipper. Anyhow, between the pair of them I felt a man again; which was more than I had done when I turned in eight hours ago.

Carl Hansen hadn't as much English as would bail up a cow. But the second en-

the ship was searched from end to end in efforts to find me. In the darkness the boats had separated. Under sail, the port quarter boat had been running at a great rate when, without a second's warning, the *Norseman's* bow had cut her fair in halves. Hansen had been saved by a miracle. A bundle of fireman's sweat-rags happened to be towing overboard amidships. Blindly sweeping past, the lump of stuff, just awash, had touched him; and with a wild, outspread, drowning clutch, he held the rope and was presently drawn up—the only one, as it proved. There was not, he said, even

time for a shout before their doom was upon them.

Warmed and fed, he went more into detail. For two hours before the *Urania* took the reef, the Captain had fidgeted about the binnacle, altering the course now and again by as much as a quarter of a point, but never leaving the compass for long. The night was fine with a smart breeze, and the ship had everything set when, about four bells, she struck, appearing, Hansen said, to glide and bump and glide; and then, heeling over just a little, she lay fairly quiet, giving now and again a lift for'ard, and seeming to wedge herself more firmly amongst the rocks.



"IT WAS THE 'URANIA' HARD AND FAST ON BALESTON'S REEF."

gineer was a Hamburger, and interpreted. From Hansen's statement, boiled down, it appeared that in the middle watch that very night, or actually only a few hours ago, the *Urania* had rushed on to a reef, her fore-topmast going at the same time. The alarm and terror of the crew were intense. The Captain and mate, however, kept quite cool, and in no time the two quarter boats were lowered and, with all hands, pulled away from the wreck, Captain Baleston taking charge of one, his brother of the other.

The former, the quartermaster said, had seemed terribly cut up about my loss, and

Actually, though, so sudden and unexpected had the whole affair been, and so complete the preparations for departure, that some of the bewildered crew hardly realised what had happened until they found themselves pulling away into the night.

Captain Craigie was in his room overhauling charts. As presently I entered to his call, he looked up, saying, "I've found the map marked 'Broken water. Doubtful.' It's seven years old, though. And on none of the later ones is there any allusion to such a thing. Now, Mr. Morris, I'm going to have a look at this private reef of Baleston's—he won't have need of it any

more—and I fancy somewhere about W.S.W. $\frac{3}{4}$ W. should put us pretty close to the spot from here. What do you think?"

"Thereabouts," I replied. "But at best it's only a needle-in-a-haystack business, unless one could get the bearings exact, or see something in the shape of white water."

The Captain nodded in agreement, and, coming out on the bridge, gave orders that presently sent us going slow, and well to the westward of south.

CHAPTER V.

A MATTER OF £4,000.

ALL the rest of that night I never left the bridge. To Baleston and his fate I hardly gave a thought. He had served me very badly; and though when paddling about waiting for daylight to drown myself I had freely forgiven him his wickedness, I found it difficult to do so now when dry, full-bellied, and my own man again.

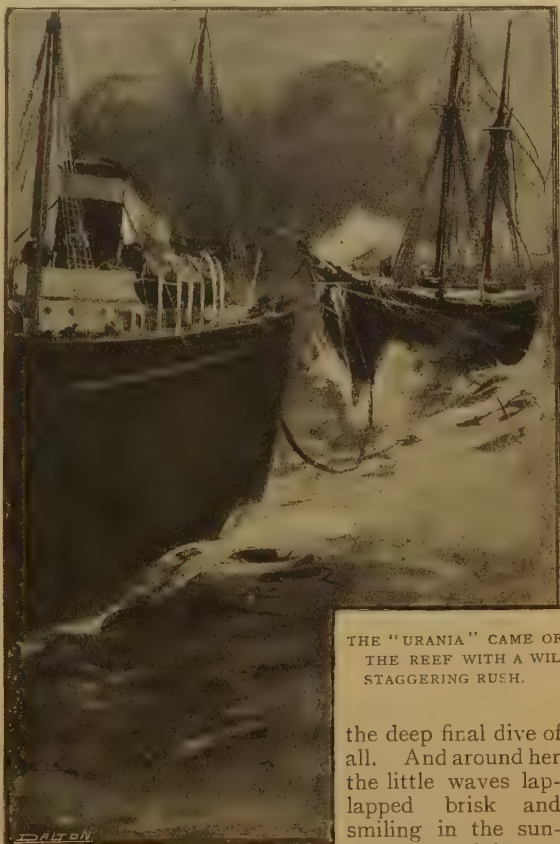
But I desperately wanted to find that reef, and so render my story complete, rounded off and beyond cavil. Therefore I kept my eyes skinned, at times even journeying up to the look-out nest on the foremast and sweeping the sea with a night glass—all trouble I might have saved myself. But there it is! One never knows! Towards morning we ran into a smooth sea, the wind shifting to the nor'ard and coming very light.

All through the ship was more or less excitement and watching; the grimy firemen, even, when they came off duty, pausing to cast bloodshot glances around, whilst the *Norseman* forged slowly ahead as if herself in doubt of hitting something that might not agree with her. At dawn nothing was visible; but as the sky astern of us grew all aflame, the look-out man from his canvas nest cried "Sail on the port bow!" followed immediately by an exclamation from the mate, who continued, as he stared through his glasses, "A derelict with her fore-topmast gone. Down by the head like a pig, and with a list on her like a rotten haystack!"

"The *Urania*!" I shouted a moment later, in loud exultant tones. "Hard and fast on Baleston's reef!"

"By heavens, you're right, sir, I do believe," said the Captain, as I handed him the glass.

And as we drew nearer, beyond all doubt there was the murdered ship—a forlorn-looking object enough, with her fore-topmast, t'gallant and royal masts hanging over the foc'sle-head, her stern cocked up, and her nose down as if just about to take



THE "URANIA" CAME OFF THE REEF WITH A WILD STAGGERING RUSH.

the deep final dive of all. And around her the little waves lapped brisk and smiling in the sunshine, but giving no

hint of the treacherous trap underneath that gripped her with its iron teeth.

Steaming alongside, we gazed at the poor thing in pity, mingled with a detestation that found vent in low curses from more lips than mine. Meanwhile, the Captain, watching her intently with his head on one side, and a long end of grizzled moustache between his teeth, suddenly ordered his gig into the water.

"We'll have a squint, Mr. Morris," said he, "at what's got hold of her. Bosur, put a hand lead in the boat, and—yes—get

up the 6-inch steel hawser and the 12-inch manilla. I may want them."

Pulling round the *Urania's* bows we saw, looking down through the clear water, that she had been driven over a sort of rocky platform and through a pair of great perpendicular rocks as clean as a thread through a needle. But these, forking higher than the approach to them, kept her nose well up, and against one of them she lay over, resting upon its thickly weeded contour, standing out in plain relief to her bright red bottom.

"One hour of a fairly stiff breeze," remarked the Captain, "and she goes to pieces. But, hang me, if I think that, so far, she's mortally wounded. Sink or swim, I'll have a bid for her. Let's get aboard and sound the well."

I brought the rod and carefully lowered it down. Two feet! And on a list! Salvage smelling high! Twenty minutes afterwards, and the *Norseman*, with her engines at full speed ahead, and the 6-inch steel rope fast from her after-bitts to the *Urania's* mizzen-mast was scratch-pulling all she knew how.

The first five minutes' drag took no effect. At the second the steel rope snapped like a rope yarn.

"Coir 12-inch to the front!" was the order. Men worked like dragons with that smell of salvage in their nostrils.

"All ready below, Mr. Carmichael?"

The chief engineer nodded.

"Let her rip then!"

Ting - a - ling—ling—ling—*clang*! went the gongs, the great rope straightened out its crackling curve, dense volumes of smoke poured from the *Norseman's* squab stacks, the whole iron fabric of her trembled, her engines rattled and clattered and thumped, the coir strained and cracked, strained and grew smaller and smaller until of only the thickness of a man's wrist.

"Send them for all they're worth, sir," said the Captain to the chief.

Ting-a-ling-ling! again.

"Stand clear the hawser there for'ard! Something's got to go in a minute!"

But it was the *Urania* that came.

"I suppose you'll run her into Fayal or Gibraltar, sir?" asked the chief mate a little later, as with sails furled, and for'ard wreckage clear, the *Urania* lay alongside; whilst we in the *Norseman's* cabin drank whisky and soda, and the crew tossed off their nip of rum in honour of the occasion.

"Please the Lord and the weather," said

Captain Craigie piously, with a shrewd smile, "I'll never cry crack till I get to Falmouth."

During the passage the Captain and myself had one day taken a notion to overhaul some of the *Urania's* cargo.

The first case was full of *grindstones*, so was the second, and a third—all unnoted in the manifest. The skipper looked blank. But, presently, we made out enough to show us that though there was under hatches a very large proportion of these useful but not particularly valuable articles, still the bulk of the cargo was genuine "general."

Messrs. Shroud and Catblock, the owners, answered Captain Craigie's telegram in person; and at first seemed inclined to give themselves airs. This was before I had been introduced to them. Not that I said much. I left it all to the skipper, who took them into his room, where the trio stayed a long time. When the two owners came on deck again they looked like men just recovering from a severe illness.

"Settled by private contract," remarked the Captain, coming up to me and slapping me on the back, as the two swindlers he had brought to book went over the side silent, downcast, sulky. "No Admiralty Court and Elder Brethren are to have a finger in this pie," he continued. "And I let them off far more easily than the judge and jury before whom, if everything was to be done according to Cocker, Messrs. Shroud and Catblock should make their appearance. I suppose I am compounding a felony. But I'm going to take all chances as to that. Briefly, then, the *Urania* and her cargo is to be sold for the benefit of the owners, officers, and crew of the *Norseman*. Luckily I'm half owner myself, and I can answer for my partner. 'We all divide *pro rata*.'"

Here the Captain paused for a moment to thoroughly enjoy my, I daresay, rather blank look. Then he laughed and continued, "Also, for the late second mate of the *Urania* I've got a cheque in my desk below to the tune of £4,000. Will that do? I held out for five, because I know it's a rich firm as well as a rascally one. However, I remembered that they'd have another party to settle with directly, if the mate's boat ever turns up; so I knocked off the thousand."

Four—thousand—pounds! It took my breath away. Of course I never expected nearly such a sum, my hopes seldom soaring above a quarter of it at the very outside,

LOVE ON WHEELS

A ROMANCE IN TEN ♥♥♥
PICTURES. ♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥

BY GERTRUDE BACON.



FRANK HAD JUST GOT
TO THE MOST INTERESTING
PART OF THE CONVERSA-
TION WHEN —



A NEW AND "UNNECES-
SARY ELEMENT AP-
PEARED, RESULTING IN
A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION



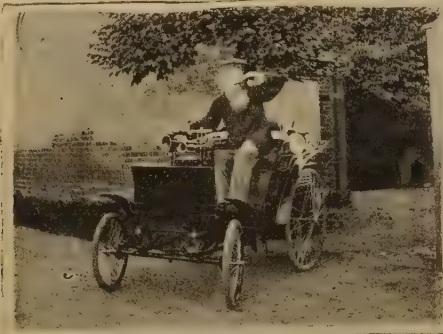
"LEAVE MY SIGHT, YOU
PENNYLESS IMPOSTER!"
EXCLAIMED THE
IRATE FATHER ♥♥



HIS ADVICE WAS TAKEN
BY TWO PEOPLE AND
CYCLES CAME TO
THE HELP OF LOVE



LOVE LAUGHS AT
LOCKSMITHS BUT A
PUNCTURE IS NO JOKE
ESPECIALLY WHEN
ELOPING



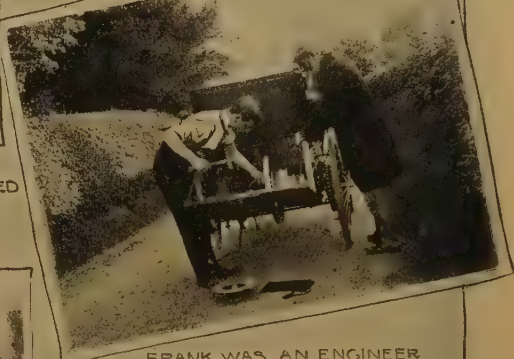
THE FLIGHT OF THE YOUNG COUPLE IS DISCOVERED AND THE ADVANTAGE OF HAVING A MOTOR CAR IS ONCE MORE PROVED



THE CYCLISTS ARE BEING HOTLY PURSUED BY THE BEREAVED AND FURIOUS FATHER WHEN—



A COLUMN OF WHITE STEAM ROSE UP BEHIND THEM AND THEY REALIZED THAT SOMETHING WAS WRONG WITH THE MOTOR



FRANK WAS AN ENGINEER AND RETURNED TO OFFER HIS SERVICES TO THE OWNER OF THE MOTOR WHO IN HIS EXCITEMENT DID NOT RECOGNIZE HIM



ALL BEING PUT RIGHT A DAUGHTER IS DEMANDED BY WAY OF PAYMENT AND A HAPPY TRIO RODE HOME ON THE MOTOR

THE NOVELIST OF CHRISTMAS

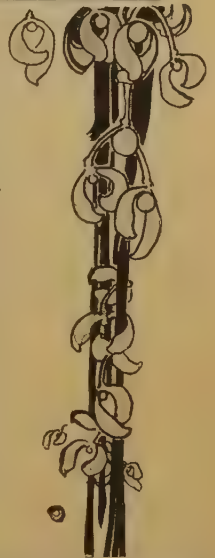
WHAT WAS DICKENS REALLY LIKE ?

DICKENS is the novelist of Christmas, and it is at this time of the year that one's thoughts revert naturally to the favourite author who has woven so many delightful fancies round the great festival. We all love our Dickens, but the number of those who knew him and with whom the memory of his face is clear and unfaded, grows woefully smaller with each successive Christmas.

What was Dickens like? The portraits that illustrate this article are so startling in their dissimilarity—though most of them have been approved by those who have actually known Dickens—that we cannot ever hope now to have more than a hazy notion of his features. As a matter of fact, Dickens' own contemporaries differed in opinion as to his personal appearance, as much as will, no doubt, the reader of this article. George Eliot's opinion is at variance with that of all other authorities: "Dickens' appearance is certainly disappointing In fact, he is not distinguished-looking in any way; neither handsome nor ugly, neither fat nor thin, neither tall nor short."

Writing to his eldest son from New York on March 8th, 1868, Dickens says: "Every night I am described (mostly by people who have not the faintest notion of observing) from the sole of my boot to where the topmost hair of my head ought to be, but is not. . . . My eyes are blue, red, grey, white, green, brown, black, hazel, violet, and rainbow-coloured. I am like 'a well-to-do American citizen and the Emperor of the French.'"

The very attractive portrait that forms part of the heading of this article is after the miniature by Margaret Gillies. It belongs to the year 1844, the

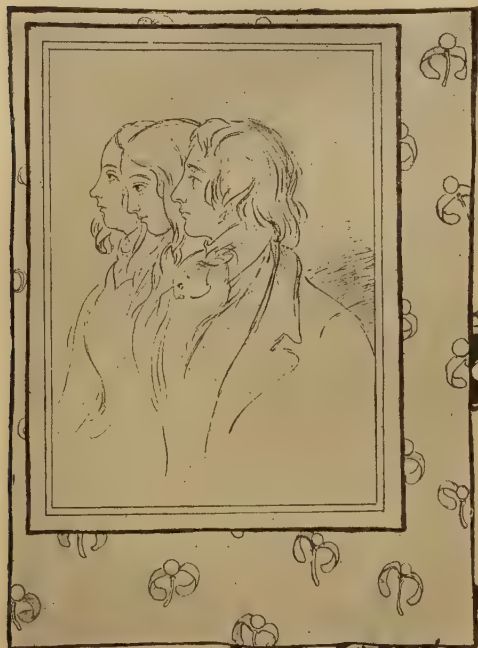


DICKENS AGED 25 (1837), FROM A DRAWING BY S. LAWRENCE.



DICKENS IN 1839. MACLISE'S FAMOUS PICTURE.

DICKENS, HIS WIFE, AND HER SISTER, DRAWN BY
MACLISE IN 1842.



year of "Martin Chuzzlewit" and "The Chimes." The period when he had been employed at six shillings a week to cover pots of paste-blackening, "first with a piece of oil-paper, and then with a piece of blue paper; to tie them round with a string, and then to clip the paper close and neat," lay well behind him. He was in 1844 probably the most talked-of man in England, as he was for many years after the best beloved. This miniature was no doubt an excellent likeness.

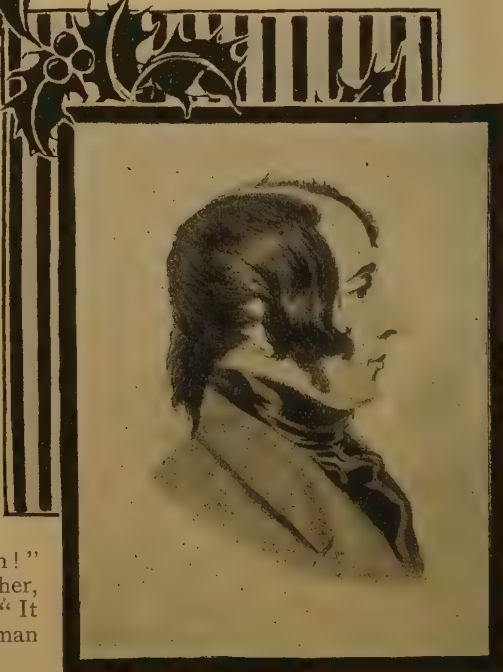
Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, who saw him in 1842, describes him as "a dashing, slender, handsome young man, with a smooth face and an abundance of long, dark, chestnut hair." The large, vivacious eyes and sensitive mouth are characteristic of all good Dickens portraits. "What a face is his to meet in a drawing-room!" wrote Leigh Hunt to Dickens' biographer, John Forster, a little before this. "It has the life and soul in it of fifty human beings."

If, then, we accept this miniature and the graceful pencil drawing of Maclise (1843)

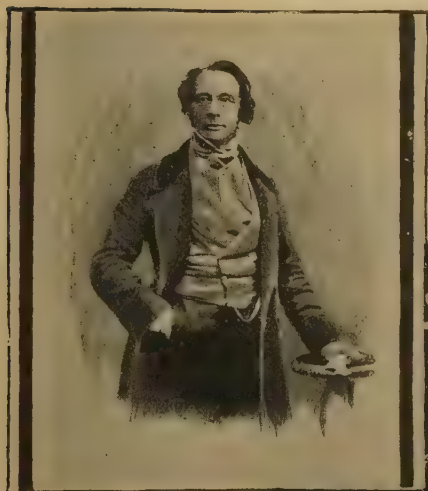
as accurate portraits, what are we to say of the sombre portrait by R. J. Lane, painted about 1841? "There was a brightness and geniality about him that greatly fascinated his companions. His laugh was so cheery," says Mr. Serjeant Ballantine, referring to a slightly earlier period. Lane's Dickens is certainly not the gay, light-hearted Boz whose presence was like a ray of sunshine in any company.

The Gillies miniature, the Maclise pencil-drawing, and above all the beautiful Maclise painting representing Dickens in 1839, when he was twenty-seven years of age, a beautiful reproduction of which will be found in our picture gallery, are so many witnesses against Lane. Speaking of the Maclise painting, Thackeray wrote: "As a likeness it is perfectly amazing. A looking-glass could not render a better fac-simile. We have here the real identical man Dickens, the inward as well as the outward of him."

When we come to the Dickens portraits of the late forties and early fifties, it is an entirely different Dickens that we are confronted with. It



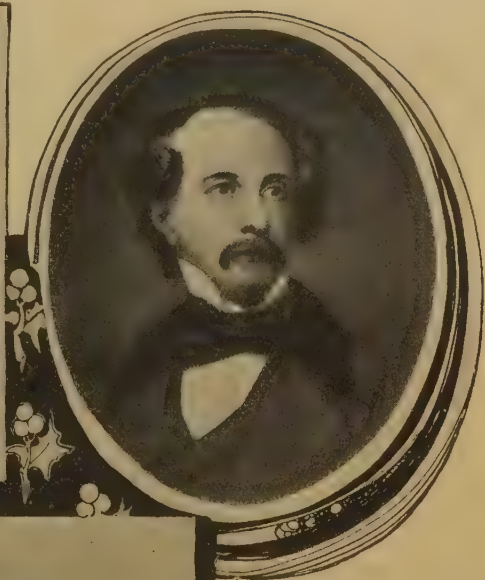
THE QUEEN'S PORTRAIT OF DICKENS, DRAWN BY
R. J. LANE, 1840-3



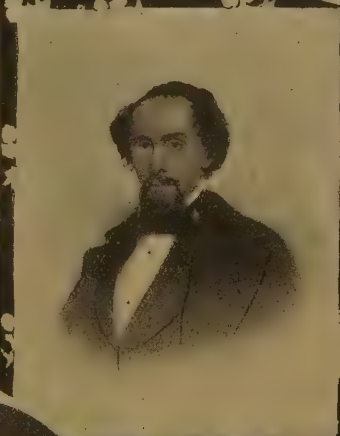
DICKENS IN 1832, FROM A
DAGUERREOTYPE BY
HENRI CLAUDET.

is no longer the sparkling, triumphant Boz to whom honour and success are delightful novelties; it is the world-famous Charles Dickens indeed, but it is plain that the fire and the energy are wearing the man out before his time.

It is at this period,



DICKENS IN 1856, FROM
THE PAINTING BY ARY
SCHEFFER. SALA DECLARES
THAT THE PAINTER OF
THIS PICTURE THOUGHT
DICKENS LOOKED LIKE DE
RUYTER, THE FAMOUS
DUTCH ADMIRAL.

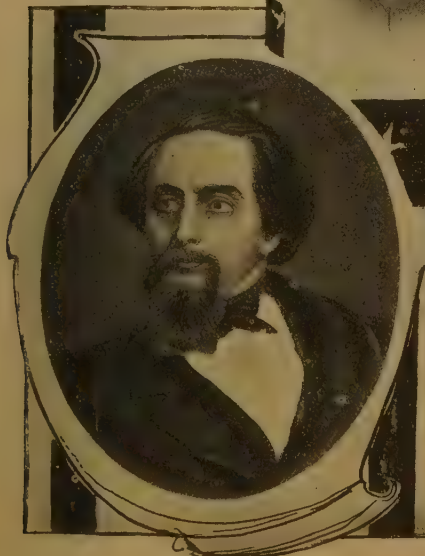


DICKENS IN 1858,
FROM A DRAWING
BY C. BAUGNIET.

too, that the recognised portraits begin to contradict one another. Dickens now wore a beard, so generally described as "grizzly" by his contemporaries. His hair, once so luxuriant, is now thin and straggling. Almost the only features that recall the brilliant young man are the large eyes and the lines of humour round the mouth. Even these

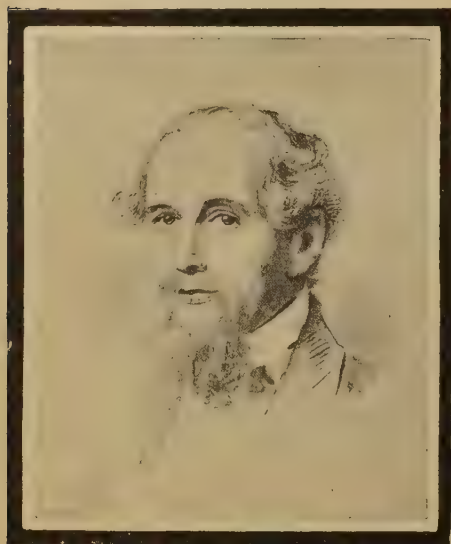
you do not find in all the portraits.

Look, for instance, at the photograph by Mayall, taken about 1850 (page 375). Could anything be more unlike the Dickens of Maclise? Note the forced attitude, the narrow, almost sinister, eyes, the indescribably "foreign" look of the whole portrait. Utterly different as it is in most particulars, we discern the same "foreign" appearance in the portrait by Ary Scheffer (1856). Is it possible that this picture represents the man painted by Maclise,



DICKENS AS PAINTED BY W. P. FRITH, R.A., IN 1859.

WHAT DICKENS WAS NOT LIKE IN 1861, THOUGH
 RUDOLF LEHMANN DREW THIS PICTURE.



and who later on in life sat for the photographs one knows so well? Surely there is some mistake—this is an Italian statesman or the President of some South American Republic! But no, it is a portrait of Dickens, and what is more, has been authenticated as “very like” by at least one intimate friend of his.

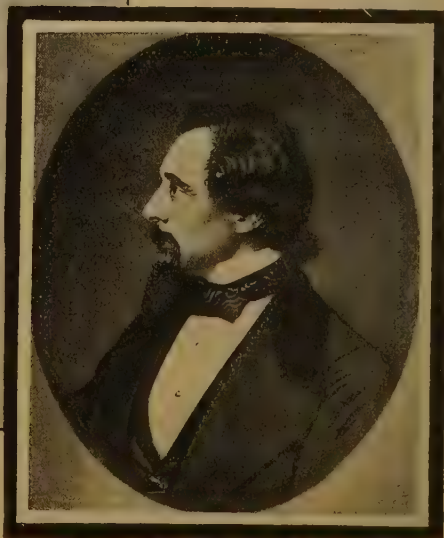
Compelled to accept the Ary Scheffer Dickens as a good portrait, we may be pardoned if we decline altogether to accept the drawing by C. Baugniet. This is not the Dickens we love, but a Dickens moulded in putty or wax—a dummy, an effigy, a hairdresser’s model! Note the lack-lustre eyes, and the bland, unmeaning expression. Now look at the pencil-portrait by Rudolf Lehmann done in 1861. On the print before us there is a pencil note by Dickens’ old friend, Mr. G. A. Sala, characterising this portrait as “dreadful.” It is not only dreadful, but provoking also, for the face depicted, unlike Dickens as it is, and expressionless, is nevertheless an

intellectual one. It is Dickens as he might have been if he hadn’t been what he was.

The photograph at the bottom of this page represents a different Dickens from any we have seen before. Though sombre and not very interesting, it gives us some of the typical Dickens features—the fine eyes and the eager expression. By the way, what a loss of picturesqueness there is in these portraits of Dickens of the middle period compared with those of the earlier Boz. One misses the loose

artistic neck-cloth and the rolling collar of the coat.

It is unfortunate, perhaps, that Dickens should have chosen in later years to disguise himself in a beard and moustache. But he was not always consistent in this, as is proved by the daguerreotype by Henri Claudet (1852). This is certainly the most interesting photographic likeness of Dickens extant, if we except one or two taken

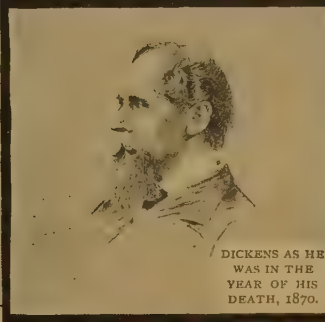


A REAL PHOTOGRAPH OF DICKENS, TAKEN IN 1861.

during the sixties. There is a "buckishness," if we may say so, in the attitude of this Dickens that suggests irresistibly the portraits of the Boz epoch. It is astoundingly unlike the Dickens of the other portraits of this period, and it is only when we come to examine the features one by one that we are able to satisfy ourselves that it is really Dickens.

It is not necessary to say much about the portraits of the last years of Dickens' life. Some of them are universally known, having been printed as frontispieces and on the covers of many editions of his works. The photograph

THIS, ACCORDING TO EDMUND YATES, IS AN EXCELLENT LIKENESS OF DICKENS TAKEN ABOUT 1868 IN AMERICA.



DICKENS AS HE WAS IN THE YEAR OF HIS DEATH, 1870.

taken in America in 1868 is as well known as any of these. Over the copy from which our illustration is made Mr. Edmund Yates has written: "An excellent likeness, in his last years." A description of him by Mr. George Dolby, who accompanied him as business manager in some of his reading tours, is worth quoting in this connection:—"His face, adorned with a wiry moustache and grizzly beard, struck me at once; deep-lined and bronzed, it was a philosopher's; the eyes, whose depths no man could fathom, were large and eloquent."

After all, we can scarcely wonder at the divergence expressed in the authentic portraits of Dickens when we



Mayall, Photo

DICKENS AS HE WAS WHEN HE WROTE "DAVID COPPERFIELD."



Stereoscopic Co., Photo

ONE OF THE LAST PHOTOGRAPHS OF DICKENS, TAKEN IN LONDON BY THE STEREOSCOPIC CO.

contemplate the extraordinary vicissitudes of his life. A delicately nurtured boy, his earliest experiences were those of the Marshalsea Prison for debt—where his unlucky father, the original of Mr. Micawber, passed so much of his time—and of the blacking manufacturer's. Later on he served an almost equally hard apprenticeship as clerk in an attorney's office and as a reporter to the Press. Then he bounds into popularity as the author of the "Sketches by Boz" and the "Pickwick Papers."

From this time on a splendid fame and a large measure of prosperity are assuredly his. If the later portraits represent a man who appears to have suffered much, we know that his life was on the whole a happy one. Friends he had in hosts, and the love of at least two nations, but his restless spirit wore out his body before its time.

Dickens wrote always at fever heat—no more so than when engaged on his beautiful Christmas stories.

As to the "Christmas Carol," it seems

to have affected him as much as it has affected any one of its millions of readers. "I can testify," says Forster, "to the accuracy of his own account of what befell him in its composition—with what a strange mastery it seized him for itself, how he wept over it, and laughed and wept again, and excited himself to an extraordinary degree, and how he walked, thinking of it, fifteen and twenty miles about the black streets of London, many and many a night after all sober folks had gone to bed."

Dickens' avowed object in writing these Christmas stories was to cheer the comfortless and to stir up the rich and happy to a sense of their responsibilities at the time of the great Christian festival. He succeeded in this, and his success was not only temporary. To this day these simple stories, written, as one may say, from his very heart, colour our whole conception of Christmas, and prompt us to a keen sympathy—let us hope a practical sympathy—with those less fortunate than ourselves.

THE CHRISTMAS TURKEY.

A RHYME FOR
THE
CHILDREN.



"It is really most unhandsome," I once heard a turkey say,
"That I'm killed just to be eaten, and that on Christmas day;

So prythee, cook, to spare my life, for really I'm not able
To join in all the fun and mirth when lying on the table."
But cook refused, and sharpened her knife, and loudly did declare,

"There'd be no Christmas fun at all if the turkey were not there."

The turkey gobbled down a sob, his breast swelled with a sigh,

"Then put me down, and roast me brown, a martyr I must die."

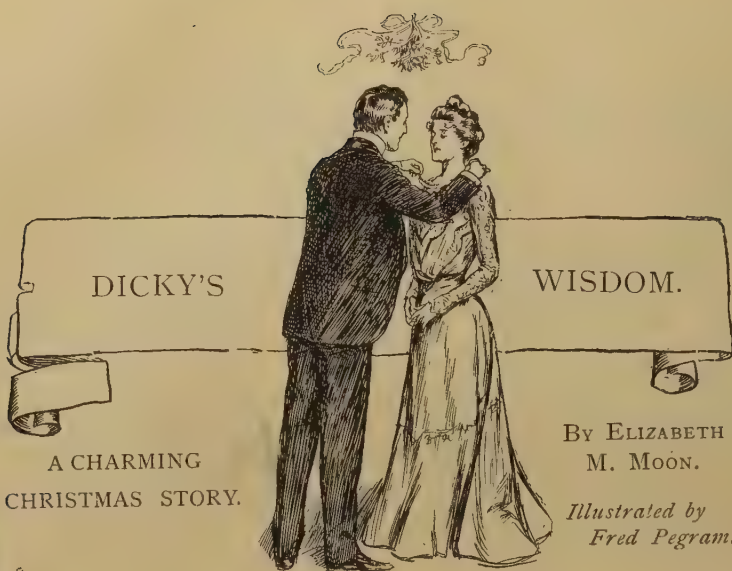
So when you dine at Christmas time, and
slice of turkey take,
Remember that he willing went to
death "for duty's sake."

J. E. WHITBY.



CARVING THE CHRISTMAS TURKEY.

[See page 376.]



BUT, Dicky, I do wish that you would go away for a little while," said Miss Fleming, patiently, turning to look at that young gentleman as he sat on the schoolroom table swinging his legs, and unable to keep his restless tongue silent a minute; "Penny is thinking of what you are saying instead of attending to her music."

"And so she ought," grumbled Dicky, "considering I only came home last night, and I have hardly had a word with her yet. I say it's a shame to keep the poor little beggar strumming away in the holidays. Let her off, Miss Fleming—do."

Cicely Fleming looked as though nothing would please her better if it rested with herself, but orders must be obeyed. She shook her pretty head resolutely.

"I can't, Dicky. Your grandmother wishes Penny to get on with her music; she is rather backward, you know. Come, Penny, dear, this bar over again."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Penny, resignedly.

"She's got no more ear for music than a broomstick," began Dicky, expostulating. Then he stopped and slipped off the table, as a little dignified lady entered, with white hair, and sharp black eyes that seemed to penetrate into every corner of the room.

At the sight of her grandmother Penelope began to play hurriedly, bringing down

her little fingers on the keys with a precision and force that made the notes vibrate.

"Good gracious, child! What a dreadful touch! Miss Fleming, why do you permit Penelope to pound in that manner? There—that will do. I want you to write some letters for me, Miss Fleming. Will you come to the morning-room, please?"

"Yes, Mrs. Warren."

The imperious little lady sailed out of the room again, but the young governess lingered to kiss Penny's flushed little face.

"You really did better, dear. I think we will conquer that bar next time."

"I hope so," said Penny, soberly. "I hate it, but I would practise ten hours a day to please you, darling."

"Pen is just like Uncle Mat," put in Dicky; "she's got no ear. Why, you know that affair at the Bensons'. When they played 'God Save the Queen,' everybody stood up except Uncle Mat; and when the fellows joked him he said, 'Was that the National Anthem?' 'Pon my soul, I'm getting worse; I don't know one tune from another!'"

Miss Fleming listened with a little smile on her lips, and a sudden accession of colour in her pretty cheeks.

"You mustn't tell such stories, Dicky," she said, laughing. "I think, if the truth were known, your uncle was napping. He is very fond of music."

"Of some music, perhaps," said Dicky, silyly. "He said last night——"

But what the master of Warren Court said Cicely never waited to hear. She went out of the room quickly, and Dicky broke off with a mischievous laugh.

"What did uncle say?" asked Penny, curiously.

"Miss Fleming can tell you better than I can; I only heard a bit. She had been playing, you know, after dinner, and he said something about listening to her all his life."

"Well, I could listen to her, too, for hours and hours," said Penny, stoutly, "and I like to look at her—she is so lovely."

"She's the prettiest girl in England," said Dicky, with the air of a connoisseur. "Granny may talk as she likes about the beauty of the old Warren females; Miss Fleming will take the shine out of them all."

"But Miss Fleming isn't a Warren."

"She will be," said Dicky, loftily, "before another year goes over, or I'm a Dutchman."

"How? Why?"

"Now, don't be so thick-headed, you little duffer. I thought women were so precious sharp! I spotted it at once. Can't you see that Uncle Mat is in love with her?"

Penny was speechless for a minute. Then she burst out excitedly—

"But Granny——"

"Well?"

"Granny won't let him. She wants him to marry Miss Colbourne."

"That stuck-up old thing? Pooh!"

"She isn't old, Dicky; she's younger than Miss Fleming—and so rich! Granny wants Uncle Mat to marry her, and she's always asking her here—and—and—I can't bear her."

Penny lost all her energy, and finished up quite sadly. Then she added, despondently, "But, Dicky, suppose Miss Fleming doesn't want to marry Uncle Mat?"

Dicky opened his eyes widely.

"That's about the silliest thing you have said yet. But give them a chance, you know. You're always hanging round her; and a fellow can't propose when you are hanging on her arm with your mouth and eyes wide open."

"I'm not!" said Penny, indignantly, with a toss of her wild fluff of hair.

"I'm going to the stables," said Dicky, going off with his hands in his pockets; "you can come if you like."

And Penny accepted the gracious invitation with alacrity.

The very next afternoon it came about that

"THE GOVERNESS KISSED PENNY'S FLUSHED LITTLE FACE, AND SAID, 'YOU REALLY DID BETTER, DEAR.'"

Penny had an opportunity of giving her uncle the chance that Dicky insisted that he was waiting for.

Dicky had stopped to get a stick out of the hedge, and Miss Fleming and Penny were walking on along the road, when a stalwart figure leaped out of a thicket and crossed over to them. Penny called out joyfully, "Uncle Mat!" and ran to meet him, and Cicely Fleming's pretty pale cheeks flushed a lovely crimson at the sight



of the big, bronzed man whose kind eyes were beginning to haunt her day and night.

"Mr. Warren, I thought you were going to Great Heath?"

"I changed my mind, Miss Fleming, and went shooting instead."

He did not tell her that he had been waiting for more than an hour for the chance of walking home with her; but perhaps she guessed it, for her frank eyes fell, and she stooped to caress the glossy head of his big black retriever.

"A fortunate change for me, eh, Pen?" He spoke to his niece, but his dark eyes sought Cicely's averted face.

Penny slipped her hand from her uncle's arm, and stopped to examine something in the grass. Then she ran back and joined Dicky, her face scarlet with importance.

"Look, Dicky!" she whispered excitedly. "Uncle Mat is with her. Oh! do you think he will ask her now?"

"How do I know?" said Dicky, grumpily. He had failed to get the stick he wanted, and the opposition had irritated him.

"I dare say he knows your eyes are glued on them."

Penny instantly looked in another direction.

They walked on for a few minutes in silence, the distance gradually widening between them and the pair in front. Then Dicky came to a full stop, and pointed.

"I say, Pen, look there!"

Pen looked, and saw a girl on a chestnut horse coming slowly up one of the cross-roads.

"Miss Colbourne, oh!"

Dicky started off at a run.

"Come along, they'll meet at the corner; I wouldn't miss seeing Miss Colbourne's sour face for a sov."

They overtook Cicely and their uncle just as Vere Colbourne reined up her horse beside them.

A queer shadow passed over the girl's delicately tinted face; but it was gone in an instant. She smiled, and her cold grey eyes looked right over Cicely's head at Warren.

"Mr. Warren," she said, in her high, clear voice, "I am my brother's ambassador. He would be glad if you would come over and dine at the Hall. The twist he gave his foot last week still prevents him moving about much."

"I am awfully sorry," began Warren.

"You are not going to disappoint

Gerald?" she broke in quickly. "I've just come from Warren Court. Your mother said you had gone to Great Heath—" she paused and regarded him suspiciously; "but she promised that you would come when you returned."

"Tell Gerald I will run over to-night, Miss Colbourne."

"Why not come with me now?"

"In shooting garb?" he said, laughingly. "And in these boots!"

"What does it matter," she said, earnestly. "We are alone this evening." She lowered her voice. "Poor Gerald is longing for you." Then, almost in a whisper, "Do come."

Warren shrugged his shoulders good-humouredly.

"Very well, mademoiselle." Then he turned to Cicely.

"Will you tell my mother that I have gone to the Hall, Miss Fleming?"

"Yes, Mr. Warren."

He hesitated for an instant, but Cicely did not raise her eyes. Miss Colbourne leaned down and tapped Dicky on the shoulder with her whip.

"When are you coming to see me, Dick?"

"When you start a kennel at the Hall," said Dicky, promptly, indignant at the contemptuous way in which she had ignored the presence of the governess.

"You uncomplimentary boy! you and Penelope must come over on Christmas Eve—don't forget."

"I won't go," said Penny, in a defiant whisper, as the chestnut horse and its rider moved down the road beside Warren.

"Did you see the look she gave Miss Fleming as she went off? You bet, Penny, she means mischief."

Penny looked startled. She ran after her governess and put her arm round her, as though that frail little barrier could ward off all danger.

The next day there was snow on the ground, and the children laboured indefatigably at the fashioning of a gigantic snow man. When the grey afternoon began to close in, Penny was called away to change her wet shoes, and Dicky soon grew tired of working without a companion, and followed her in.

He was going through the hall in the direction of the schoolroom, when his grandmother came out of the drawing-room and called him.

The old woman was stirred by some

inward excitement that showed itself in two crimson spots on her cheeks, and her haughty black eyes looked more imperious than ever as she put her little jewelled hand on the boy's shoulder.

"Dick," she said, in a low, incisive voice, "I am going to trust you. Miss Fleming is obliged to leave us suddenly; she wishes to go by the 5.20. I want you to drive her down in the little car.

"She *can't* go away until Uncle Mat comes in—he doesn't know she's going. Why is she going? It's a beastly shame!"

"Richard, I hope you do not intend to keep Miss Fleming waiting," said his grandmother, in a voice that effectually silenced him, "and kindly say nothing to Penny about this—the child is so excitable."

Dicky nodded, shut his mouth up



"VERE COLBOURNE REINED UP HER HORSE AND URGED MAT TO RETURN WITH HER."

James has taken the dogcart to meet your uncle at Merlewood."

Dicky's face was a study.

"Going away! Miss Fleming! What for?"

"We need not inquire into Miss Fleming's motives," Mrs. Warren said, stiffly. "She wishes to leave this evening."

"But she was out with us after lunch, and she said nothing about going away."

"Dick!"

Dicky looked up with an angry sparkle in his eyes.

tightly, and went off. When Miss Fleming came down the car was waiting, and Dicky was standing at Tomtit's head.

The girl's face was colourless, but she was quiet and dignified, and her sweet voice never faltered as she spoke to Mrs. Warren, who came out with her.

"You are sure you are well wrapped up?"

"Yes, thank you."

"Well, good-bye, my dear." The old woman's voice was not as calm as usual. She hesitated for an instant; then she said,

hurriedly, "You understand?—you do not blame me?"

"I understand—you are quite right," said the girl, dispassionately.

She put her hand up to her face as she went down the steps, and Dicky shook his fist covertly at some unseen foe as he came forward to help her in.

Just as he did so there was a shriek of delight behind them, and Penny came bursting out of the house, her hair streaming behind her, and bubbling over with satisfaction at having caught them.

"I'm going, too. Are you going to the station for the parcels?" She began to caper about. "I'm going. I'll get my coat—I won't be a minute."

"Penelope, come here!" said Mrs. Warren, sharply.

Cicely took the child in her arms, and hurriedly kissed her.

"Go, dear," she whispered. "I'm going away, Penny. Kiss me, dear, and go to your grandmother."

"Going away!" echoed Penny. All the colour went out of her fair little face. "You're not going away—not for ever? You'll come back to-morrow—to-morrow is Christmas Eve."

"I'm not coming back, my darling."

"Why? You shan't go, then," said Penny, passionately. "You don't love me, or you wouldn't go. Granny, tell her to stay!"

"Hush, dear, be brave. Don't vex me, darling. Go in out of the snow."

Cicely tried to release herself from the little clinging arms, but Penny held her with the grip of despair.

"You must stay, I want you—so does Uncle Mat."

"Dicky, take her," said the girl, faintly.

Dicky lifted his sister in his arms and carried her up the steps. Penny struggled and screamed.

"Oh, Dicky!" she moaned, "you're a bad, cruel boy, or you would never take her away."

"Penny!" said Dick, sternly.

Penny raised her miserable little face.

Dicky slowly closed one eye.

Penny stared. Her tears stopped falling. There was comfort in Dicky's wink. He would not have winked at such a time, unless he meant to do something; and she had implicit faith in her brother. She submitted to be left behind. Her grandmother put her arm round her little form, and Penny leaned her white cheek on her

shoulder, and watched the retreating car until it disappeared in a turn of the avenue.

It was bordering upon seven o'clock when Mathew Warren reached home; cold and stiff with his long drive in the blinding snow. He hurried over his dressing; but before he left his room he took another glance at the pearls that were to be his Christmas gift to Cicely. But it would be round the neck of his betrothed wife that he would clasp them. He smiled to himself, tenderly and proudly. He would speak to-night, and he knew what her answer would be. Those sweet, truthful eyes had told him all he wished to know.

He opened the drawing-room door with eager expectancy in his eyes; but his mother sat there alone. She looked up at him sharply as he entered. Then she took up her knitting, but her hands shook, and she let the work fall on her lap again.

"All alone, mother? Where are the chicks, and Miss Fleming? I promised Penny that she should dine with us to-night."

"Penelope is not herself to-night; she had better stay in the schoolroom."

"Not well, the poor little soul! What is the matter?"

"She has made herself ill with crying; she naturally felt the departure of her governess."

"Departure—governess!" said Mat, dazedly. "What do you mean, mother?"

Mrs. Warren looked at him steadily.

"Miss Fleming returned to London by the 5.20 this evening."

"Good heavens! Why? Was she sent for—someone ill?"

"No; she considered it judicious to leave this house at once, and I approved of her decision."

"Indeed!"

The man's voice was harsh and strained. His face was pale under its tan—pale with disappointed hopes.

"May I ask the meaning of all this?"

The old woman bent her black eyes upon him.

"I did not consider it wise that she should continue to be an inmate of this house—for her own sake, and yours, my son."

"You did not consider it wise! Then you have sent her away—because I love her?"

"You do not love her," said the old

woman, fiercely. "It is a passing fancy that I did well to nip in the bud. Are you crazy, Mathew? She would be no fit wife for you. An inexperienced girl, the daughter of a poor nobody of a curate! You know the wife I would choose for you—a woman whose position in the country is equal to your own—Vere Colbourne."

"I would not marry Miss Colbourne," said the man, hotly, "if she were the only

she has received here—if she will not *honour* me by becoming my wife—no other woman ever shall. What have you against her, mother? Is she not better, sweeter, more beautiful than any woman we have ever known?"

"Mathew——" Then she stopped and turned haughtily on the old butler who had entered.

"Well, Dennis, what is it?"



"'YOU SHAN'T GO, THEN,' SAID PENNY, PASSIONATELY. 'GRANNY, TELL HER TO STAY.'"

woman on God's earth! Put her out of your mind for ever—a false and designing woman who would traduce a friendless girl behind her back. I am not blind, mother; I know Vere Colbourne. This is what her visit this morning has brought about, I suppose. I might have guessed it; and you have sent my poor love adrift to-night."

"Mathew, you shall not——"

"If Cicely will not overlook the insult

The man looked at his master in a confused, yet eager way.

"You want to speak to me, Dennis?"

"Yes, please, sir." He lowered his voice. "Mr. Dicky, sir, he drove Miss Fleming down to catch the 5.20, sir, and he hasn't got back yet."

"Hasn't he? And it is past eight now. Perhaps he has, Dennis, and gone off somewhere." Warren spoke absently; then

he caught the expression of the old servant's face, and his own changed.

"What is it, Dennis?"

"There's been an accident to the 5.20. One of the men has brought the news up—she ran into a goods, Mr. Mathew!"

The old man put out a pitying hand, but Warren straightened himself again.

A low moan echoed through the room. Mrs. Warren had come up to them and heard every word. Her handsome face was

I could have loved her—I sent her—I sent her—— Dicky!"

"Hello, Granny!"

Dicky had burst into the room like a small polar bear—blinking in the bright light.

"Cicely—did she——"

"Oh, she's as safe as the bank at Old Toddy the keeper's. Did you think," he said, with a nervous laugh, "that I'd eloped with her?"

"God be praised you missed the train, Dicky."

"Why? Broke down, did it? By Jove! that was a close shave!" Dicky resumed all his old self-confident manner. "I rather meant to miss it, you know. So when Miss Fleming thought we were making for the station, we were trundling along towards Merlewood; but I took a wrong turn—the blessed snow was so blinding—and we got on the common somehow; and there we stuck until old Toddy found us. So I left Miss Fleming in his cottage, and came back on Tomtit to tell you. You won't let her go?"

"No, my boy; we will never let her go. Dennis, tell them to get the brougham out at once, and put some warm wraps in it."

Then he turned to his mother.

"Mother," he said, pleadingly.

She held out her hands to him. Her little form was erect again; but her old face was broken up into tender, tremulous smiles.

"I am going with you, my boy. I must bring my daughter home."

"I knew you were going to do something," said Penny afterwards, looking up at her brother with adoring eyes. "Oh! isn't this going to be a lovely Christmas?"

"I nearly made a mess of it," said Dicky, thoughtfully; "but it's all right now."



"'YOU HAVE SENT HER AWAY BECAUSE I LOVE HER,' SAID MAT."

grey and set—her black eyes glazed with horror.

Warren put his arm round her with indescribable gentleness.

"Come, mother, please God she has escaped." His deep voice faltered and broke down. "I'm going to find her, mother."

The old woman clung to him, and looked at him with eyes that did not appear to see.

"My pride," she murmured, "my pride—



HYDE PARK CORNER AS IT APPEARED AT CHRISTMAS 1909.

A STORY OF THE FROSTY CHRISTMAS OF 1909.

By JACK FROST.

"OH! for a good old-fashioned Christmas, with its biting frost, its merry skating parties, and its old-time jollification!"

The wish had become so common as to

amount almost to a proverb. We had all grown weary of the mild, misty Yuletides, with sloppy streets and steamy windows, to which London had so long been accustomed.

The manufacture of skates had practically died out, and the youngsters were in danger of forgetting how to make snowballs. The clothing emporiums had given up their autumn clearance sales in despair, for the warm weather was frequently so



THE THAMES (AT THE TOWER BRIDGE) BECAME A HUGE SKATING RINK.

prolonged that winter clothing was not in demand until the following spring was far advanced, when a sharp snap of frost generally came just in time to make the blossoms fall off the fruit trees.

As to strawberries ripening in November and roses blooming in December, the thing had grown so common that the papers ceased to print paragraphs about it. But the climax came about five years ago, when a heat wave visited the country just as the year was dying, and three cases of sun-stroke occurred in the City on Christmas Eve.

It was felt that something must be done. "The country is going to the dogs, sir!" exclaimed General Nockemorf, in the smoke-room of the Carlton; and though a junior member suggested that it was going to the dog-days instead, the sympathy of the members present was evidently with the General.

But it was not at all easy to see how

It was evident that legislation could do nothing. A few good people then suggested the appointment of a day of national humiliation and prayer; but as it was not at all apparent that mild winters were any indication of the wrath of heaven, this proposal came to nothing.

The cranks had their turn next. One of them proposed an expedition of the entire British fleet to the Arctic Ocean in pursuit of icebergs. These, when captured, were to be towed into British waters and anchored at suitable distances along the coast. By this means the temperature of the country would soon be materially reduced.

Another ingenious gentleman suggested that all the churches and chapels in the land should be converted into public refrigerators for the benefit of the neighbours. Huge electric fans were to be erected in the walls of the converted places of worship, and as the air was cooled to freezing



THE RESULT OF THE BLIZZARD ON PARLIAMENT SQUARE.

matters could be mended. The weather could not very well be regulated by Act of Parliament, and public indignation failed entirely to reduce the height of the thermometer,

point by the refrigerating machinery within, it was to be disseminated freely over the vicinity.

A still more startling scheme proposed that each district council should start a

factory for producing liquid air which could afterwards be sprinkled over the roads by specially constructed watering-carts. By this means the ground would be immediately frozen as hard as iron, and all the effects of a sharp frost produced.

These are but samples of the weird and

fact that eminent scientists were agreed that sooner or later Great Britain would once more be visited by seasonable winters was a source of unbounded satisfaction.

The furriers and the skate-makers went to work with new hope, and the vendors of iced snapdragon and frozen Christmas



THE NATIONAL GALLERY BECAME A SLEIGHING CENTRE.

fearsome schemes proposed. Fortunately none of them were put to the test, as the general opinion was expressed that their inventors were suffering from a mild type of insanity or heat apoplexy produced by the hot weather.

The Meteorological Office was tried, but beyond expressing their usual opinion that there was nothing exceptional about the weather the officials contributed little to the solution of the problem.

The sages of the Royal Society next took the matter in hand, and though they proposed nothing practical, they soon earned the gratitude of a perspiring but trustful public by predicting a return of the good old-fashioned type of Christmas.

Whether the welcome change was to result from the precession of the equinoxes, or whether a shifting in the direction of the earth's axis was to cause an extension of the arctic ice-belt and so bring about a return of the glacial epoch, did not greatly interest the majority of people. But the

pudding—articles which had been in large demand for Yuletide gatherings in recent years—were filled with alarm.

Nobody imagined, however, that these predictions would be fulfilled so speedily as proved to be the case.

It was on Christmas Eve 1909 that I woke up to discover that the good old times had returned, so far as seasonable weather was concerned.

The previous day had been a strange one. The sun shone brightly, and walking was warm work, yet the air had a curious nip, and the bank of cloud that rose up from the northern horizon just before sunset had an unusually heavy appearance.

"If I didn't know better, I should say there was snow about, by the look of it, though it's too bloomin' 'ot for that," remarked the bus driver, as I rode home from the City; but his words only called up a sceptical smile.

Later in the evening it became decidedly chilly, and the wind veered round

to the north. At intervals came little gusts accompanied by a mournful sighing sound, and as the night closed in we had an extraordinary display of the aurora borealis.

The northern sky glowed with crimson and purple, and low down on the horizon great shafts of orange shimmered across a background of pale green. Then it grew bitterly cold, and as few people were in winter clothing the streets were soon deserted.

People who kept good hours were just retiring to bed when the first snowflakes fell, but no one imagined what the night was to bring forth.

When I awoke in response to the

I went to step in, and then a curious thing happened. My feet slipped on something hard, and I measured my length across the bath. The water had frozen solid during the night!

It was the work of a moment to pull up the blinds and look out. Then a strange scene presented itself.

Usually the Piccadilly cabmen's shelter occupies the immediate foreground, backed by the full stretch of the Green Park and St. James' Park, with the Westminster towers standing out against a background of somewhat murky sky.

Now all was altered. The view was obscured by the snow on the window-



REMARKABLE SCENE OUTSIDE SMITHFIELD MEAT MARKET—THE BUTCHERS' WAGGONS HAD TO BE PUT ON ICE-RUNNERS.

call of the alarm, I thought the thing had aroused me too soon. There was nothing remarkable about this, for it always takes a good deal to convince me that it is time to get up, but to-day there was some excuse for it. The room was unusually dark even for a December morning. Besides, it really felt bitterly cold.

A few moments' hesitation, and then a sudden leap out of bed and a rush for the matutinal tub. I had filled it overnight, for, as I have already indirectly hinted, my morning toilet has often to be performed against time.

slill, which had drifted some two feet deep against the glass. Brushing this away, I found that the landscape had entirely changed.

There was no Piccadilly, and nothing but a slight elevation in the snow told where the cabmen usually imbibed the strange decoction that they were pleased to call coffee. The park railings had gone, and so had the parks! Nothing was to be seen but a great stretch of gleaming snow through which the laden trees thrust their bending boughs.

In the distance the towers stood faintly



A PROBLEM SOLVED—HOW THE SNOW STOPPED THE TRAFFIC AT THE BANK CORNER.

out through the snow which was still falling thinly by fits and starts. To the left the houses in Arlington Street looked strangely foreshortened by the loss of their buried ground-floors.

At intervals a dull crash told how some massive bough had given way beneath its burden, and again a muffled rushing sound followed by a heavy thud marked

the progress of a miniature avalanche from a roof hard by.

It was evident that a Christmas of the good old-fashioned sort had come at last!

There was not much doing out of doors on that Christmas Eve. The snow lay so deep in the streets that traffic was simply impossible for several hours, while indoors the frozen condition of pipes and cisterns,



ONE OF THE EXTRAORDINARY SCENES ON THE THAMES—REAPING AN ICE HARVEST!

and the non-arrival of the morning milk, reduced to chaos the usual domestic operations, and caused the prudent housekeeper to wonder whether the good old times were so desirable after all.

But London soon rises to the occasion in an emergency, and after a while the work of clearing the streets and releasing the prisoners from their houses began in good earnest. The great hordes of the unemployed tied boards and box lids to their boots and scrambled about the snowdrifts, knocking at first-floor windows, and offering to dig out the front doors for a more or less exorbitant figure.

embedding the steam roller in a deep drift, where it had to remain till the thaw set in.

Before night, however, all the main streets had been sufficiently cleared, by piling the snow in vast heaps on either side, to allow vehicles to pass in single file. The sideways were thronged with people, many of them in curiously extemporised winter dress, and it became evident that the shopkeepers would suffer less than had at first been feared.

The frost lasted fully a week, and for the first time in many years the Thames was frozen over. As far down as Blackwall, the river was available for skating, and an

ox was actually roasted—or perhaps I should rather say scorched—on the ice.

Cycling on the river afforded a novel amusement, and, though side slips were frequent, the ice made a capital track.

Business being practically at a standstill for the time, the whole population gave themselves up to the novelty of the situation. On Primrose Hill and at Hampstead Heath tobogganing was in full swing, and even the little street arabs ex-

temporised toboggans and sleighs out of old orange boxes and the like.

In Rotten Row and the Mall fashionable equipages glided on runners over the hardened surface of the snow.

Altogether the Christmas of 1909 was one not soon to be forgotten; but when the thaw came—well, language fails to do justice to the situation. One thing at least may be said—it was many a day before one heard any more wishes expressed for a good old-fashioned Christmas. Still, it was good fun while it lasted.

The photographs with which this story is illustrated are by R. Thiele and Co.



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL PRESENTED A NOVEL APPEARANCE.

More systematic clearing soon commenced, and it fortunately happened that several snow-ploughs from America chanced to be on exhibition in the City at the time. These were promptly requisitioned by the authorities, and did good service. It was a decidedly novel sight to see these powerful engines driving their ram-like fronts through the deep snowdrifts that filled Regent Street and other important thoroughfares.

In Piccadilly an attempt was made with a steam roller to crush down the soft snow sufficiently to form a roadway, but the plan proved utterly futile, and ended by



THE FIFTH MILE-POST

AN INDIAN
GHOST STORY.

By C. E. JEFFERY.

Illustrated by Ernest Prater.

ONE evening, after a hard day's work, Staples, the young District Superintendent of Police of Chota Jahannampur, was sitting before the door of his tent, enjoying his pipe and the cool air blowing across the water; for his Penang lounging chair had been placed on the bank of the *khal* or creek.

His lengthy limbs were outstretched, his peg glass stood at his elbow, and his grimy fox terrier, Cinders (so called because she used to spend most of her time in the stoke-hole of the steam launch), was sitting beside him intently regarding the culinary operations of some boatmen who were cutting up fish and rolling curry *masala* for their evening meal.

The sun was setting in unspeakable glory behind a low bank of violet-tinted clouds, and for a moment the great orb seemed poised on the horizon, ere it descended into the bosom of the mighty Ganges, which was just visible beyond a low desert of sandy *char*.

A long flight of flamingoes or other water birds traced a dark zig-zag line against his flaming disc as they winged their flight to still wilder haunts, and the distant palms, like needle points, stood out in black relief against the sunset glow on

the other side of the river, while nearer at hand a herd of huge black buffaloes were wending their way homewards across the shining sands, driven by a speck of a boy.

There was the familiar and pungent scent of burning cow-dung in the air, and distant voices sounded near. The peace of evening had fallen over everything, and Staples was glad to be still and enjoy it.

Presently a rather dirty-looking native, with a blue *pugri* and brass badge, approached and presented a note to the District Superintendent with a low *salaam*. Staples took it and read it.



"A NATIVE APPROACHED AND PRESENTED A NOTE TO THE DISTRICT SUPERINTENDENT WITH A LOW SALAAM."

"Hajigunge Factory,

"Tuesday.

"DEAR STAPLES,—If you have a grain of Christian charity in your composition, dine with me this evening. I can put you up for the night. I have not seen a white face since I left Calcutta a month ago, and I have almost forgotten my mother tongue. This accursed place is the abomination of desolation, but I am doing what I can to save something from the wreck. Since that fool E—— set himself to ruin the indigo trade everything has gone to the dogs, and we are beggared.

"Yours sincerely,

"ANTHONY REILLY."

Staples gave the man a verbal message to the effect that he would be at the factory by eight (the usual Indian dinner hour), and then called his bearer, whom he instructed to order round the cart at seven sharp, for Hajigunge was a good four miles off, and he did not know what the road might be like.

Punctually to the time the bamboo cart came round with a game little country-bred pony named Skittles between the shafts, and the District Superintendent mounted and drove off, the *sais* hanging on precariously at the back, apparently by one toe.

It was a glorious night. The moon was full, and the whole country, flat as a pancake for hundreds of miles, lay bathed in her ghostly radiance. You could have seen to pick up a pin, or to read the smallest print; and the heavy dew glistened like hoar frost on the short turf, for it was December and the cold weather had set in.

The road was utterly lonely and deserted, and not a single human being did they meet, though they could hear the distant sound of tom-toming in the villages, and see faint lights gleaming amongst the trees.

The night wind rustled mournfully amongst the dead branches of the palms, and far away across the waste sounded the melancholy cry of the jackals, rising and falling on the still air; otherwise all was silent as the grave.

They were nearing the fifth mile post from Sultangunge, when suddenly a figure appeared on the *bund* ahead—so suddenly, indeed, that it seemed to have sprung out of the ground, for Staples, who had his eyes fixed on the road in front of him, had noticed nothing the moment before. It was the figure of a female, and her white

garments seemed to concentrate the light of the moon, as white objects do. Ninetenths of the Bengalis, male or female, wear white, so there was nothing peculiar in that; but what did strike Staples as singular was that a woman should be there alone at that hour, and in such a deserted spot, for native women are timid and gregarious.

Now, Bengalis have a particularly annoying habit of never turning out of the way of vehicles. You may shout, swear, and all but drive over them, and they will not take the least notice. I myself have often seen them walk slap into a carriage driven rapidly through the streets of Calcutta, just as if they were bent on committing suicide; and in the crowded thoroughfares of the native bazaars the *sais* has always to jump down and clear a passage.

The female in question appeared in no way different from her species. As she drew near Staples shouted at her, but with no effect.

Then the *sais* turned his head, and shouted too, using some of those vigorous epithets in which the vernacular of India is so rich. But still the woman came on, as if she had had the whole *bund* to herself, swerving neither to the right nor the left, just like a blind person.

She was close upon them, when something in her appearance caused the District Superintendent to rise in his seat, and utter a sudden exclamation. But it was too late. The woman went down under the horse's hoofs.

"My God, she's killed!" cried Staples, dragging back the frightened animal with all the power of his sinewy arms, while the *sais* sprang down and rushed round to the horse's head.

But Skittles did not wait for him. He reared straight on end, and then dashed madly down the *bund* into the paddy field, dragging the bamboo cart behind him.

Staples had thrown himself out, and now the Police Sahib and the *sais* stood and stared at one another blankly. Instead of the bleeding body of the woman they had expected to find, there was—nothing. Not a vestige of anything or anybody. It was as if the earth had opened and swallowed her up.

The long straight *bund*, with its dewy turf, lay glistening in the moonlight, looking like frosted silver; the paddy fields were deserted; not a trace of a human being was to be seen far or near.

"What on earth was the thing?" exclaimed Staples, speaking English in his bewilderment, and staring all around him. "And where can it have vanished to?"

"Sahib," replied the *sais*, who was shaking all over, and whose black face was blanched to an unearthly grey, "it was not a Bengali woman; it was a mem sahib. I saw her."

"'Mem sahib' or no 'mem sahib,'

thereabouts, in a coat of Berhampore silk, who would have looked all the better for the ministrations of the village barber. Still, he had the air of a gentleman.

The two men went into the house together, and dinner was served shortly after in a room giving on to the veranda.

Staples was rather silent during the meal; but Reilly, who was full of satisfaction at having someone to talk to, did not appear to

notice the young official's abstraction. When dinner was over the two men adjourned to the veranda overlooking the gardens. There were plenty of bamboo chairs of all sorts and sizes, and the Urya bearer, an imposing-looking gentleman, in a stupendous *pugri* and vermilion caste mark, brought out a box of cheroots and the inevitable *brandi pani*, which is the staff



"THE HORSE REARED STRAIGHT ON END AND DASHED MADLY INTO THE PADDY FIELD."

where the dickens is she gone?" said Staples.

"*Khudda janta!*" (God knows) answered the *sais*, shrugging his shoulders, and glancing round with a shudder.

However, there was nothing to be gained by staying there, and Skittles having been recaptured, they mounted the considerably damaged cart once more, and drove on to their destination without further accident. Another mile brought them within sight of Hajigunge factory.

Reilly came out to meet his guest, and gave him a hearty welcome. He was a tall, gaunt, loose-limbed man of forty or

of life to thirsty Anglo-Indians.

The night air was fragrant with the scent of the jasmine and roses, and more especially with the heavy perfume of the flowers on a big chumpa tree close at hand. At a little distance was a thick hedge of the "moonlight cactus," a species with waxy white flowers which blooms only at night, and which looked quite ghostly in the moonbeams. At dawn the blossoms shrivel up and die, and by sunrise nothing is left of them.

All was marvellously still. Sometimes a flying fox lumbered by on heavy flapping wings, or an owl hooted in the adjacent

thicket, where the fireflies were holding high carnival; but for the most part nothing was to be heard but the ceaseless whirl of myriads of grass insects.

Up to this time Staples had said nothing about his adventure on the *bund*; but as he and his host sat there in the semi-darkness, he cleared his throat, and commenced his story, though not without hesitation, for he had an idea that Reilly would ridicule the whole thing.

However, Reilly did nothing of the sort. He sat and listened attentively, puffing away at his cigar, and throwing in an occasional interjection or question.

Staples related what had occurred clearly and graphically, and when he had finished his story, he said, "I daresay you will laugh at me for an ass, but the whole thing has made me feel jolly queer. For the life of me I can't account for how she disappeared. If she had been a ghost she could not have vanished more completely. There was not cover enough to have hidden a mongoose, nor anything that she could possibly have got behind, barring that D. P. W. mile post, and that would not have sheltered her long."

Still Reilly was silent as he watched the smoke from his cheroot curl upwards. "It is odd, certainly," he said; at last. Then, after a moment's pause, "You don't happen to believe in ghosts, I suppose?"

"By Jingo, no; not at the end of the nineteenth century," exclaimed Staples.

"Well, I don't know why we should not believe in them as much at the end of the nineteenth century as at the beginning," said Reilly, slowly. "Besides, ghosts are coming into fashion again since Stead took to poking them up."

"You don't believe in them, I imagine?"

"I don't know," replied Reilly, slowly and thoughtfully. "The longer I live the more inclined I am to believe that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy. Something strange happened to me not long ago."

"What was it?" asked Staples, eagerly.

"Well," said Reilly, knocking off the ashes of his cheroot against the arm of his Penang chair, "it was in this way: One night I had to send a messenger down to Sultangunge dispensary, sharp, to get a bottle of cholera mixture for one of the coolies who was taken ill. The man was pretty bad, and the messenger had orders to put his best leg foremost. Well, he started off, but he had not been gone half

an hour when he came flying back as if Old Nick himself was behind him. I never saw a man so convulsed with terror; his eyes seemed starting from his head, and he fell at my feet in a sort of fit, foaming at the mouth. He was speechless; and, as nothing we could do could get him round, I finally sent for a *duli* and had him trotted off to the dispensary. Next day by chance Woodward, the Civil Surgeon, turned up on inspection duty, and I told him all about it. He saw the man Buddu, and examined him carefully; and finally gave it as his opinion that the whole thing was a fraud. The man was shamming, he thought; anyhow, he could not find out anything wrong with him. But in three days Buddu died.

"Just before he went under he opened his eyes full on my face with the first gleam of intelligence he had shown since the fatal night, and said, in a sort of hoarse whisper, 'I saw the mem sabib.' Then he gave up the ghost, and I—well, I have to support his widow."

"Strange indeed! But have you no clue to the mystery?" asked Staples, with much interest. "What do the natives say?"

Reilly shrugged his shoulders. "What's the use of listening to bazaar *gup*?" he said. "However, there is not a servant in this house who would go along that *bund* at night for all you could offer him. If I have occasion to send to Sultangunge they always make a wide detour. It is rather inconvenient, sometimes, and I have tried physical persuasion more than once; but it's of no use. They swear the *bund* is haunted, and that they prefer a thrashing to the chance of encountering the *bhut*."

"But whose is the ghost supposed to be?" demanded Staples. "The woman I saw to-night was no native. I saw her face for an instant. I shall not forget it in a hurry," and the District Superintendent shuddered.

"We had better turn the subject," said his host, cheerfully. "It does not do to talk of ghosts by moonlight, and in a haunted-looking old barracks like this. Let's go inside to the lamplight; we may as well sit there as here. By the way, did you ever meet Trefusis?"

"Do you mean Trefusis of the Civil Service?" asked Staples.

"Yes, F. W. Trefusis. He's at home on furlough now."

"I know he is," answered the District

Superintendent. "He found it convenient to take leave when his wife died. There were awfully queer things said. No, I don't know him, and don't want to. He is a bad lot from all I've heard, and I sincerely hope my luck will never send me to a district of which he is collector. I knew a fellow who was with him once, and he said the way he treated Mrs. Trefusis was the scandal of the station; used to have all sorts of shady characters in the house with her; and half her time she could not wear a low-necked dress at dances, because of her delicate chest, *she* said, but people knew better. The men could hardly keep their hands off him."

Reilly nodded. "It's all true, and worse, too," he said, thoughtfully, and looking at the red tip of his cigar. "I knew her well. She was a gentle, quiet little woman, with soft, clinging ways, and big grey eyes. Not pretty, you know, but with something very taking about her. He was tired of her, so he deliberately set to work to kill her with ill-usage. She died in this house."

"Died in this house!" repeated Staples. "What brought her here?"

"Well, you see—take another peg," and Reilly passed the bottle of Exshaw No. 1, with a hand that was hardly as steady as usual—"Trefusis was at that time acting as collector of Chota Jahannampur for Chichele, who was at home on sick leave; and he was out here in camp, or at least he was at Sultangunge."

"Mrs. Trefusis was in very ill-health (she was always delicate), and had entreated to be allowed to stay behind in the *sudder* (this is the ayah's story), but Trefusis would not hear of it—sick as she was, he dragged her out into these swamps."

"She grew worse, and finally was brought here in a *palki*, for the weather was hot and muggy, and the tents were insufferable. This house was empty then; merely in charge of a *chaukidar*, and—well, here she died."

Reilly paused for a moment, and his

voice was husky with emotion. Staples said nothing. At last Reilly continued—

"The news of her death was kept quiet. I suppose the dispensary baboo gave a certificate of some sort. A *mistri* from the bazaar knocked together a few brandy-boxes, and made a coffin. The tent *kalasis* dug a hole in the *bund*, and she was buried—just beyond the fifth mile post, you know."

"And were there no inquiries made?" asked Staples. "Was there no investigation into the cause of her death?"

"Inquiries? No. Who was there to inquire?" answered Reilly, in a dreamy tone. "She died of



"STAPLES RELATED TO REILLY WHAT HAD OCCURRED. 'I CAN'T ACCOUNT FOR HOW SHE DISAPPEARED,' HE SAID."

fever—so Trefusis said; and the Civil Surgeon of Chota Jahannampur was a native. You know how likely a Bengali baboo is to interrogate the Collector Sahib. Mrs. Trefusis had been dead a week before the news reached the *sudder*."

"And the ayah: had she nothing to say?"

"Plenty, no doubt; but who listens to an ayah's *bak-bak*? Besides, she returned to her home and relations somewhere beyond—the desert of Sind, I expect, and it is said she took a good deal of jewellery with her. But now don't you think we had better be going to roost? It is the witching hour of midnight, when churchyards yawn and graves give up their dead. Hi, bearer! *butti la 'o*."

A COSTLY HOBBY

A VISIT TO A UNIQUE MUSEUM.

By HERBERT HOWARD.

SEVEN hundred and fifty pounds for an old army bugle! The thing seems simply incredible.

This was the price paid the other day, however, for an old battered bugle at a sale by auction. But it was a bugle whose note will never fail to call forth a responsive chord in the heart of every true Briton, and indeed of every lover of high resolve and daring deed.

It is not much to look at, this old bugle. Made of copper and bound with brass, it was but a plain affair at first, but now it is dull with age and battered with hard wear. Yet its history is glorious, for this is the identical bugle that sounded the famous Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, when—

All in the valley of death
Rode the Six Hundred.

The bugle was formerly the property of Trumpet-Major Harry Joy, of the 17th Lancers, who died at Chiswick, in his seventy-fifth year, August 17th, 1893.

When the Russian War broke out he was trumpet-major of his regiment, went out to the Crimea with it, was present in every action where cavalry was employed, and was trumpeter to the staff of General the Earl of Lucan, in command of the Cavalry Brigade at Balaclava.

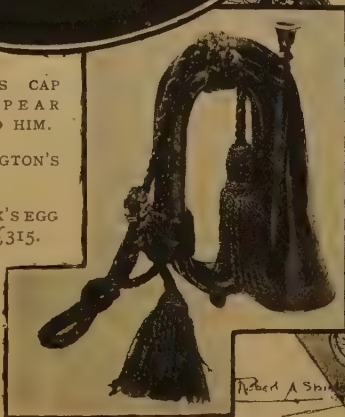
With this identical bugle he gave the order for the celebrated Light Brigade charge, and he himself was close

1. GORDON'S CAP
AND THE SPEAR
WHICH KILLED HIM.

2. WELLINGTON'S
DEATH MASK.

3. GREAT AUK'S EGG
WHICH COST £315.

4. THE
BUGLE
WHICH
SOUNDED
THE CHARGE
AT
BALACLAVA.
COST, £750.



behind Major Nolan when that officer was killed at the commencement of the attack.

A few months ago this historic bugle came into the market, and after some spirited bidding was knocked down for £750 to Mr. T. G. Middlebrook, the proprietor of one of the most notable private museums in the country.

Mr. Middlebrook is the landlord of the Edinburgh Castle Hotel, Mornington Road, London, N.W., and it is his ambition to present to his customers and neighbours a free museum, picture gallery, and library. The museum is a *fait accompli*, the pictures are collected but the gallery remains to be built, and the library looms large in the uncertain future.

This is the hobby of mine host, and a pretty costly one it must prove. For the Balaclava bugle is not the only item in his collection for which Mr. Middlebrook has paid a stiff price.

Not long ago he gave 300 guineas for an egg! It is a fine specimen of the egg of the great auk, and when it realised £315 at auction it achieved the proud position of being the costliest egg in the world.

There it lies under a glass case in the bar of the Edinburgh Castle, the chief object of interest to callers. But it is not alone! Three other specimens keep it company, and, although they did not cost their owner quite such a high price, he has actually refused an offer of a thousand guineas for the trio! His great ambition is to possess ten of these eggs, and a more expensive hobby than the collection of great auk's eggs can hardly be imagined.

These are but the chief items in the vast collection of costly curios that have found a resting-place in this unique hostelry. From the bar we pass into a large and lofty room filled with a bewildering profusion of rare and curious things. So great is the profusion that it has become confusion, and a hall five times as large is needed to properly display the collection.

From the ceiling, amid a host of other articles, hangs an object of historic interest to two great nations. It is an old American flag, riddled with shot, stained with blood, and tattered with age, and is nothing less than the veritable ensign of the United States frigate *Chesapeake*, which was hauled down in the heat of the engagement between that ship and the British frigate *Shannon*, in Massachusetts Bay, June 1st, 1813, by an English midshipman named Grundy.

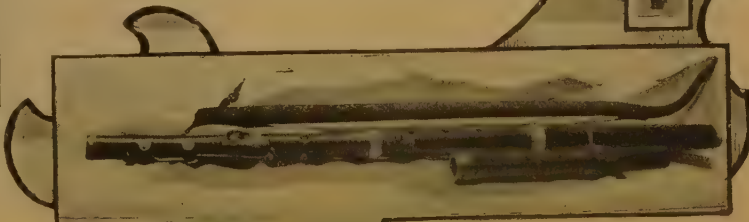
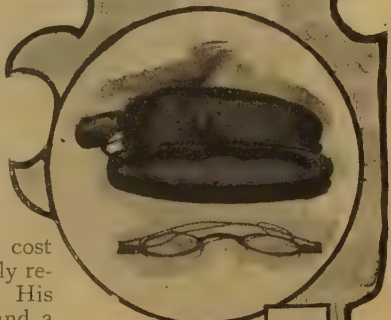
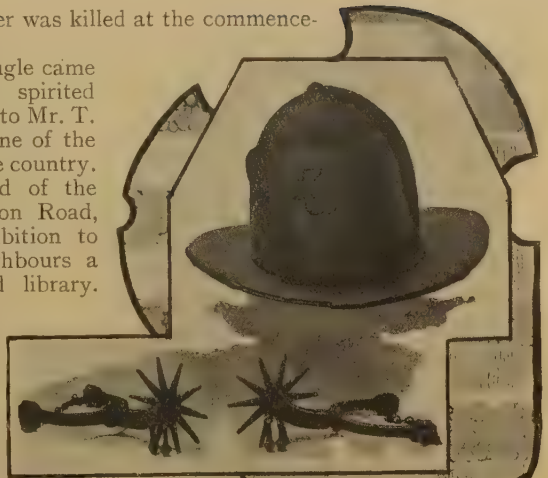
1. CROMWELL'S
HELMET AND SPURS.

2. DR. JOHNSON'S
SPECTACLES AND
CASE.

3. THE FIRST
BRITISH BAYONET.

4. DICKENS'
"FAGIN'S" JEMMY.

5. HAYDN'S OWN
FLUTE.



Robert A. Field 99

When it recently came into the market it attracted the attention of the British Admiralty and the United States Bureau of Navigation, but mine host of the

other bears a kind of cross. Both were formerly in use in a court of law in the Celestial Kingdom.

Another interesting curio, from far Cathay, consists of a curiously carved funeral tablet, said to be about 1,000 years old. The inscription records the fact that it was erected by order of a certain emperor in honour of "the only virtuous woman in the realm"—a statement which is scarcely complimentary to the ladies of that day.

Close at hand is a long spear whose history is of the saddest. It is one of the

very weapons that pierced the body of General Gordon when he fell with his face to the foe on the steps of the palace at Khartoum, not many days after writing in his diary the declaration which all men recognise as true, "I have done my best for the honour of my country."

Beside this sad relic of the end of one of England's greatest heroes lies the cap of black silk with crimson button which Gordon wore during his administration in China.

There is plenty of English history to be learnt by a visit to this museum. Here in one corner is the death mask of the

1. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S POCKET-PISTOL.

2. THE CHINESE SIGN OF JUSTICE AND THE HAND OF CONFUCIUS.

Edinburgh Castle got it after all, and there it hangs, somewhat to the chagrin of his numerous American visitors.

Beside the door stands a weird bronze head of horrid form and gruesome associations. It formerly stood at the entrance to the King of Benin's palace, and was regularly drenched with the blood of the human sacrifices which bulked so largely in the regime of that sanguinary monarch.

Close beside the head stands an ingeniously stuffed monkey posing as a cobbler. This is of interest as being "the father of the collection." It formerly stood in the bar, and the attraction it proved first suggested to Mr. Middlebrook the idea of forming a museum.

Two tall sceptres next call for examination. Each is studded with rubies, sapphires, and emeralds as large as the marbles which possessed such value in our youthful days. One of the sceptres represents the hand of Confucius, with the long nails so much admired by the Chinese, and the

Duke of Wellington. It bears abundant marks of old age, but the likeness is well preserved. Its most striking



3. FLAG OF THE FAMOUS SHIP "CHESAPEAKE."



4. BRONZE HEAD FROM THE KING OF BENIN'S PALACE.



5. TOURNIQUET USED IN AMPUTATING NELSON'S ARM.

characteristic, however, is its air of peaceful benevolence and kindly good humour.

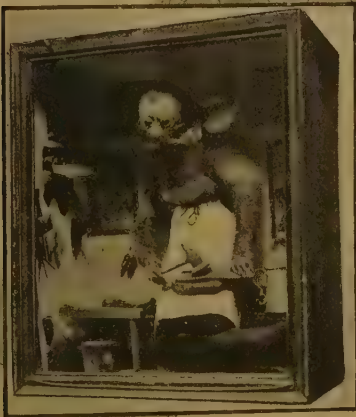
Oliver Cromwell was a man in many ways a contrast to the Iron Duke, and his stirring career comes up before the memory as we handle his spurs and helmet. The latter is said to have been worn by him when he dissolved the Parliament and ordered his men to "take away that bauble!"

In a table show-case we find a very clumsy old-fashioned pair of spectacles in a wooden case once covered with shagreen. These are the glasses which Dr. Johnson used in his literary work, and we can well imagine that a man looking through such appliances would sometimes be tempted to take a gloomy view of things.

George Cruikshank's pocket-pistol is now handed to us for inspection. Let no one imagine that this pocket-pistol was one of the kind that contain strong waters. Not at all, my dear sir; it is simply a small pistol of the ordinary flint-lock type.

Near by it in the case is a specimen of the first bayonet served out to our troops. It is a curious triangular affair, and does not look very deadly, though no doubt it did good execution in its day.

The tourniquet



Robert Ashburton

"THE FATHER OF THE COLLECTION."

THREE GREAT
AUK'S EGGS
WORTH
£1100.



used in the amputation of Nelson's arm brings us once more into mental touch with the Navy, and leads the way to an exhibit connected with a more recent tragedy.

In a large glass jar we have a specimen of a genuine sea-serpent. It is not of the type that grows to be a hundred, or a thousand, or a million feet long — one statement is about as true as another — but is a specimen of the striped sea-snake, captured in Madras Roads, where its bite unfortunately caused the death of Midshipman Hyman, of

A
GENUINE
SEA-SERPENT.

Her Majesty's ship *Wolf*.

Literature is represented by many relics of poets and writers. Amongst them we notice a curious reminder of Dickens in the shape of an old jemmy, found in the kitchen of the notorious "Fagin" who took such a fatherly interest in Oliver Twist.

This thieves' den was an old house not far from Sadler's Wells Theatre, adjoining a piece of ground known as Hockley in the Hole, in the close vicinity of Saffron Hill and Field Lane.

Beside the jemmy we have an article of very different character, in the shape of the flute which Haydn used to play.

But space would fail us to describe the thousand-and-one articles of value and interest that have found a resting-place in the Edinburgh Castle Hotel. Anyone can see them, for the museum is



AMERICAN FLAG OF
1861 COMPARED WITH
THE PRESENT ONE.



CHINESE FUNERAL
TABLET IN MEMORY
OF THE "ONLY
VIRTUOUS WOMAN."



Robert A. Shield 79

always open free of charge.

Most visitors, however, drop a coin into one of the three boxes which stand in the centre of the room in the interests of hospitals and a girls' home. For the real object of Mr. Middlebrook's enterprise is not so much to attract custom to the house as to help in raising funds for benevolent purposes.

In other parts of the house we find the nucleus of the picture gallery and library which mine host hopes to add to his museum. The bar and billiard-room are simply lined with paintings, many of them of great historic interest and artistic value, while others are stowed away in the private rooms until some place shall be provided for their public display.

A considerable collection of volumes has been got together, and Mr. Middlebrook has a very ingenious scheme, which he will be glad to impart to anyone interested in the subject, by which a good popular library may be formed for the neighbourhood at a very small cost. But lack of space is the chief difficulty at present.

Close outside we find one of the very few remaining tea gardens, which were once so popular in London. Here, too, the game of lawn billiards—how many of our younger readers know what that is?—still flourishes and finds many patrons amongst the visitors to the Edinburgh Castle Museum. In an alcove may be seen various fixtures and dilapidated articles of furniture from the afore-mentioned thieves' kitchen described by Dickens as the abode of Fagin.

These gardens Mr. Middlebrook proposes at no very distant date to cover with buildings, when the picture gallery and free library will become an accomplished fact.

If every hotel-keeper would follow his example in this particular, many a dull neighbourhood would be very materially brightened.

There are many other public-houses that possess private museums—one in the South of London has a collection of stuffed crocodiles—and a house at Burton keeps a considerable menagerie, but the Edinburgh Castle comes out an easy first.

THE WAY FOOLS PROPOSE.

HOW A LADY JOURNALIST GOT COPY.

By JENNY WREN.

Illustrated by Arthur Garratt.

"YOU look as if you had the burden of the world on your shoulders, Miss Leyland. What on earth is the matter?"

The pucker left Diana's face for a moment, and she allowed herself to smile.

"I have come to a stop in this article," she answered, tapping her manuscript impatiently with her pen, "and I don't know how to go on."

"You don't mean to say you are writing an article?" said Sir George, laughing incredulously. "I had no idea you were an authoress."

"Nor is she one, Sir George," broke in Miss Winter, sharply. "There is not the slightest reason for my niece to go in for such a thing. Though she only does it for amusement, Diana knows it is quite against my wishes."

"What is the article about?" asked the baronet, quizzically. "On what subject is Miss Diana Leyland expected to expatiate?"

Di's pretty lips parted with a smile.

"I have to write a column and a half on 'How Men Propose,'" she said, demurely.

"Not really?" laughing outright. "Well, I must congratulate the editor on his wisdom in choosing a writer of—so much experience!"

Di pouted. "I have come to a standstill. I don't know how to go on."

"Do you mean

to say that a description of each and all of your own love affairs will not fill up a column and a half?"

"You see, there is such a want of originality about men," said Di, thoughtfully. "I want to write something out of the ordinary. I have to describe the different methods of the individual—the rich and the poor man, the wise man and the fool. Now, how can I tell," laughing, "how a fool proposes?" and her eyes threw him a challenging glance.

"I should have thought," he said, grimly, "that all your victims were of that calibre."

"Not at all," answered Di, by no means abashed. "They were some of the wisest



"'HOW CAN I TELL HOW A FOOL PROPOSES?' SAID DI."

men in the kingdom. Now," slowly, "if you were to propose to me——"

"My dear Di!" broke in her aunt, horror-struck.

"Just to show me how—they do it," went on Di, taking no notice of the interruption.

"Di! Di!" cried her aunt. "My dear Sir George, please forgive her; her tongue does run away with her so."

The baronet laughed shortly. "I am quite convinced," he said, "that I should provide excellent copy for you—if I did such a thing. So, on the whole," with some assurance, "I prefer to wait until your article is written and sent off."

Miss Winter's old eyes gleamed. Surely, surely, the great ambition of her life would be fulfilled, and her niece be Lady Gerard before long. If only Di would not spoil all her chances by that sharp tongue of hers!

Di was biting the end of her pen savagely. Perhaps in her heart she was just as ambitious as her aunt. Somehow she felt that Sir George was her fate, and that she would marry him in the end; but it wounded her *amour propre* and set her pride aflame when he talked in such a confident tone.

"There is Captain Arbuthnot," said Sir George, breaking in on her thoughts. "Why not lead him on, and see how he proposes? You could not find a bigger fool in Christendom."

"Captain Arbuthnot?" repeated Di, vaguely. "Why, he is the man who sat next me at dinner last night, and could not say a word."

Sir George smiled again. He had been on Di's other side, and he knew that she had not given her left-hand neighbour much opportunity.

"He is the butt of his regiment," he said, lazily. "If you want to find out 'how fools propose,' make him fall in love with you."

"It would be an excellent idea," said Di, her eyes sparkling. "Because one really ought not to write things one does not know about, ought one?" She shut up her manuscript hastily. "I will wait to finish it," she said, "until Captain Arbuthnot proposes, and then I will give the experience for the benefit of the world."

"Diana," said her aunt, quickly, "I hope you will do no such thing. Pray leave the poor young man alone. Really, you have such peculiar ideas—I don't know what girls are coming to nowadays."

"It is not my peculiar idea, it is Sir

George's," retorted Di, saucily. "And now I must go and find Captain Arbuthnot, and begin the siege at once. You see," her face dimpling, "I have only a week before I send off my manuscript, so there is really no time to lose."

* * * *

"Diana, I love you. Will you marry me?"

The moment had come—the moment for which Miss Leyland had been scheming the last week.

Captain Arbuthnot and she were standing alone by the sundial in the glory of the summer evening. She was experiencing "how fools propose."

She clasped and unclasped her hands restlessly, and looked away to where the stars were making their appearance one by one.

"Why do you love me?" she asked at last, after what seemed a long pause.

"Why do I love you? Because you are so true. Because of the pureness shining in your eyes. Because—oh! because I cannot help loving you, though God knows I am not worthy of you."

Perhaps it was only the darkness which made Di's face look so pale. True? Pure? What would he say when she told him the reason that she had encouraged him the last few days? What would he think of the girl who had wounded him to the death for her own whim and pleasure?

She thought of Sir George and his many acres, over which she would probably reign one day, and then of Captain Arbuthnot and his straitened means. She thought of the baronet's self-assurance and his lazy confidence that she would consent to be his wife, and she compared him with this man who had asked her with such deference and uncertainty, saying he was unworthy of her—*her*. She caught her breath with a half sob as he leaned over the sundial and took her hands in his.

"Diana, are you not going to answer me?" he asked. "Will you be my wife?"

She tried to free her hands, but instead he made her look at him, and as her eyes met his, somehow her worldly aspirations melted away. She forgot her aunt, she forgot Sir George. She was in a world peopled only by herself and Charles Arbuthnot.

"Yes," she whispered back, "I will."

* * * *

It was the next day. Sir George came

across Diana in the library, standing by the writing table.

"Well, have you managed to get enough experience to write your article?"

Di took up her manuscript and slowly tore it in two. "I have changed my mind," she said; "I am not going to write it now."

"Not write it! Ho-ho! Then you have not been able to bring Arbuthnot up to the scratch?"

"If you mean by that," with dignity, "that I have not been able to make Captain Arbuthnot propose, you are quite wrong. He asked me to marry him last night."

"Did he really?" laughing. "Well, I congratulate you on having your efforts crowned with success. Well, how do fools propose? I should really like to know. Tell me what he said."

"He did not say much," answered Di, quietly. "He only told me he loved me better than anything in the world, and asked me to be his wife."

"Ha-ha! pretty cool; and what did he say after you answered—overwhelm you with reproaches, eh?"

"He did not say anything. He—he only—kissed me."

"What impudence!" cried the baronet, angrily. "How dare he kiss you after you had refused him—"

"But," interrupting, "you see, I did *not* refuse him. I—accepted him."

"What!"

"I accepted him," she repeated, calmly.

"You—are—going—to—marry—that—man—Arbuthnot?"

"Yes," haughtily. "Why not?"

Sir George laughed in a disagreeable way. "It is more reasonable to ask why?" he said.

"That is easy to answer. Because I love him."

"Love!" jeered he. "Love! What does a finished coquette like yourself know about love?"

Her dark eyes flashed defiance. "I knew nothing," she retorted, "until he taught me."

Sir George glanced at her as she stood—beautiful in her indignation.

"Di," he said, hoarsely, "you are joking; you cannot mean to marry this pauper. I can offer you riches, title—"

She stopped him with an imperious gesture.

"What are they to me?" she asked, scorn-

fully, "after I have been offered love."

She watched him recoil from her and go towards the door, and she laughed.

"After all," she said, "I think I will write my article, for the experience has been given me—at last!"

But the door was slammed violently—there was no other answer.

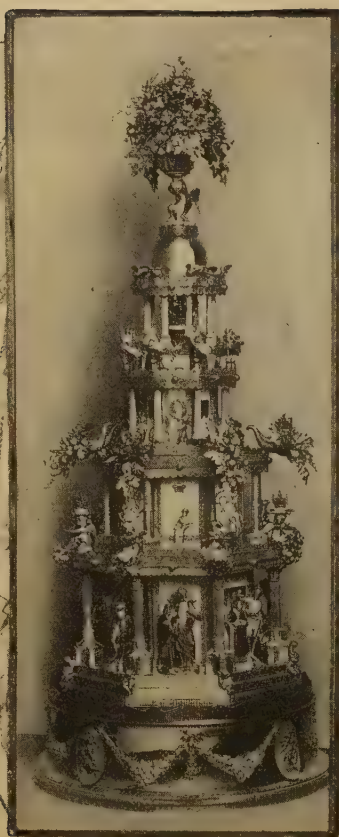


"SHE TRIED TO FREE HER HANDS, BUT HE MADE HER LOOK AT HIM."

FAMOUS WEDDING CAKES

SOME TRIUMPHS
OF THE
CONFECTIONER'S ART.

BY WALTER ST. JOHN.



THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE CAKE,
1887.

IF one's wedding day is the most important event in life, and the wedding cake is the item of most consideration on that occasion, it would appear to follow that the cake in question represents the climax of existence.

At any rate it has come to be the climax of the confectioner's art, and this is the more curious in view of the fact that it is not a survival of ancient English usage, but, like the Christmas tree, is really a modern importation from Germany. But England has taken to it kindly, and it has become one of our national observances. English bride cakes have achieved a world-wide celebrity.

So truly is this the case, that christenings and birthdays now have their cakes, to say nothing of the special confections which appear on the occasion of silver and golden weddings. When the Queen celebrated the



THE QUEEN'S DIAMOND JUBILEE CAKE, 1897.

DUKE OF
CONNAUGHT.DUKE OF
ALBANYHills &
Saunders,
PhotoHills &
Saunders,
Photo

fiftieth and sixtieth anniversaries of what may be not inappropriately called her marriage to the nation, it was in the fitness of things that special cakes should be constructed for the occasions. We are enabled to give illustrations of the elaborate and beautiful confections in question.

Thus it comes about that the making of bride cakes has become the highest expression of the confectioner's art, and at the head of the profession stand Messrs. R. Bolland and Sons, upon whom the late G. A. Sala bestowed the title of "Historic

Bride Cake Makers to the Royal Family."

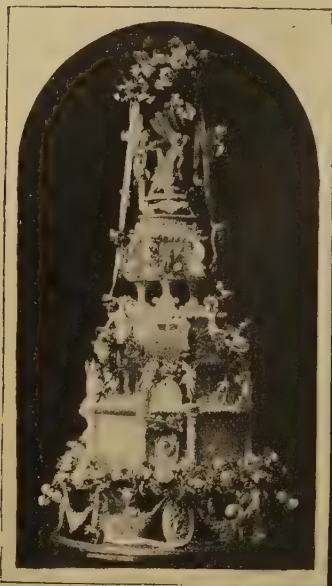
This is no empty compliment, for as long ago as 1835 the firm were appointed confectioners to the Princess Victoria, who paid them a visit at Chester two years before her accession. Soon afterwards they were among the first of the young Queen's warrant holders,



Hughes & Mullins, Photo

PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG'S MAGNIFICENT BRIDAL CAKE.

and when the marriage of the Prince of Wales was announced, it was to Chester that Her Majesty sent for the wedding-cake.



DUCHESS OF YORK'S
CAKE.

and the Prince of Wales' feathers.

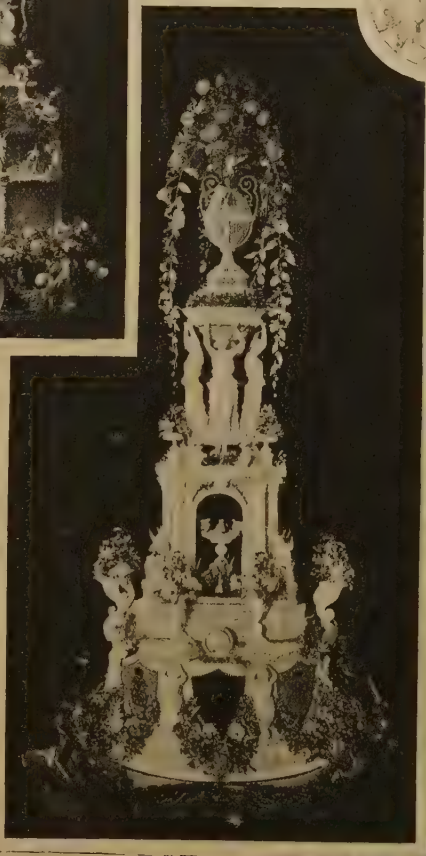
Since that date Messrs. Bolland have supplied cakes for many royal weddings, and several of these confections we are enabled, through the courtesy of the makers, to illustrate.

One of the most recent, and certainly one of the most graceful, was that designed for the occasion of the marriage of Princess Maud of Wales to Prince Charles of Denmark. Naturally the bridegroom's association with the sea provided the *motif* for the decorations, while, as in the case of the Prince and Princess of Wales' cake, the Arms of Great Britain and Denmark were ingeniously interwoven.

Around the base of the cake were four alcoves supported on columns, and containing exquisitely modelled figures representing Art, Literature, Music, and the Drama. The next tier was of

Unfortunately it had not then become fashionable to photograph bride-cakes, but a drawing that exists gives one the first impression that the cake was a rather plain affair. But, in fact, it was the most elaborate that had up to that date been designed, though the art has made great progress since.

It stood nearly five feet high, and was broad in proportion, being constructed in three tiers. The lowest was covered with a profusion of flowers and fruits entwined round the Royal Arms of England and Denmark. The second was decorated with seraphs, harps, and flags, and the topmost was surmounted by a kind of classic temple, bearing on its roof a cupid upholding a coronet



Ginn & Stuart, Photo
DUCHESS OF YORK'S "HOME"
BRIDE CAKE.



CAKE MADE FOR PRINCESS MAUD OF
WALES AND DENMARK.

quite an original character, for it consisted of four small cakes, each bound with white ribbon edged with pearls. Between each of these cakes was a lighthouse modelled in white sugar, having a figure of Britannia with the lion at its base.

The upper tier of the cake was supported by cupids standing with uplifted arms, giving to the entire design a very light and graceful character.

The whole was surmounted by a triumphal column on a rocky base, upon which stood Britannia surrounded by dolphins and cupids. On the top of the column knelt a cupid bearing a shell containing a bouquet of roses. From the edge of the shell fell a shower of silver bullion and seaweed.

The Duke and Duchess of York's wedding cake was another marvellously beautiful structure. There were indeed three cakes provided for the occasion, two of which we illustrate, but we here only describe the principal one.

Its graceful beauty was largely due to the fact that the three tiers were separated from one another by light pillars. As in the case we have just described, the bridegroom's connec-



LADY MARGARET GROSVENOR'S CAKE.

tion with nautical affairs suggested much of the scheme of decoration.

The lowest cake was surrounded by panels containing bas-reliefs of the *Thrush* and *McLampus*, ships with which the future king had been associated. Between the panels were groups of anchors and life-buoys. It goes without saying that the white rose of York and the May blossom were freely used in the decoration of all three tiers of this cake. The top was surmounted by a nautilus shell filled with flowers and upheld by a group of cupids kneeling amongst shells and seaweed.

The Duke of Albany's cake, of which we give an illustration, was six feet in height, and weighed two hundredweight. The ornaments included four figure medallions representing the four continents, and reproduced from the groups of statuary at the base of the Albert Memorial. In allusion to the well-known literary tastes of Prince Leopold, some cupids on the cake were represented diligently reading large books.



LADY VICTORIA BLACKWOOD'S CAKE.

Princess Beatrice received three magnificent wedding cakes from Liverpool, Kent, and Windsor. We give an illustration of the last, from which it will be seen that the gleaming structure was fully equal to the occasion in elaborate elegance.

The bride cake made for the marriage of Lady Margaret Grosvenor with Prince Adolphus of Teck was in general design a rather close copy of the Duchess of York's cake, but of course the details were entirely different.

The panels contained views of White Lodge, and of the bride's home, while the three tiers were ornamented with golden wheat-sheaves and stags' heads, these being the leading features in the family coats-of-arms of the happy couple. White roses, marguerites, heather, and myrtle composed the floral decorations.

Of the other wedding cakes of



Gunn & Stuart, Photo

MISS BIGWOOD'S LACEWORK CAKE.



MADAME PATTI'S FAMOUS CAKE.

which we give illustrations, those of Lady Victoria Blackwood and Madame Patti were made by Messrs. Buszard, the noted wedding cake manufacturers, of Oxford Street, London, who were specially commissioned to prepare one of the three bride cakes used at the wedding of Princess Henry of Battenberg.

Madame Patti's cake, as everybody knows, made its appearance at the breakfast which took place in the train *en route* from Wales to London. Lady Victoria Blackwood's cake is interesting from the fact that it was prepared in London and sent to Paris, where the bride's father, Lord Dufferin, was then Ambassador. This was surely a compliment to the superior excellence of the article of British manufacture.

The cake designed for the wedding of Miss Bigwood, daughter of Mr. James Bigwood, M.P. for the Brentford division, calls for a word of comment. As our illustration shows, the cake was surrounded by a mass of lacework of such delicate construction that it is hard to believe that it was made of sugar alone.

OUR MONTHLY GALLERY
OF BEAUTIFUL AND INTERESTING PICTURES.



THE FIRST CHRISTMAS MORNING

From a Painting by W. Firlz.

*By Permission of the Berlin Photograph Co.,
Bond St., W.*

The NEXT NUMBER of the HARMSWORTH MAGAZINE will be 3½d. as usual,



S. Lund, Photo

By Permission of Mr. H. Edwards, Redhill

coy!



By permission of the Berlin Photographische Co., Bond Street, W.

THE OUTCAST'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

From a Painting by Fr. von Uhde.



A FAMOUS PICTURE OF THE INTERIOR OF A STABLE.
From the Painting by George Morland in the National Gallery.



AT THE END OF THE BATTLE.

From a Photograph published by H. L. Rienschneider, 36, Great Portland Street, London, W.



By Permission of the Berlin Photographische Anstalt, Spandau, W.

MACLISE'S FAMOUS PAINTING OF CHARLES DICKENS.

Thackeray said this was a perfectly amazing likeness—the real identical man Dickens. See page 372.



THE VALE OF REST.
From the Painting by Sir John Millais.

By Permission of the British Photographic Co., Bond Street, W.



MEDITATION.

From the Painting by J. McWhirter, R.A.

By Permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., Bond Street, W.



THE MORNING OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

From a Photograph published by H. L. Riemschneider, 36, Great Portland Street, London, W.

the morning of the Battle of Waterloo. The scene is set in a room with a large window in the background, through which a landscape is visible. The painting is signed 'H. L. Riemschneider' in the bottom right corner.



By Permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., Bond Street, W.

A REAL COUNTRY WINTER.

From the Painting by J. Farquharson.



By Permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., Bond Street W.

HELP AT LAST.
From the Painting by Thomas Somerscales.



Copyright of the Artist

THE GARDENER'S DAUGHTER.

From the Painting by J. Shaw Crompton.



By Permission of the Autotype Co

THE FIRST SINGING OF THE "MARSEILLAISE."

The great French patriotic song was composed—both words and music—in a single night by Rouget de Lisle. Here he is represented as singing it for the first time.



H H Nickson, Photographer, 212 West 4th St.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.



Copyright.

I DON'T FEEL QUITE WELL TO-DAY.

From a Photogravure published by H. L. Riemschneider, 36, Great Portland Street, London, W.



AN ADAMLESS EDEN.
From a Painting by Ed. Nicky.

By Permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., Bond Street, W.





Stanley Berkeley Flint

From the Photographs published by Huphard, Lund & Son

GENERAL GORDON AND THE SLAVE-HUNTERS OF DARFOUR.

General Gordon, outstripping his escort, rode alone and unarmed into a camp of 6000 slave-dealers and rebels, whose submission he demanded and obtained.



MR. AND MISS MENPES IN THE JAPANESE
DRAWING-ROOM.

GLIMPSES OF TWO CHARMING ENGLISH HOMES.

By W. J. WINTLE.

COMFORT should be the dominant motive
in the arrangement of the home, and
when beauty harmonises with comfort the
ideal house has been found.



MR. MENPES AT WORK
IN THE STUDIO.



THE INNER HALL, SHOWING THE BEAUTIFUL CHRYSANTHEMUM PANEL.



THE STUDIO WITH THE BEAUTIFUL CEILING.

Too often the so-called "comfortable" house is a thing of ugly mahogany furniture, heavy upholstery, and general stuffiness, while on the other hand many a house is cold and uninviting because everything has been sacrificed to some scheme of supposed beauty which its owner evolved. But the two things are not incompatible, as the present article is intended to prove.

The most beautiful of our modern London houses is undoubtedly that of Mr. Mortimer Menpes, the well-known painter of Japanese life and art. For many years past this famous artist has been engaged in the designing and construction of the charming home of which we are enabled by his courtesy to give several views.

Though constructed entirely after a



THE DRAWING-ROOM.



THE DINING-ROOM, SHOWING THE ELABORATE TABLE LIGHTS

Japanese ideal, it is in no sense a Japanese house. All its arrangements are English, and no conveniences to which we are accustomed in this land have been sacrificed. But the spirit of Japanese art is everywhere, and the result of its adaptation to the model of a London house has been successful to an extraordinary degree.

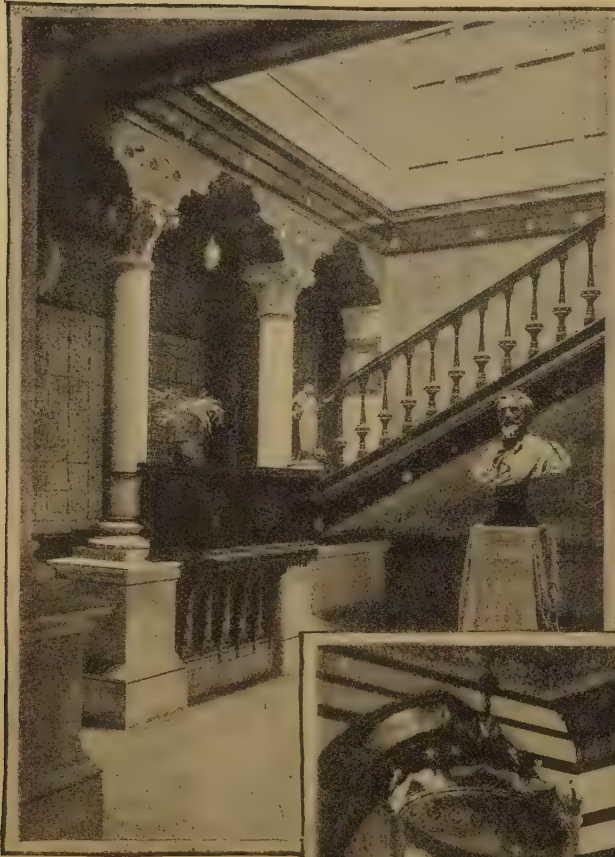
Nor are the decorations in any sense an imitation; they are throughout the production of native Japanese workmen. For

the greater part of a year Mr. Menpes employed nearly seventy Chinese and Japanese craftsmen—wood carvers, metal workers, silk weavers, and porcelain painters—to carry out his plans. The result has been to produce a house infinitely beautiful, the work of men who were all artists in their different crafts.

The scheme of decoration throughout the house is essentially floral. Each room is devoted to one flower, which is to be seen



LOOKING INTO THE DRAWING-ROOM FROM THE STUDIO.



THE GRAND STAIRCASE AT
LORD LEIGHTON'S HOUSE.

everywhere and under every possible aspect. Thus the halls display chrysanthemums, the studio camellias, the drawing-room peonies, and the dining-room cherry blossoms.

Throughout the rooms the idea of a growing plant has been maintained. The floor and the lower walls are studiously plain; then as the eye travels upward the scheme of decoration gradually unfolds itself like the branches and foliage of a tree until the ceiling is a per-

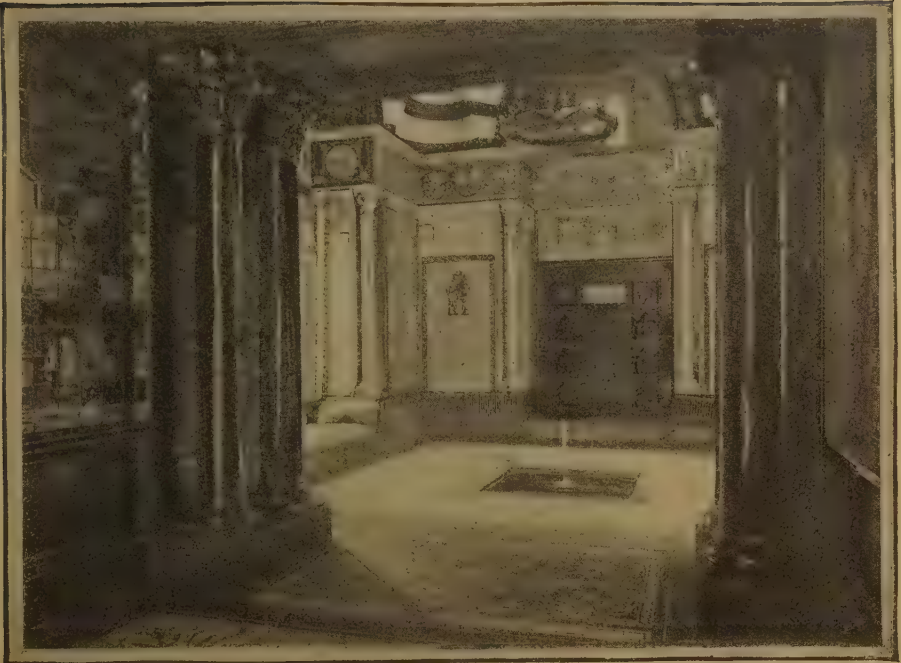
fect blaze of floral luxuriance.

As we enter by the principal door into the hall the national flower of Japan, the chrysanthemum, everywhere meets the eye. The inner doors show it running round the panels, while overhead the ceiling is superbly carved, still with the same flower, in black wood pierced upon a ground of ruddy gold. Here as in all the rooms no two of the innumerable panels of the ceiling are alike. Each has an individuality and a design of its own, though all combine into one harmonious whole.

The halls are three in number, the entrance



THE FAMOUS ARAB HALL.



LOOKING INTO THE ARAB HALL FROM THE
OUTER HALL.

opening upon the first. The second hall, which contains some magnificent carving, breaks out half way up into a gallery, and thence forms the well of a staircase leading to the top of the house.

In the third hall, which lies on the right, is a truly magnificent example of Japanese



CORNER OF
LORD LEIGHTON'S
STUDIO.



LORD LEIGHTON'S DINING-ROOM.

wood-carving. It consists of a single plank carved with chrysanthemums of marvellous delicacy, and standing out five inches in relief! Close by is a very beautiful example of embroidery on cloth of gold, one of the finest ever produced in Japan.

Passing into the studio, we find that camellias are everywhere. The character-

leading to a private staircase, which provides a convenient means of entrance for models. Near at hand is a cabinet of drawers for brushes and the like. This is well shown in our picture of the studio on page 428, and will serve to illustrate the beauty of simple lines. There is not a trace of ornament about the cabinet, and

yet it is one of those things of beauty which make one break the tenth commandment.

From the studio we pass through a pair of



LORD LEIGHTON'S
STUDIO.
SHOWING THE
MODEL'S
"THRONE."

istic flower is to be found wherever an opportunity for decorative work presented itself.

The walls are covered with rich yellow silk, the upper parts being occupied with panels filled in with Osaka lattice-work. The frieze above this and below the cornice is filled by a series of carved panels known in Japan as *ramma*. In the land of their origin these are always pierced for purposes of ventilation. Such an arrangement, however, would be quite impracticable in Cadogan Gardens, so they are here backed with heavily gilt work.

Above the *ramma* we have a fine example of the coved lacquer cornice, which is such a striking feature in many of the Japanese temples, and which Mr. Menpes has adapted to the purposes of his house with singular success. The ceiling consists of the perforated and carved Osaka panels, which have been stained black and relieved by a gold background.

This general arrangement of the walls and ceilings prevails throughout the house, but, as we have pointed out, the characteristic flower varies with each room.

One side of the studio is occupied by two musicians' galleries divided by a door

handsome doors into the drawing-room. We may here pause to observe that the doors formed one of the problems which the designer of the house had to face. In Japan there are no interior doors, the rooms being separated by sliding panels only. Hence Mr. Menpes had to model his inner doors upon the heavy hinged doors which are to be seen in the exterior of Japanese houses. These have been reproduced in wood, with the lacquered panels and bronze fittings common to their native land, and the result is by no means unpleasing.

The drawing-room is one of the finest apartments in the house. Peonies form the theme of decoration. The ceiling contains something like two hundred panels of pierced Osaka work, all of them representing peonies, yet no two are alike.

A lace-like screen of delicate woodwork hangs from the ceiling nearly half way down, and serves to divide the room in two. The walls are covered with rich silk of pale golden hue, specially woven in China. The same material is used to cover the chairs and couches. The four doors are studded at the corners with bronzes worked in with

peonies, and the very door-knobs represent the same flowers.

At intervals round the room are cabinets of wondrous beauty. One of these is of old red lacquer, and formerly belonged to Mr. Whistler. Two of them are of carved black wood, covered with delicate lace-like bronze and backed by rich red lac. The furniture generally includes many magnificent specimens of lacquered work, the quaint chairs having been copied from antique examples found in Japan.

In the dining-room we find ourselves in a perfect bower of cherry blossoms. The dining-table, of massive polished black wood, is notable for the ingenious arrangement of electric lights in the centre, which is well shown in our illustration on page 429. The beautiful table services of delicate porcelain are mainly decorated by Mr. Menpes's own brush, being painted in Japanese pigments and fired in the native kilns of that country.

We have left ourselves but brief space to describe the wonders of the late Lord Leighton's home, which is the second of the two beautiful houses which our illustrations portray.

The chief glory of the house which the great President of the Royal Academy made so famous consists in its beautiful Arab Hall, an annexe built on to the house and entered from the principal hall. As our illustrations show, this consists of a

square vaulted chamber with raised window seats, the centre of the floor being occupied by a pleasant little marble fountain.

The centre of the coved ceiling, which is broken by quarter-vaultings at the corners, is occupied by a lantern of elaborate design, lighted by numerous tiny windows of coloured glass. The large windows on either side are partly concealed by wooden screens of most elaborate design and of great beauty.

But the glory of the hall consists in the marvellous tiles with which it is lined. Blue and white are the prevailing colours; but such blue! For purity and depth of tone it would be hard to match the exquisite hues of these tiles, which even rival the lapis-lazuli, or the deep transparent blue which is sometimes seen in the moon-lit sky.

Leaving the Arab Hall, with its curious suggestion of the Arabian Nights, we pass through a lower hall, whose walls are lined with marble and many-coloured tiles, and whose ceiling is overlaid with silver leaf.

Ascending the stairs we are soon in the noted studio which saw the birth and development of so many of the great painter's masterpieces. It is a lofty apartment of spacious dimensions, divided into three parts, one of which has a glass roof.

The studio is now filled with a valuable collection of Lord Leighton's sketches and studies for pictures.



GENERAL VIEW OF LORD LEIGHTON'S THREE STUDIOS.

A YOUNG INVADER



TO my study,
Fair and ruddy,
First of morning's comers,
Trips a maiden,
Heavy laden
With her three short summers.

Curls, a tangle !
Speech, a jangle
Sweet as bells at vesper !
Can you wonder
Papa's thunder
Sinks to softest whisper ?

Lips whose laughter
Roof and rafter
Gaily sets a-ringing :
Voice whose treble
Tells a rebel
By the very singing !

Law and order
Cross the border
With this young invader :
Treasures tremble,
Toys assemble
Ere you can persuade her !

Papers scorning,
Every morning
Comes she to my sanctum,
Only saying,
After playing —
"Ma, I kiss'd an' t'ank'd um."

H. B. BREMNER.



THE ROMANCE OF A CHRISTMAS HAMPER.

THE DINNER WHICH WENT ASTRAY.

BY JESSIE DE HORNE VAIZEY.

Illustrated by Harold Copping.

NO. 17 Hesketh Road was let off in flats, and the inhabitants of the different suites of rooms were busily preparing for the celebration of Christmas Day.

The large family on the second floor were arranging shake-downs on the floors to accommodate a party of country cousins; the little old maid had manufactured the motto "God bless our Home" in cotton-wool and holly, and invited three other old maids to spend the day; the newly-married couple had gone away to visit their relations. Only on floors four and five was there no sign of the universal excitement, for Jim Wallace as a bachelor took little notice of the season, while the brother and sister in the attics had no money to spend on festivities.

Wilfred lay on the sofa, and sighed. Hilda gazed out of the window, and drummed her fingers against the pane.

"Christmas Eve, and all the world and his wife out holiday making! Every mortal person in the street is laden with parcels, and the postman is coming along, followed by a boy and a hand-cart. Thousands of letters and presents, and never a one for us! As dear Mark Tapley would have said, there's some credit in being jolly. Talk of a merry Christmas! It's the most desolate season in the year for people who are poor and lonely."

"Poor little dear! You are tired out with nursing me, and worrying through your own work at the same time. No wonder you feel blue. It is trying to feel that everyone else is having a good time, and that we are left out in the cold. I wish to goodness the day were over. If we could only manage to forget it!"

Hilda turned away from the window and seated herself on a stool at her brother's couch. The tears shone in the corners of her eyes, but she smiled despite their presence, and her voice sounded brisk and cheerful.

"Happy thought! We'll ignore it altogether. We will pretend it is just an



"HILDA GAZED OUT OF THE WINDOW, AND DRUMMED HER FINGERS AGAINST THE PANE."

ordinary Sunday or Bank Holiday. It will be easy, for we shall have, nothing to remind us—not even a dinner! I meant to indulge in a bird of some sort, but poultry is so disgracefully expensive at this time of the year that I dared not do it. And the pudding would have been bad for you.”

“I’ll try to think so!” said the invalid; but he sighed, for he was in the hungry stage of convalescence, and the thought of

you shall smoke a cigar—the first since you were ill. I’ll go out and buy them now, and stare at the shop windows. I’m a baby still, for I’ve never grown beyond the joy of admiring the pretty things, and choosing imaginary presents as I go along. A good thing too, for they are all the presents we are likely to get!”

“My dear, you forget! Aunt Brenning distinctly remarked that she was sending us

a remembrance. You cannot tell what priceless treasure the post may bring.” There was, however, a sceptical ring in the young man’s voice as he spoke, and his sister’s laugh had the same intonation.

“Ah yes, of course. There is Aunt Brenning! ‘Something to make the day feel more like Christmas,’ that was the expression, wasn’t it? I expect it’s a Christmas card, or a motto to hang on the walls. She’s a mean old dear, and can never bring herself to spend more than sixpence on a fellow creature. That’s the worst of having ten thousand a year, it dries up all instincts of generosity. Still, it was nice of her to remember us at all, and we must endeavour to be thankful for small mercies!”

The girl rose with a sigh, and stood before the glass, pinning on the hat which had been laid upon the table, and buttoning herself into

a tight cloth jacket, while her brother looked on with admiring eyes. To be poor and look poor was against Hilda’s principles, and good taste, clever fingers, and a highly developed genius for bargains combined to give her simple clothes an air which might have been envied by many a lady of fashion.

If her pretty face were a trifle worn, it was all the sweeter for the added



“‘YOU ARE NOT GOING AWAY FOR CHRISTMAS, I SUPPOSE?’ SAID MR. WALLACE.”

Christmas fare awoke an unholy joy within him. “You must get two nice books from the library, and we will have a cosy day beside the fire, and take no notice of the world. Plain living and high thinking shall be our motto, my dear, and no doubt it will be for our good to mortify the flesh.”

“I’ll have an ounce of chocolates if I die for it!” cried Hilda, recklessly, “and

expression which it had gained, and when her felt hat was adjusted and her jacket tightly buttoned, the glass gave back a reflection which sent her forth on her mission with an agreeable sense of complacency.

The door of No. 4 stood ajar, and as she descended the common staircase there was the sound of a hasty scuffle, and the occupant stepped forth to confront her with that air of surprise with which she had grown familiar. Little strong-soled boots make a goodly noise on bare stone steps, and it was wonderful how often Mr. Wallace happened to be coming out of his flat just at the exact moment when Miss Royce was passing his door. They shook hands now with marked difference of manner, the man eager and impressive, the girl curt to the verge of discourtesy; then descended the steps together, exchanging those disjointed questions and answers which are the cloak of confusion.

"You are not going away for Christmas, I suppose?"

"No, we stay at home as usual. And you—are you not going home to see your people?"

"Not this year. The senior partner is away, and I am tied in town. I hope to go down for the New Year. Your brother

is better, I hope. It will be a lonely day for him to-morrow—for me, too! It's the first Christmas I have ever spent alone, and I don't take kindly to the idea."

"I hope it may be fine. A wet day is quite too dreary." Then the pavement was reached, and the two young people stood together, irresolute and hesitating.



"HAMPER, MISS, FOR SOMEONE IN THIS HOUSE. THE NAME HAS BEEN TORE OFF."

"I—er—I have said good-bye to the city for to-day, and was just turning out for a stroll. Where are you going?" asked the man, suggestively; but Hilda was deaf to the insinuation. She turned her head, saw an omnibus approaching, and held up her hand to the driver.

"To Kensington High Street. I have

some shopping to do, so I must bid you good-bye."

Jim Wallace looked first at the omnibus, then at the flushed, troubled face. His smile faded and his brow grew dark.

"High Street! But this omnibus is for Victoria. You did not even wait to see where it was going. If you want to go to Kensington I will take you by a short cut."

"No, no! Thank you very much, but it really doesn't matter. Any place will do for me so long as there are shops to be found. I will go on in this since I have stopped it."

She nodded hastily and ran forward to take her seat, leaving the discarded one standing alone on the pavement, disconsolate and gloomy. He turned aside with a shrug of the shoulders, while Hilda caught sight of the movement and groaned in spirit.

"Now he is offended! He wanted me to invite him for to-morrow. Wilfred would have liked it, too, and, oh dear! so should I, but I dared not do it. He lives in a different world from ours, and I am not going to trade on a chance acquaintanceship. It is a pleasant variety for him to play Bohemian in our attics, but I can't afford to have my heart broken for the sake of a few hours' happiness. If he is vexed, so much the better. Nothing would please me more."

She pressed her lips together, trying hard to look fierce and determined; but the tears *would* start, and the five ladies seated opposite stared at her with distended eyes. It is a most embarrassing experience to cry in an omnibus; the amount of interest one excites can only be gauged by experiment. Hilda held up her finger to the conductor and rushed precipitately into the street.

* * * *

When Hilda returned from her expedition, it was to find the door of her flat open, and her brother kneeling on the threshold examining the torn label on a basket hamper. The man who had brought it stood beside him, and touched his cap to Hilda as she approached.

"Hamper, miss, for someone in this house. The name has been tore off, but it comes from Beckenbridge. I've spoken to all the parties downstairs as are at home, and they say they don't know anyone in that neighbourhood and won't take it in. This gentleman says you was expecting a parcel."

The eyes of the brother and sister met, and flashed with rapture.

"Beckenbridge!" repeated Hilda, breathlessly. "Yes, of course I know it. It is a little village three miles from Aunt Brenning's house. The other station is nearer, but they often drive over there on the way to Luton." She knelt down in her turn and eagerly examined the label. "Yes, it is her writing! It's for us, porter, I am sure it is. We had word that something was coming."

"Very good, miss. Glad it's all right. Thank you kindly." The man pocketed his tip and hurried downstairs, while the brother and sister carried the hamper into the sitting-room, cut the fastenings with reckless haste, and spread the contents on the table—turkey and sausages, plum pudding and mince pies, a mould of jelly, and a large iced cake. French plums, ginger, crystallised fruits, a bottle of fine old port—a Christmas hamper of the good old-fashioned description, with a pleasant addition in the shape of latter-day dainties!

Wilfred put an olive between his lips and sighed with satisfaction. Hilda crunched salted almonds and beamed approval.

"Never," she cried, emphatically, "never again shall I judge my fellow creatures! To think of the old dear actually rising to a hamper, and being so considerate as to have everything cooked, so that it only needs warming through. This will indeed make the day feel 'more like Christmas'! We shall have a dinner like the good old times, and though no man shall ever call me greedy, still there *are* occasions——"

Wilfred sighed, and looked at the clock.

"Twenty-four hours before we can begin! That turkey looks uncommonly tempting. I could set to work this minute with the greatest enjoyment. The hunger which that wretched typhoid leaves on a fellow is really painful. Turkey and jelly and a glass of port——"

His sister looked at him and laughed in mischievous fashion. "You mean you would like some now? I don't know why you should not have it. You have been starved for long enough, poor fellow, and now you need feeding up. We will have our dinner on Christmas eve, and feast gaily to-morrow on the fragments that remain. Lie down on the sofa and sleep for an hour, and by the time you awake all will be ready."

The invalid protested, as in duty bound,

but his approval was nevertheless so plainly visible that his sister laughed at the feeble effort, and betook herself straightway to the tiny kitchen to begin the work of preparation.

By six o'clock the meal was cooked to a turn, and set out with every device of elegance which the little flat could accomplish. Wilfred dined luxuriously off the breast of the turkey; Hilda set the "merry thought" to dry on the fender, pending an all-import-

ant trial of fate, and had two helpings of pudding—the first as an experiment to test the quality, the second to verify the truth of her opinion. Then dessert was served, and the brother sipped port wine in languid enjoyment, while the sister ate French plums with a zeal which bid fair to cease only with the supply. It would have been impossible to find two young people who were less gourmands by nature than Wilfred and Hilda Royce, but the unexpected arrival of the hamper had whetted appetite in more ways than one. It had cheered their hearts with the realisation that while all the world was rejoicing, they also had been remembered, and after its arrival there was no more talk of ignoring Christmas. Hilda attended service the next morning with a sense of goodwill so strong that on returning she actually loitered outside the door of No. 4, and cast some wistful glances at it. If Mr.

Jim Wallace had appeared to-day instead of yesterday, there is no saying what might have happened; but the door remained persistently closed, and she continued her way upstairs trying to persuade herself that she was glad that temptation had been withheld.

Wilfred was humming "Christians, awake," and striding about the room with energetic tread. He kissed her gaily as she entered, and cried—

"Now for lunch! I feel a different man after that square feed yesterday. Another slice of that admirable fowl, and a glass or two of wine and I shall begin to bully you again, young woman, as I did before I fell ill. Dear, kind Aunt Brenning's 'kitchen medicine' has done me more good than all the doctor's physic, and no man shall ever again say a word against her in my hearing."

"We will drink her health in port wine,



"'I AM SORRY TO DISTURB YOU,'
SAID WALLACE, 'BUT I AM EX-
PECTING A HAMPER, AND HAVE
NOT YET RECEIVED IT.'"

and eat it in French plums," said Hilda, laughing, and as soon as hat and jacket were removed, her words were carried into effect with such goodwill, that at the end of the meal but scant remains were left of all the good things that had filled the hamper.

The postman's knock came as a cheering finish, and Hilda came back from the door with half a dozen letters in one hand, and a small untidy parcel in the other.

"Two bills, four cards, the prospectus of a bogus company, and something loose

and prickly tied up in brown paper! If it were not too absurd I should say it was ——” She pulled the string apart, and shook the paper to the floor. “It is! A few wretched little sprays of holly, with hardly a berry to boast of, and the leaves all cracked and broken! Who in the world could have had the audacity to send them. They are not worth the postage. Look at the paper, and see if there is any clue. There is a label with the address, and—and—something written on the back. What can it be?”

Two pairs of hands stretched out together, two heads craned forward, and blue eyes and brown alike grew wide with horror at sight of those tell-tale words—“With Aunt Brenning’s love to niece and nephew Royce. Picked from the old garden at Malsons, to make the home look like Christmas.”

“To m-m-m-ake the home——” Hilda fairly stammered with consternation. “That’s what she said in the letter! A bunch of holly. . . . If this bunch of holly is what she has sent, then—who—who——”

Wilfred had turned quite pale. He sat down suddenly on the nearest chair, and put his hand to his heart.

“Who could have sent the h-hamper!” The word stuck in his throat. He looked at the disordered table, and gulped in dismay, “*Nobody sent it!* There is no one to send us a present, except Aunt Brenning, and we might have known her better than to believe in such generosity. I see it all! It was not meant for us at all; it was for the large family! They invited their cousins from the country, and as a *quid pro quo* the cousins sent up a hamper of provisions to provide the Christmas dinner. They are looking out for it now; their faces are glued against the window waiting for the arrival of the van. When it does not appear Paterfamilias will get impatient, and go out to make inquiries. I am afraid of Paterfamilias! Those little red-haired men are always violent.”

“Wilfred, don’t joke! It is no subject for joking. If he makes inquiries he will find out where the hamper was taken last, and come up here to—to——”

“We’ll go out!” said Wilfred, firmly. “Is there no place where we could take refuge? I wouldn’t mind explaining matters a day or two later on; but to face a man on Christmas Day who has been deprived of his dinner—and such a dinner!—is more than I can stand. Or we might try decep-

tion. Bury the fragments in the deepest depths of the castle moat, and feign innocence. We should be two against one, and that railway man should be friendly, for you tipped him well. Greedy things that we were! If we had waited until to-night, like civilised creatures, all would have been right. Well may they say that stolen fruits taste sweet! Even now, with discovery close upon me, I cannot honestly repent. As I have before remarked, a more admirable fowl—— Oh, my!” he rolled suddenly over on the sofa and buried his head in the cushions, as a brisk rat-tat sounded on the knocker, and a man’s footsteps could be heard pacing to and fro.

“The hour has come! You—you go! You are a woman; he can’t kick you downstairs. I daren’t; I simply daren’t face him.”

His sister looked at him—a look that said many things. It lasted but a moment, but in that moment she had composed a scathing article on the degeneracy of man, his levity and arrogance, his cowardice in time of need. The article was never written, for circumstances happened to change the sentiments of the author; but if it could have been taken down at that moment, it is certain that it would have been among the most caustic and bitter articles ever written on this subject. Then she turned on her heel and walked to the door.

“I am sorry to disturb you,” Wallace’s pleasant voice sounded through the room, and Wilfred raised his head from the cushions with a sigh of relief, “but I was told you might be able to help me in a difficulty. My people wrote to say that they were sending me my Christmas dinner, all ready cooked, so that it could be warmed up at a minute’s notice, and I have been expecting it all the morning. Now the post has come in and brought a letter to say that it should have been delivered yesterday. I inquired downstairs, and was told that yesterday a man called with a hamper on which the address had been damaged, and asked if it was for No. 3. He carried it upstairs, but came down without it, and Miss Jones thought that probably you had been good enough to keep it until the right owner made his appearance?”

He looked inquiringly into the girl’s face, astonished at the manner in which she listened to his inquiry. Ordinarily she was inclined to pallor; now her cheeks blazed

with colour; her eyes were no longer shy, but bright and hard. The thought occurred that he had intruded at a moment of emotion, and his heart was full of compassion.

"I am so sorry to disturb you," he repeated, earnestly. "I won't detain you a moment. But my dinner?"

Hilda did not speak, but she stretched out her hand and took hold of his arm. To his amazement he felt her drawing him forward, through the tiny entrance hall, down the passage, into a room where Wilfred lay prone on a sofa and the remains of a Bohemian meal were scattered over the table. Two fat legs supported the carcase of a turkey; a fragment of plum-pudding lurched in dissipated fashion on one side; little dabs of yellow were scattered over a glass dish where the jelly had shone forth in all its splendour; a solitary plum looked askance at a couple of almonds, and the wine bottle showed clear and empty against the light. Hilda's grasp tightened on his arm; she pointed downwards with a tragic finger.

"There!" she cried, loudly—"there is your dinner! We have eaten it up!"

Wallace stood and stared. There was a ghastly silence. For ten seconds by the clock not one of the three young people seemed to breathe. Then suddenly, and without warning, they burst into a paroxysm of laughter. Peal after peal rang out, each peal wilder, louder, more uncontrolled than the last. No one could tell who began, or what led to the outburst. At one moment they were standing motion-

less as figures carved in stone, at the next they were staggering about the room, like so many lunatics, screaming with merriment, like a party of naughty children. Wilfred buried his head in the cushions and kicked the air with his slipped feet; Hilda pressed both hands to her waist, and fell back into a chair; the tears ran



"HILDA DABBLED IN HOT WATER, AND HANDED WET PLATES TO HER COMPANION, WHO MOPPED THEM WITH A TOWEL."

down Wallace's cheeks, and stood twinkling in his eyes. It was the sort of laughter which marks an epoch, and breaks down barriers as with the touch of a wand. After such an experience it would have been impossible to go back to the ground of five minutes before. Then they had been acquaintances, now they were friends; then the situation had been one of painful strain, now it was pure farce, and all

that was embarrassing had disappeared. Hilda was the first to recover her composure.

"It's—it's all very well," she gasped, brokenly, "but you want your dinner! There's nothing left but the legs. It is Wilfred's fault! He was so abominably hungry that he insisted upon beginning yesterday."

"I am afraid you cannot have had a good dinner, since you have not finished in two meals what was intended for one. And please don't apologise for legs. I am accustomed to legs," said Wallace. "And turkey legs are capital fellows. Devilled legs——"

Wilfred smote his knee with a closed fist.

"Well thought of, indeed! Now then, Hilda, the least you can do for the poor fellow is to cook his dinner, and make the most of what is left. You can trust her, Wallace. She can tackle a leg with any man living, if you'll let her try it."

The eyes of the young people met, and gleamed with pleasure.

"Will you?" cried the man.

"May I?" cried the girl. "Yes, indeed I will, and fry a slice of the plum pudding, too. There is enough left for a nice big slice, in spite of Wilfred's insinuations."

"Capital! Capital! Devilled leg and fried plum pudding is food for the gods. I have always thought it great mismanagement that the best of a Christmas dinner is served the day after. If you will let me stay, and have my meal here, I shall never cease to be thankful that the hamper went astray. It was horribly lonely downstairs."

Hilda threw him a glance of sympathy, and set to work in the prettiest of graces to prepare the *réchauffé* repast. The legs were served hot and hot, and while Hilda handed vegetables, Wilfred wrapped a table napkin round a bottle of Bass's beer, and foamed the liquid high in the glass.

"It is the best dinner I have ever eaten in my life!" cried Wallace, boldly. "I have certainly never enjoyed one so much;

but what a lot of trouble I have given! You must be tired to death, Miss Royce. And now you have to put away all these things. Let me help you—do!"

"We will all help," said Hilda, looking at her brother; but the eyes of the two men met, and Wilfred sat down stolidly upon the sofa.

"I have eaten the fellow's dinner," he told himself. "Hang it all, I must give him his chance!" So he remained behind, outwardly imperturbable, but inwardly shaking with laughter at the sight of Wallace, in his immaculate frock coat, carrying piles of dishes and brushing the crumbs off the fable. He saw Hilda, dabbling in hot water, and handing wet plates to her companion, with her cheeks aflame, and her eyes turned persistently in the opposite direction; and he saw Wallace, mopping dishes with a towel, and setting them on the edge of a crazy table, with his eyes as persistently bent on Hilda's face. The murmur of voices reached his ears through the partition, and, listening, he could almost guess the bent of the conversation.

Soon the air was rent with a hard, splitting noise, such as smites the heart of a householder to hear, and sends him flying to the scene of disaster. Wilfred fled like the rest, and peered in through the door. Hilda leant against the sink, her sleeves rolled up on her pretty arms, an apron tied over her dress. Wallace stood over her and rocked her in his arms, and on the floor, piled high around their feet, lay the fragments of the precious dinner service, the one dear remnant of better days.

"Did it startle you, sweet? Confound the dishes! I—I only leant against the table. Don't bother about them; I'll buy you a hundred dinner services!" cried Wallace, rapturously, and the listener turned and crept back to his sofa.

"No more lonely Christmases!" he cried, rubbing his hands in satisfaction. "No more lonely Christmases. Three cheers for the lucky hamper!"



CHAMPIONS OF THE YEAR

SOME HEROES OF SPORT.

By T. STURGEON JOHNSTON.



Thiele, Photo
H. J. VARDON, THE GOLF
CHAMPION.

multitude than the man of intellect. In this article, an attempt is made to mention in a succinct way the championship struggles of the year, and to give some idea of the personality of the people who have won them.

Cricket is essentially the national game, and it is a flattering testimonial to the love

WE are all hero-worshippers at heart. The man who by inherent ability gets in advance of other rivals must command our admiration.

In the field of sport especially is this feeling strong, for the man of muscle is ever more popular with the



Thomas, Photo
THE PRINCE OF CRICKETERS—RANJI.



Thiele, Photo
SERGT. DAVIS, MILITARY
FENCING CHAMPION.

of fair play implanted in the bosom of all Englishmen, to see a representative of Great Britain's Eastern Empire pre-eminent among the cricketers of today.

During the season of 1899, "Ranji," as the gate loves to call the Indian prince, has scored no less than 3,000 runs in first-class cricket. Lithe as a panther from one of India's jungles, with an eye as keen



Baker, Photo

PAGET-TOMLINSON (ON THE RIGHT), THE CHAMPION HURDLER, TAKING THE HURDLES.

as an eagle's, and nerves of steel, "Ranji" rattles up his centuries in amazing fashion. After his brilliant season here, he went to the other side of the Atlantic, to teach Cousin Jonathan a few cricketing tips.

Golf has made more remarkable strides

and shoulders above all others. His name is H. J. Vardon, and he holds the proud record of having won every professional championship of the year. In fact, Vardon's matches this year have been, with only one or two exceptions, a monotonous



Baker, Photo

HUGH WELSH, CHAMPION DISTANCE RUNNER, ON THE RIGHT-HAND SIDE, STARTING FOR HIS GREAT RACE.

in popularity than any other pastime during the past few years, and the familiar red jacket of the golfer is now to be witnessed everywhere.

In the golfing world, as in the billiard world, there is one man who stands head

string of successes, notwithstanding the fact that in many of them he had to labour under the great disadvantage of not knowing the ground, while his opponents were quite familiar with it. In golfing circles Mr. Vardon has, not without just cause,



Baker, Photo

W. J. M. NEWBURN, CHAMPION LONG JUMPER—RECORD, 22 FEET 2 INCHES.



PRIVATE
DOREE, OF
DEVON-
SHIRE, IS
THE BEST
ARMY
SHOT.

*Knight,
Aldershot,
Photo*

been christened "the wonder." As an amateur golfer J. Ball, junr., has again asserted his supremacy, and an Irish lady, Miss Hezlett, of Belfast, won the ladies' championship by means of a really magnificent display.

Hurdling in 1899 has an able representative in the Cambridge University athlete, W. G. Paget-Tomlinson, the winner of this year's championship at Wolverhampton. True, his time on that occasion was not very remarkable, but it must be remembered that the ground was in a bad condition. On several occasions Paget-Tomlinson has bettered his championship performance, and though he was unexpectedly defeated by the Harvard hurdler, Fox, on the occasion of this year's Anglo-American inter-university contest, in very fast time, his performance on that day was the best of his life.

The athletic championships of 1899 were held



A. E. J.

STURGES,
THE
CHAMPION
WALKER.

Thiele, Photo



R. H.
HOWELL,
THE
SCULLING
CHAM-
PION.

*Gordon, Putney,
Photo*

at Wolverhampton with the ground in anything but a favourable condition. It is scarcely to be wondered at, therefore, that the performances all round were rather disappointing.

In the running department, that speedy Highgate Harrier, R. W. Wadsley, had the sprint at his mercy, and won easily from C. Jupp, of the London Athletic Club. The mile event, as most people expected, went to the flying

Irish Amateur Athletic Association, the distance covered being 22 feet 2 inches,



DENNIS HORGAN, WEIGHT-PUTTING CHAMPION.

Scotsman, Hugh Welsh. His finish in this race was something to be remembered for ever. Entering the finishing straight, it looked all Lombard Street to a China orange on Bennett of the Finchley Harriers getting to the tape first, but the Scotsman sprinted in electrical fashion, and only just broke the worsted first. In fact, only the judges could accurately place the men.

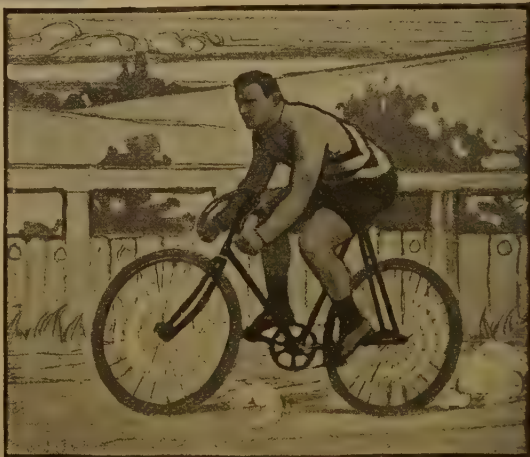
In Ireland, field sports are more generally indulged in than in this country, and it is scarcely to be wondered at, therefore, that the representatives of the green isle are always very successful in this branch of athletics. This year, the long jump again went to W. J. M. Newburn, of the



PATRICK LEAHY, CHAMPION JUMPER, CLEARS 5 FEET 10½ INCHES.

from a bad take-off. The brawny Dennis Horgan had, as usual, an easy victory in the weight-putting championship. I forget how many times this sturdy Irishman has won this event, but he is undoubtedly the finest weight-putter in the world, bar the American champion.

As most people know, W. J. Sturgess, so long as he keeps fit, can always have



PAUL ALBERT, THE CYCLING CHAMPION.

the walking championship at his mercy, and the Polytechnic man, covering the



LAUNCESTON ELLIOTT,
CHAMPION WEIGHT-
LIFTER.

ground in his best style, won this event with the utmost ease.

The sculling champion is R. H. Howell—undoubtedly the speediest amateur of to-day. In the Diamond Sculls contest at Henley this year he met a doughty rival in J. Blackstaffe, and for some little time it appeared as if the holder were about to suffer defeat. But Howell had something in reserve, and soon made up the leeway when he started in earnest, winning easily at the finish by four lengths.

That nimble son of Erin, P. Leahy, who has at several meetings jumped well over six feet, could on the last occasion manage only 5 feet 10½ inches. Leahy is a worthy follower to Ryan, another Irishman, and is undoubtedly the finest amateur high jumper in the world. He holds the British record with a jump of 6 feet 4¾ inches, and this feat is all the more marvellous when Leahy's style of jumping is taken into consideration, for he takes no preliminary run.

It is remarkable to find in the mile cycling champion of England a stolid but good-natured German. Paul Albert, the Teuton in question, may safely be said to be the fastest short distance rider on the Continent, either amateur or professional, and the way he made a hack of England's speediest amateur,

T. Summersgill, of Leeds, in the National Cyclists' Union mile championship this year, came as a revelation to the spectators.

Though Summersgill atoned to some extent for this defeat by winning the mile amateur championship of the world at Montreal, this victory was discounted by the fact that the name of Albert was missing from the list of starters. Like

the thoroughly genuine sportsman the Leeds rider has always proved himself to be, he himself was one of the first to modestly disclaim his victory, by publicly asserting that he only won in the absence of the flying German.

The amateur weight-lifting champion of the year is Launceston Elliott, the son of a gentleman farmer, but in personal appearance a direct descendant of one of



Ward, Leicester, Photo

THE CHAMPION SWIMMER,
JARVIS OF LEICESTER.



Thiele, Photo

STEADMAN, THE CHAMPION OF WRESTLERS.



Homer's heroes. Apart from his immense strength, he is undoubtedly the handsomest and most graceful weight-lifter in the world.

As a swimmer, J. A. Jarvis, of Leicester, may be said to stand alone, for although there may be a few men able to occasionally defeat him, he has a remarkably consistent record over all distances, and has placed most of the English championships for 1899 to his credit. Jarvis, who is a magnificent specimen of youthful manhood, is only twenty-seven years old, and his swimming career dates from his twelfth year of age.

His persistency is shown by the fact that he competed in no less than ten championships before winning one. In August of the present year he beat Nuttall's mile record by covering the distance in 25 min. 13 $\frac{2}{5}$ secs.

Wrestling is a sport not held in such high esteem in the south as in the northern counties. In Cumberland and Durham no athletic meeting would be complete without its wrestling competition, and up to the present that grand old veteran



THE ARMY RACQUET CHAMPIONS.



SHEFFIELD UNITED FOOTBALL TEAM, HOLDERS OF THE ASSOCIATION CHALLENGE CUP.

George Steadman is master of all he surveys. He is now 53 years of age, and weighs 18 stone, yet he is as fit as the proverbial fiddle, and only a few months back defeated J. Strong, a much younger rival, at the Grasmere Sports, throwing him twice in three bouts.

The sport of archery is still carried on largely in some parts of England. The English Tell is to be found in Mr. Eyre Hussey, of Ledbury, Herefordshire, an admirable type of the good old English gentleman, as can be seen from his photo on page 448. His winning score was 848.

The army has, of course, its own champions. The best fencer in the army is Sergeant Davis, of the 2nd Life Guards, whose portrait is on the first page of this article. But for a sad accident to the champion of two years ago, when he lost an eye, it is doubtful if Sergeant Davis would have attained the honour. The best shot is Private Dorée, a young Devonshire man, who boasts the unique record of being the first private to have ever won the title, which, as a rule, goes to a sergeant of musketry. His portrait is on page 445.

Racquets is a game in great favour with military officers, and this year the winners were Lieut.-Col. Spens and M. E. M. Sprot, of the 2nd Battalion Shropshire Light Infantry. The holders, Major J. C. B. Eastwood and Captain Eustace Crawley, were unable to fight again together for the honour, as the latter was away on foreign service, and Major Eastwood had to play with a somewhat less expert partner, with the result that after participating in the honour times innumerable, he on this occasion had to let it go.

An article of this sort could scarcely be called complete without some reference to the winter game of football. The champion team, or to be correct, the holders of the Amateur Association Challenge Cup, is the Sheffield United. Their entry into the final was gained after four stiff struggles with the Liverpool team, so that their ultimate victory over the Derby County team was very popular. They defeated the Derby team by 4 goals to one, the match being played at the Crystal Palace in the most villainous weather, before the record attendance of 73,833.



WINE me a wreath to deck the Christmas hours,
And let us weave sweet fancies in between.

The garden may look dull, and lack bright flowers,

But we have treasures that are ever green.
There must be holly—thornèd leaf ashine,
And berry red, like some warm thought that cheers,

With trails of tapering ivy to entwine,
And clasp and cling, as friends in time of tears.
Mingle sweet laurel, fragrant with perfume,
On ev'ry leaf a victor's name stands bold,
And let the mystic mistletoe find room,

Its pearly beads the centuries have told.
With Love, Goodwill, and Peace, the garland tie,
And then the wreath we bind can never die.

J. E. WHITBY.

K K

GRANVILLE, V.C.

THE STORY OF A DOUBLE WIN.

BY SYDNEY NEWTON.

Illustrated by Ernest Prater.

MANY people find fault with George Granville for making so much of his stepson Jack—call it unfilial and unnatural—say he loves Jack more than he does his own boys and girl, and so on.

If they knew *why* he adores Jack so, all those of them who use their hearts for loving people with, as well as for pumping their vital fluid through their bodies, would quite understand and forgive.

Granville and Jack's mother began to be friends—and something more—when she was eighteen and he twenty-five.

She was the daughter of old Brab, otherwise Colonel Frederic Augustus Napoleon Brabazon, of the 35th Hussars—Granville's second regiment. It was a genuine case of love at first sight with both of them. From a few days after they first met until when, three years later, he and some of the others were packed off to India, Granville tried twice a week, regularly, to ask Belle to marry him. She—so she told him some years later—waited, impatiently, for him to do it. But he didn't. Granville has plenty to say for himself as a rule. It's good talk, too; the men often told him so, though he didn't believe them. He never did, and never will, believe that anything he says or does is worth remembering.

He and Belle Brabazon got on all right so long as they kept to ordinary topics. He could chatter away to her, as easily as to anyone else, on the weather, or plays, or pictures, or dogs. But, queerly enough, directly he approached the subject of love, or marriage, his mouth got dry.

Now Granville, being Irish by birth, is more than a little superstitious. Consequently, when Pinsent, a junior sub, took to haunting old Brab's house, Granville took to keeping away from it.

Belle seemed rather to like the new arrangement. She smiled on Pinsent, and

laughed as much as ever; so Granville decided that Fate, whom he had been abusing, was rather a kind sort of person, after all, and had prevented his making a fool of himself.

When, six months later—he was in India by that time—he received a letter from one of the men at the old station, saying that Belle was to be married to Pinsent immediately, he shut himself up in his bedroom for a whole day—as much as a man can shut himself up in an Indian house—and went about in a tired way for a month afterwards.

About a year and a half after that, one of those little frontier wars that lessen Britannia's army and do not increase her territory broke out, and the rest of the regiment were sent out from England to reinforce the lot Granville was with.

Old Brab did not come with them—he had smashed his knee against a gate through not believing that he was too old to hunt. Pinsent came, but he left Belle behind—there was nothing remarkable in this, as Jack's months were, at that time, very few.

According to the lady novelist, Granville should have scowled at Pinsent and avoided him, instead of being very civil to him. He envied him desperately; but he could not see why he should be angry with him because he had been fortunate enough to win the woman he, Granville, wanted. The fact that Pinsent belonged to Belle, and that she, presumably, loved him, was, to the man who loved her, a quite sufficient reason for doing all he could for him. He presented him with half his last box of sardines; and even let him help himself to his cigarettes, though his stock was very low, and he hadn't the faintest idea when he would be able to get more.

Shortly after Pinsent's arrival at Gilgai, the first serious brush occurred. The re-

bellious hill-tribe that had hitherto amused itself with attacking inoffensive friendlies waxed bolder and took to sniping round the camp. The Colonel, who was a lazy man, and given to putting his own comfort first and his country's glory second, took the loss of a few sentries calmly; but when some of the enemy crept closer and potted the mess-cook, and, a few minutes after, ended the earthly career of the Colonel's own ser-soldier of lost histemper as well as his man, shook his fist at the small fort perched on the top of a conical hill a mile away, and ordered his men to form up and attack it at once.

Half an hour later, karkee-clad lads who had passed their days lying in the shade of the scanty thorn-bushes, perspiring and swearing at the climate equally freely, promptly forgot whether the thermometer was 100 or 40 degrees in the shade, and swung along over the baking plain as briskly as though they were in a cool, green Devonshire lane. For when a man's blood is hot within him he takes no heed of the heat of the sun.

They reared the hill. They broke into a run, for little spits of flame flashed out, here and there, on the mud walls of the fort. They struggled through a narrow belt of thorn bushes that tore their clothes and hands and faces, streaking them with blood. They scrambled and clawed their way among the loose stones as the ground began to rise. The little spits of flame grew thicker, until the hill-top was wreathed with white smoke as

with the mist of an autumn morning, and stood out white against the blue. And, here and there, a man ceased his upward movement, threw up his arms, and fell; and from him, slowly downwards, crept a stain red as the poppies in the cornfields he would never see again.

"Come back, you fools!" roared the Colonel. "Granville, what do you mean by letting them go up a place as steep as a church spire? Get 'em back. Take 'em up the other side, along the ridge."

Granville was muttering a reply to the effect that you can't get men to march in review order when their blood is up, but he stopped suddenly,

with a cry of, "My God! it's Pinsent." He gripped the Colonel's arm and pointed with a shaking hand to where, within a few feet of the black faces that



"WHEN GRANVILLE APPROACHED THE SUBJECT OF LOVE TO HER, HIS MOUTH GOT DRY."

grinned over the low wall, a man was feebly struggling to rise, unaided.

For discipline had triumphed, and save for that one, the hill had no moving figures on it now. He drew in his breath with a hiss. "They'll knife him—the brutes. We must advance—here—now."

"No!" The Colonel rapped out the word like a pistol shot.

Granville looked at him for one instant with unutterable scorn in his eyes; the next he was scrambling in a bee-line up the hill—alone.

"Come back, you fool! Come back!" roared the Colonel. He struck with the flat of his sword at one or two privates who sprang forward as if to follow, and they shrank back with an angry murmur. "Granville, come back, I say!"

But Granville was deaf to the call of duty; he heard only the call of love. Belle's tears would fall if Pinsent died, and she should not shed a tear that he could prevent. He was resolved on that.

The bullets hit the ground all round him,

A rush of men came up the hill—reached the bloodstained man who staggered under his burden—closed round him—passed on.

Ten minutes later a ringing British cheer rent the hot air. Men grasped each other's hands, and now and again caught their breath as they found the friend whose hand they longed to grasp most was not among them.

Another victory had been added to the long list that lies behind the flag that bears the cross of the Prince of Peace—but the Colonel swore softly. Bravery had been plentiful, but it was the sort that increases the list of the killed; and as that list swells, the future glory of the commanding officer diminishes.

"Dead!" said the surgeon, dropping Pinsent's lifeless hand.

"And the other?"

"One through the arm, and another through the chest; but I'll get him along all right. Pity he couldn't have saved his man, though. Only married a year ago, I believe. Well, if women will marry soldiers they must take the consequences."

The surgeon did get Granville "along all right."

In a week, some of the men were allowed to pay him a silent call. They were al-

lowed to go into his tent, just press

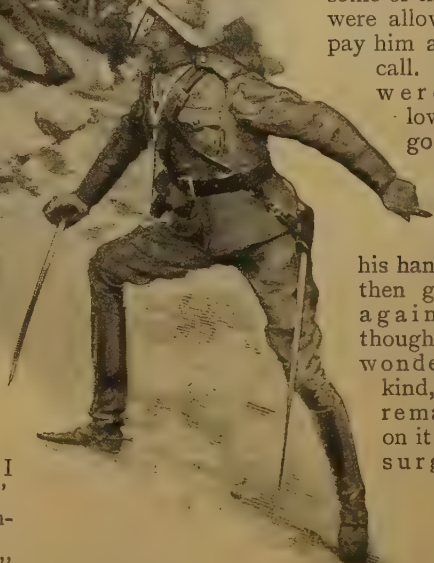
his hand, and then go out again. He thought them wonderfully kind, and remarked on it to the surgeon,

sending up little jets of sand and stones. His breath came in gasping sobs. He felt a hot sting in his left arm and a warm trickle stealing down to his fingers, and knew what it was, but did not heed it, for he was close to his man now. The shouts of his countrymen sounded faint, and the yells of the hillmen close.

"Confound it!" cried the Colonel. "I cannot let him be murdered. Forward!"

"Go back—I'm done for," gasped Pinsent. "Let it be one instead of two."

"Put your arms round my neck," growled Granville, gruffly. "That's it. Hold tight, I'm going to run."



"COME BACK, YOU FOOL!" ROARED THE COLONEL.

who was the only man he was allowed to speak to.

"Kind!" said the surgeon. "It's not kindness, it's *admiration*. You know, even men who are not capable of bravery themselves can appreciate it. But, considering what you did——"

"But what did I do?"

"What did you do?"

"Yes, I did nothing but go up the hill and fetch Pinsent down. I even did that too late, and got winged, so that I couldn't take part in the attack."

"Hear him!" said the surgeon, appealing to the canvas walls around him.

"Hear him! When it's a V.C., and the only one in the whole fizzle."

"Who'll get a V.C.?"

"You, my modest friend."

"Pshaw!" Granville turned his face to the wall and refused further conversation.

And, later on, when it was sent out to him, and the band played and the men were paraded in honour of the occasion, he said he didn't know what there was to make a fuss about, and got away as soon as he decently could. But the letter that Belle wrote him, thanking him for having done his best to save her husband, he carried about with him all day and kept under his pillow all night, though he often called himself a fool for doing so—but he went on doing it.

At length a rich old uncle of his died, and left him a very comfortable income; so he made up his mind to give up soldiering. For, though he thought no more of shooting one of his Queen's enemies than he did of eating his breakfast, while the fury of battle was on him, yet, in the still hours of the night, when the fighting was over, the thought of the women he had made widows and the children he had made fatherless kept him from sleeping. And he also often thought of the woman he had tried to keep widowhood from, and the child whose father he had tried to save.

So he sent in his papers. And one April morning, when there was a green mist of baby leaves on the elm boughs, he found himself back in Silminster, rubbing his eyes and wondering whether he hadn't merely dreamt the events of the last few years.

Belle had put off her mourning, and wore fresh muslins, when the weather gra-



"PUT YOUR ARMS ROUND MY NECK," GROWLED GRANVILLE, GRUFFLY, "I'M GOING TO RUN."

ciously permitted her to, just as she had in other springs; and drove about in the same yellow dog-cart, drawn by the same fat brown pony. Beside her now sat a

small boy who had not been there in the old days, who answered in very undeveloped English to the name of Jack Pinsent, and had large brown eyes and fluffy fair hair like his mother's.

Granville was glad Jack had taken it on himself to resemble his mother, though he often took himself to task for being so. That's the worst of setting up a very high moral standard for oneself—it's so hard for its setter-up to live up to it.

He found old Brab and the new men at the barracks quite as "bad" (so he phrased it) as people in India, where his V.C. was concerned.

"I couldn't leave the poor chap to die while there was a chance of saving him. I only did what any other man would

coat, cast an eye on the wall above the mantelsheff.

"I wish I had earned that V.C.," he said.

"I wish," answered Granville, "that I had saved him for her, while I was about it."

There was something in his voice that caused old Brab to look at him with a face that had a world of comprehension in it.

"Look here, lad," he said, "don't you complain about *that*. If you *had* saved him, you'd have done her one of the worst turns you ever did anyone. He—well, he wasn't quite as good as they make 'em. There was an ugly story about him, but there's no need to tell it to you. He wasn't the right man for Belle. I soon found that out; so did she, I think, though she never said so, and never will. He was her boy's father, and nothing will make a woman keep her tongue between her teeth about a man's faults like that does."

Jack Pinsent took a desperate fancy to Granville from the first day he saw him, and hung on to him like a limpet whenever he got a chance, which was often, for he had a way of darting over to his mother, kissing her, and then darting

back to Granville and kissing him. The last person kissed found this very charming, and if ever he caught himself gloating over the memory of it, he called himself names that were not exactly complimentary to his intellect.

So things went on until the leaves had turned yellow, and one afternoon Jack and



"I WISH I HAD EARNED THAT V.C.," SAID BRAB."

have done," he kept on telling them, plaintively.

"You only," said the man who reigned in old Brab's place, "did what every man ought to do, but few do. Thank God, for England's sake, there are some of your sort left."

Still, Granville was a trifle proud of that V.C. all the same.

This went on, until one night when old Brab, who had looked in for an hour's chat, rose to go, and, as he put on his

his best-loved friend were having a long and confidential talk before the drawing-room fire in old Brab's house. Belle was out, somewhere in the town, but she had left word that, if Granville called, he was to wait until she came in. Jack was doing most of the talking. He had been to the seaside for a few days, for the first time in his life, and had much to say about it.

As long as he confined himself to telling lies about the size of the sand castles he had built, and the weight of the fish he had caught, Granville let him ramble on, and drifted off into a sweet waking-dream in which he, Jack, and Jack's mother—

"Mother says," said Jack, suddenly changing the subject of his conversation, as small boys will, "that a black man killed my father, and that you tried to stop the black man, but you couldn't. She says it's quite true. Is it?"

"It is," said Granville; in some alarm, "quite true."

"Then," said Jack, gravely, "you ought to get me another father."

"Oh, no!—er—how could I do that?" stammered Granville, nervously. The boy's eyes were so like Belle's.

The entrance of his mother, and the tea-tray, diverted Jack's thoughts for about ten minutes. Granville breathed more freely, and talked to Belle with all his soul in his honest doglike eyes. He hadn't the faintest idea that he looked at her in a different way to that in which he looked at old Brab and his landlady. But she noticed that he did. And so did Jack, who, for his age, was a most wonderfully observant young man.

"Ca'pen Granville," he announced gravely, between bites of cake, "you'se velly fond of my mother."

Granville's jaw dropped. "I—er—," he began.

"I'll tell you how Ise know. Youse eyes goes twinkly-winkly when you looks at her—like hers goes when hers looking at me."

Granville gazed at Belle despairingly. She was smiling—actually smiling. Jack naturally took her smile for approval, and continued his monologue delightedly.

"I'se never," he said, with firm conviction, "seen anyone I'd like better for a mother than mother, an' I'se never seen anyone that I'd like better for a father than you."

Granville looked about him in a helpless way. Would Belle check that dear little chatterer? She showed no sign of doing so—he felt he must.

"Er—I say, you know," he began. But, quite without meaning to do so, he looked



"'CAP'EN GRANVILLE,' SAID THE BOY,
'YOU'SE VELLY FOND OF MY MOTHER.'"

towards Belle instead of at Jack. All the awful sensations of long ago came back and paralysed his tongue.

"Nursie says," resumed the childish voice, "that you couldn't be my father unless you married my mother. Will you marry my mother? I would like you for a father so dreadful much."

A little warm hand coaxed itself into Granville's, and two soft baby lips touched his cheek; but he only stared down at the carpet and answered never a word.

"P'raps," said Jack, in what was intended to be a whisper, but was perfectly audible at the other side of the fire where his mother sat, "P'raps you'se too shy to ask her to. Sometimes when I want something dreadful bad I'se too shy to ask, so I get someone else to—Granddaddy or Nursie. Shall I ask her for you?"

He stooped down and peered into Granville's down-bent face. Something he saw there seemed to him to give consent. He planted himself, a sturdy, quaint little figure, on the hearthrug between the silent man and the woman who smiled at him with tears in her eyes.

"Mother," he said, just a little timidly, for he felt, though he didn't know why, that something very unusual and wonderful was taking place, "Mother, will you marry Cap'en Granville? I wants you to, dreadful much."

And Belle, her sweet voice trembling a little, answered him bravely. "Yes, dear, if Captain Granville wants me to, I will."

The spell was broken, and Granville's tongue was loosed. He held out his hands to her and echoed Jack's words.

"I do want you to, dreadful much."

And their clasped hands rested for a moment on Jack's soft hair like a benediction. And Granville said, "Thank God!"

Pinsent had parted them for awhile—Pinsent's boy had united them for ever.

* * * *

Some years later, the night before Jack went to Sandhurst, Granville was giving him a little fatherly advice.

"You must do your best, Jack, for your mother's sake," he said. "You have the best mother in the world."

"And," said Jack, "the best old dad in the world."

"You are too fond of praising me, Jack."

"I picked you out for myself," was the laughing answer. "You surely don't expect me to run down my own choice, do you?" Then, becoming serious, he put his arm round Granville's neck. "I mean it,

governor, every word of it. I mean it, too, when I say that I'm proud of you." He pointed to where the V.C. hung—Belle had placed it there with her own hands.

"Don't," answered Granville, turning his back on it. "I'll tell you, Jack, what I have told no one else. I did not do what won me that because I was brave, I only did it because I loved your mother and



"GRANVILLE HELD OUT HIS HAND.
'I DO WANT YOU TO, DREADFUL
MUCH,' HE SAID."

wanted to save her from sorrow. I am no hero. I am a perfect fraud."

"Then," said Jack, with a laugh, drawing his arm a little tighter, "may I be just such another, that's all."

HOW INJURED VESSELS ARE DOCTORED.

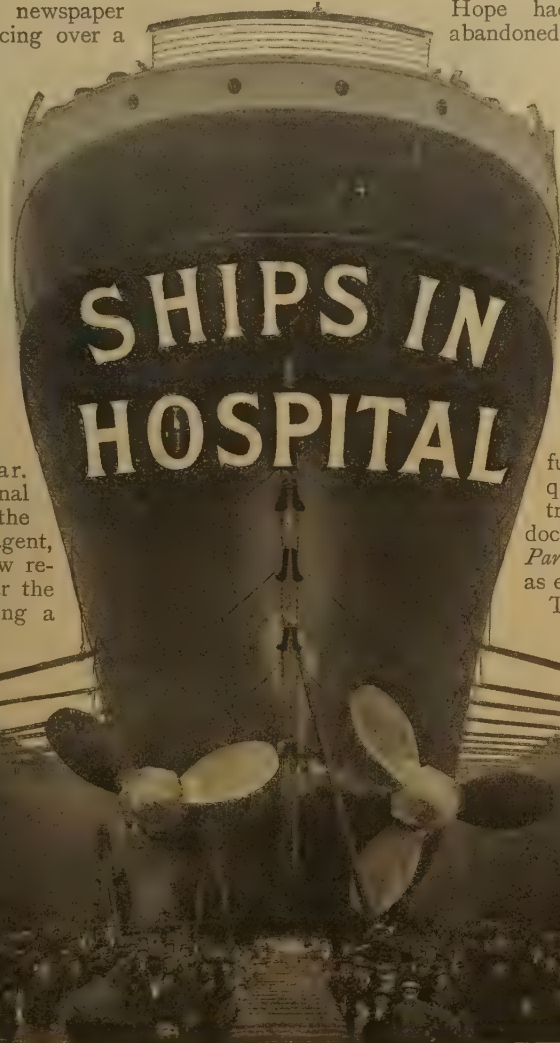
By RAYMOND E. MONTROSE.

THE average newspaper reader, glancing over a report of the latest shipping disaster, rarely pauses to consider the amount of labour and capital annually devoted to the saving of unfortunate vessels from total destruction.

Yet the hospital bill of the shipping runs up to a sum of considerable magnitude every year. Hope springs eternal in the breast of the marine insurance agent, and no matter how remote may appear the prospects of saving a

Hope had been almost abandoned by everyone, when, just as the last ray was flickering out, the crew of a German salvage boat decided to make one final effort to dislodge the unfortunate liner from her perilous position. To their unbounded surprise and delight their effort was successful, and it only requires a course of treatment in dry-dock to render the *Paris* as seaworthy as ever again.

The treatment of



SHIPS IN
HOSPITAL

THE LARGEST SHIP HOSPITAL IN THE WORLD, WITH THE LARGEST LINER IN IT—THE "OCEANIC."

wrecked vessel, no effort is spared to achieve that end.

As a case in point, it would be difficult to pick a better example than the salvaging of the liner *Paris* last summer. Firmly fastened in the grip of the treacherous Manacle rocks, she defied the united efforts of a fleet of tug-boats for week after week.

an injured vessel is a very interesting operation, or, rather, series of operations. Pitiably as is the spectacle of a beautiful vessel with a huge hole gaping in her side, her case is by no means so hopeless as the uninitiated might imagine. If she has been the victim of a collision anywhere near shore, an effort is at once



TO REPAIR THE HUGE INDENTATION IN THE
SIDE OF THE "DAUNTLESS" SHOWN IN THIS
PHOTOGRAPH COST £1,500.



made to beach her. Then a large patch is placed over the hole, as shown in the first illustration on page 461, which permits the disabled vessel to be towed to the dry-dock where she is to be laid up for repairs.

Sometimes, however, the ingress of water into the ship's hold is prevented by the bulkheads of the vessel itself, and then the vessel can be towed into dock without undergoing this operation. Even should she absolutely sink, marine science may still save her, provided she has not gone down in very deep water. The raising of sunken ships is, indeed, one of the most marvellous phases of marine engineering.

A dry-dock, or, as it can very appropriately be called, a ship's hospital, is a huge basin for the accommodation of vessels which, through accident or overwork, require repairing. Most large seaport towns possess such docks, which, though they vary in size considerably, are all constructed on the same principle, with the exception that some are closed by ordinary lock gates, and others by what is known as a caisson.

A caisson is a kind of floating dam that can be raised or lowered at will by simply filling it with water, or emptying it, as the case requires. At the bottom are sluices by means of which the water in the dock itself can be exhausted after the vessel has been placed in position. On each side of the dock are rows of steps sloping inwards to the bottom, as shown on page 457, giving the sides something of the appearance of the gallery of a theatre.

England possesses the largest dry-dock in the world. It is the property of the Mersey Board, and is over 900 feet in length. It was in this dock that the *Oceanic* was overhauled before making her maiden trip from Liverpool to New York.

It is called the Canada graving-dock, and is undoubtedly the finest in the world, and possibly the only one capable of accommodating the s.s. *Oceanic*. Our first photograph conveys a good idea of the size both of this leviathan of the deep and the dock which can hold her.

When manœuvring an injured vessel into dry-dock, the very greatest care is necessary, as an error of a few inches may mean the loss of some hundreds of pounds. Along the bottom of the dock is a series of large oak or elm blocks, and the aim of the officer is to get his ship in such a position that when the water is exhausted she will settle down evenly along these blocks, so that each will bear its fair proportion of the strain. In the case of a large battleship of, say, 10,000 tons displacement, it can be understood that when she settles down upon about 80 of these blocks the strain on each must be enormous, and unless the vessel is truly placed,

an undue strain will be thrown on some of the blocks, with serious results.

Before a vessel of this sort is docked, an elaborate docking plan is prepared. Carefully executed drawings of the vessel are consulted in order to ascertain the exact shape and length of the keel, the rudder, the propeller, &c. Measurements of the dock are submitted to the chief officer of the vessel, and he himself then drafts out a plan mathematically correct to a fraction of an inch. The exact position of the bow and stern has also to be very carefully marked out, and also the arrangement of the keel blocks.

When the vessel has ultimately been manœuvred into the dock, the water is exhausted by the aid of steam pumps, and she slowly subsides on the row of keel blocks. As the vessel sinks, the officer is able to judge if she is settling down correctly. When the water has all been exhausted, men immediately place supporting blocks all round the vessel, and long, strong poles are stretched at various points from the steps of the dock to the sides of the vessel. The vessel is thus firmly secured and ready for medical treatment. A good idea of the method of



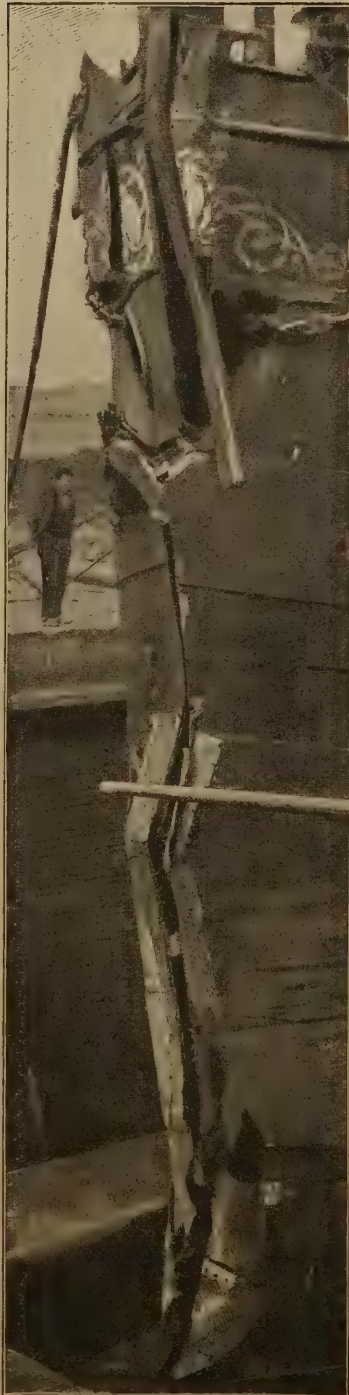
A BAD CASE OF BROKEN RIBS—THE INJURED PLATES HAVE BEEN REMOVED.

securing a vessel in dock can be obtained by glancing at the photograph of the s.s. *Port Victor* on page 462.

The ship is now installed as an indoor patient, and busy hands are soon at work upon her. The temporary patches are speedily removed, after which the steel plates that have been injured are unriveted, leaving the skeleton of the vessel exposed to view, as in the photograph on the preceding page. A little later, and the clang of hammers resounds as fresh plates are being riveted in. Easy as this may read, the operations are fraught with considerable danger, and the lives of the workers are in constant jeopardy.

It requires considerable nerve to stand upon a narrow plank, scarcely more than a foot in width, with a yawning basin underneath you, and huge, weighty plates of steel swinging above your head. But these sturdy sons of toil treat the danger with the contempt born of familiarity. A fall of forty feet may be possible, but they show not the slightest trace of concern.

In some of the photographs accompanying this article are to be seen a few types of the patients that fill the ships' hospitals at every large seaport. The photograph of the s.s. *Port Victor* from below conveys a striking idea of the serious nature of her accident. The hole in her bow is a fearful one, and the vessel had to be towed into dock stern foremost in a sinking condition. The damage was



THE "NERISSA" SUFFERED FROM A BADLY BROKEN NOSE.

done in a collision off Folkestone. So terrible was the impact that the bow of the *Port Victor* was actually lifted right on to the deck of the other vessel, which sank almost instantly, but not before she had completely wrenched away nearly the whole of the bow of the *Port Victor*. The vessel was dry-docked in Messrs. R. and H. Green's yard at Blackwall, and was repaired in the remarkably quick time of thirty-two working days.

Two other unfortunate traders were the s.s. *Nerissa* and the s.s. *Dauntless* (page 458), both of which were the victims of collisions. The collier *Dauntless* was run into in the North Sea, and it cost almost £1,500 to put her injuries right again. The *Nerissa* had her bow sadly battered by another vessel in the Thames, but her injuries were not so serious as those of the *Dauntless*.

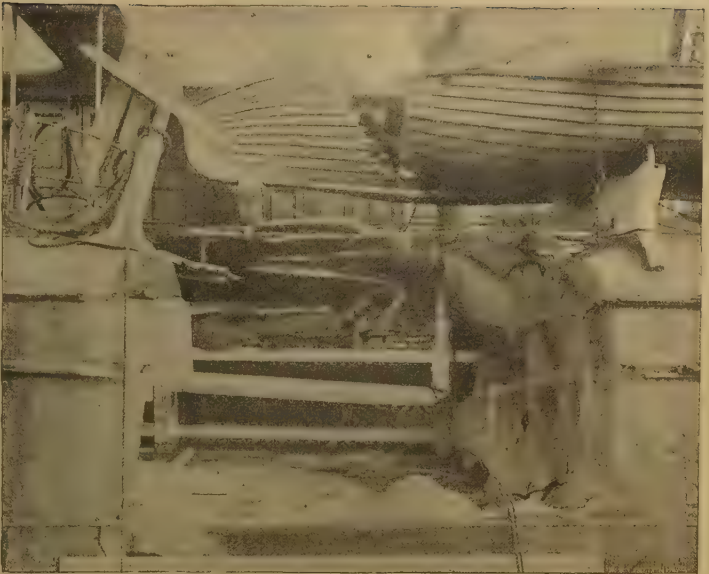
A very interesting photograph is our last one, showing the battleship, H.M.S. *Intrepid*, laid up for repairs in the large floating dock stationed at the Bermudas. This dock is well-nigh unique, for there is only one other like it in the world. Some idea of its capacity and size can be obtained by noting how completely a full-sized battleship is dwarfed in comparison. The vessel undergoing operations has more the appearance of a penny river steamer than a ship of the line.

The most curious ships' hospital in the world, however, is that depicted on the next page. It was put down by Mr. Henry

Fletcher, the pioneer of the famous firm of ship-builders and repairers, Fletcher, Son, and Fearnall, Ltd. Being anxious to construct a third graving dock, he selected a spot just below the Union Docks, but found that the nature of the ground made it an unexpectedly difficult undertaking. He soon devised a plan to overcome the difficulty, however. He purchased an old East Indiaman called the *Canton*, sunk her, fastened her down with through piles, erected gates at her stern, and formed a unique dry dock, which for sixty years did admirable service.

When the firm decided upon extension, it was found, after consulting the pilots, that in order to build a new dry dock within

the freehold premises the old *Canton* would have to be sacrificed, and so she was removed. Not, however, without giving considerable trouble, for though over a century old, she was built throughout of

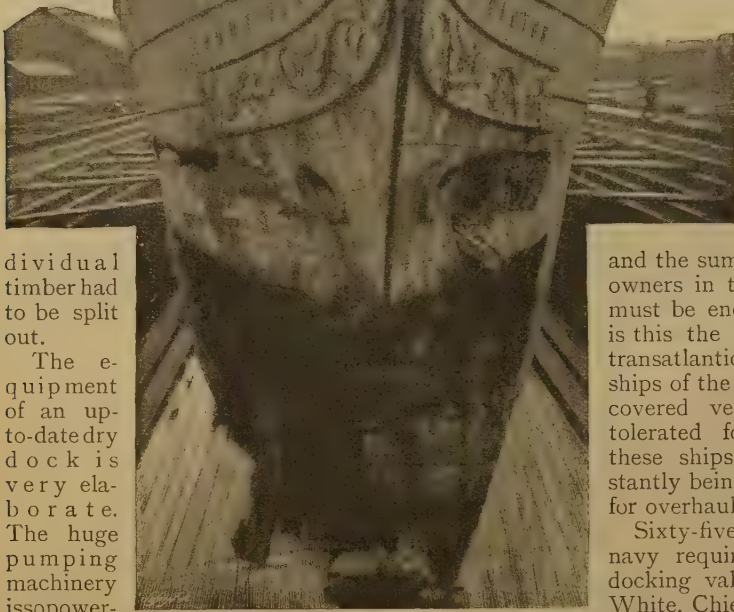


INJURED BY A REMARKABLE COLLISION. MADE WATERTIGHT BY A TEMPORARY PATCH PARTLY VISIBLE. NOTE THE DAMAGE TO THE SMALL BOAT AS WELL.



THE MOST CURIOUS SHIPS' HOSPITAL IN THE WORLD—THIS OLD EAST INDIAMAN FOR SIXTY YEARS SERVED AS A GRAVING DOCK.

English oak of heavy scantling, and was found to be in such a perfect state of preservation that each in-



dividual timber had to be split out.

The equipment of an up-to-date dry dock is very elaborate. The huge pumping machinery is so powerful that it can exhaust a dock in less than an hour. At the larger docks railway lines run right round them, on which are mounted huge travelling cranes capable of lifting almost any weight, and it is nothing unusual to see one of them swinging ten tons in the air as if it were a mere bagatelle.

The removal of a large liner from hospital is, like the admission, a very delicate task, and has to be performed with the very great-

est care. The shores, as the long poles between vessel and dock are called, are first removed, and the ship is kept in position only by the mooring lines. As the water comes up in the dock, she is gradually lifted off the blocks. Some of the water in the caisson that dams the entrance to the dock is also pumped out to float it. Then the caisson is swung out of the way, and the ship is carefully hauled out.

Dry-docking plays an important part in the life of a ship, therefore, and the sum expended by ship-owners in this way every year must be enormous. Especially is this the case with the large transatlantic liners, and with ships of the navy, as a barnacle-covered vessel could not be tolerated for a moment, and these ships are therefore constantly being run into dry-dock for overhauling purposes.

Sixty-five years ago we had a navy requiring periodical dry-docking valued by Sir William White, Chief Constructor to the Navy, at ten million pounds. To-day the value is assessed at no less than sixty-one millions sterling.

THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS HOW SHIPS ARE SUPPORTED AT REST IN HOSPITAL—THIS PATIENT LOST ITS BOW.



H.M.S. "INTREPID" IN THE REMARKABLE FLOATING HOSPITAL AT BERMUDAS—THERE ARE ONLY TWO SUCH DOCKS IN THE WORLD.

THE MEDIATION OF A PIANO.

A TUNING ROMANCE.

BY MARY ROMNEY.

Illustrated by Fred Pegram.

I.

MISS STANFIELD was in a hurry, and the brisk tattoo which she delivered on the counter with the handle of her neat umbrella brought the mild youth poring over a ledger off his stool with more than his usual alacrity.

"I want you to send a man to tune my piano," she began, in clear, decisive tones.

"I should prefer the man I always have—Turner, isn't that his name?"

"Mr. Turner is away, madam, on a few days' holiday," returned the mild youth, apologetically. "However, if you will allow us to send our other——"

He hesitated on seeing the gathering frown in her blue eyes.

"When will Mr. Turner be back?"



"I WANT YOU TO
SEND A MAN TO
TUNE MY PIANO,"
SAID MISS
STANFIELD."

"Not until next Friday, madam."

And here it was but Monday morning. It was undoubtedly a nuisance, but rather than trust her beloved piano in the hands of a stranger she would wait.

"Send him over to 18, Cranbourne Mansions as soon as he returns. Good morning."

The mild one hastened to open the door, and, as the bell rang, a young man who had been studying a large gilt harp raised his head and gazed intently after the neat figure fast disappearing down the street.

How well she carried herself, and how wonderfully becoming that blue costume was!

He had seen her but four times, and yet each time she seemed prettier than ever. This morning he had met her coming from Cranbourne Mansions, and, to his shame let it be said, had followed at a discreet distance, until, seeing her enter the music shop, he had been filled with a desire to buy a song he had heard a few nights before.

Turning, at length, to the expectant assistant, he said—

"I want you to send me a piano-tuner. I don't care if his name is Turner or Brown so long as he comes at once. Can he come this afternoon at three?"

"Yes, sir. What address, please?"

"No. 37, Cranbourne Mansions."

"Thank you, sir. Good morning."

There was a smile on Thurlow's clean-shaven lips as he jumped into a hansom, which bore him swiftly westward, and it was still there when he let himself into his comfortable flat at a few minutes before three.

"Anyone here, Pritchard?" he asked of the man.

"Yes, sir. Someone as says 'e has come to tune the piano."

"Quite right. Show him into the study. And look here—I am out to everyone this afternoon."

"Very good, sir," replied Pritchard, who forthwith proceeded to show the man of music into the room mentioned, and then retired to sit in his own sanctum with tightly-closed doors, thus hoping to stifle the heart-rending wails which issued from the study.

For four successive afternoons Mr. Thurlow and the piano-tuner sat closeted together in the study, from which sounded the groans of the tormented instrument, which were echoed by Pritchard, in varying keys, at the end of the passage.

It was on the evening of the fourth day that Mr. Thurlow sat by his open window (which commanded a view of the entrance to the flats) smoking the pipe of peace. The air was soft and warm, and only the faint hum of the distant traffic broke the soothing stillness of the room, which had echoed with discordant noise but two short hours ago.

He blew a cloud of smoke into the air, and meditatively regarded the tips of his patent-leather boots.

"This time to-morrow," he murmured, "shall I be fondling the tuning-fork, as the chief instrument of my success, or shall I be in Holloway Gaol, charged with obtaining admission under false pretences?"

II.

It was the following morning, and Elma Stanfield and her mother were seated in the dining-room, busily arranging some flowers.

A knock at the door resounded, and to Elma's low "Come in" it opened to admit the parlour-maid, who imparted the intelligence that the piano-tuner had arrived.

"That is Turner," said Miss Stanfield. "What an obliging man to come so soon," and, rising, she made her way into the drawing-room, to find the obliging man eagerly scrutinising a large photo of herself.

"Good morning," she began. Then, as he started round, a look of vexation came into her face.

"Then you are not Turner, after all?"

"I am afraid not," jerkily. "I am John Smith, the—er—"

"The other tuner. I know," nodding her head. "Why did Mr. Simpson send you?"

"He thought that perhaps you might not care to wait any longer, as Turner's return is doubtful. I assure you I am quite capable of tuning any piano."

He spoke with an ardour which he felt was justifiable when he remembered what he had endured for the past four days.

Elma looked at him with troubled eyes, not unmixed with wonder.

He was a strange sight. His somewhat shabby black tail-coat was tightly buttoned over a pair of shabbier trousers, at the end of which appeared a pair of boots quite innocent of polish.

His face was white, its pallor being increased by the long black hair which fell about his low Shakespearian collar in thick, if unlovely, waves.

Elma looked at the hair and began to feel reassured. It spoke volumes for his musical capability.

"I think you might do it," she said, slowly. Then, with a little smile, which in John Smith's eyes made her look divine, "My piano is very dear to me—you *will* be careful, won't you?"

"Careful! I wouldn't hurt it for the world," speaking in most earnest tones.

"I shall be in the next room, so, if you are in doubt about anything, please come to me. I know a little about tuning myself."

With a swish of silken skirts the door closed, and John Smith sat down on the nearest chair and wiped his heated forehead.

Those last words had sapped the remnant of his fast-oozing courage, and he would have given much to have seized that detestable bag and made his escape. But the joy of being under the same roof as beautiful Elma Stanfield saved him, and with unsteady hands he began to remove the various ornaments from off the top of the piano, taking care to place a photograph of the girl herself on a low table facing him.

In a few minutes the instrument lay bare before him, and with something like pride he drew forth the tuning fork and twanged it gently.

Ah! he mustn't forget the scale. His instructor had impressed upon him the fact that piano tuners always run their hands over the keys before they begin their nerve-tearing work.

Remembering this, he executed a swift *arpeggio*, and, as the last note died away, felt conscious that it had hardly been a

success. Perhaps he had better stick to the scale of C Major. He knew he was perfectly safe there, as it embraced no black notes.

"I can't remember what the chap called them," he murmured. "It had something to do with *accidents*, I know."

Squaring his shoulders he laboriously executed the scale of C, and felt so much pleasure at the successful result that he



"YOU HAVE RUINED MY PIANO. I DON'T BELIEVE YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT TUNING PIANOS."

determined to play it again. It was on the repetition of this plaintive melody that Mrs. Stanfield looked inquiringly at her daughter.

"Surely he is a little slow, dear?"

"Perhaps it is because I asked him to be careful."

The explanation was satisfactory, and Mrs. Stanfield returned to her task of arranging the flowers.

And then began a succession of the most hideous noises that ever struck a human ear.

The deep groans of the bass notes, followed by the shrill shriek from those of the treble, formed one giant discord—it was as if the soul of the piano was wrung in unutterable anguish.

The sound gained in volume as the seconds flew by, and at last Mrs. Stanfield put down the bunch of daffodils she held and once more looked at her daughter, whose white forehead was rucked in a decided frown.

"Don't you think it would be as well to go and see what he is doing, dear?" she queried, gently; "pianos are expensive things——"

But Elma had risen, and, throwing her flowers on the table, proceeded swiftly to the drawing-room, to be greeted by a wail that involuntarily caused her to close her eyes.

"I am afraid you are in some trouble," she said, advancing into the room, and Mr. Smith turned sharply at her voice.

His black hair streamed in wild disorder round his flushed face, his lips were sternly compressed, and in his grey eyes gleamed the light of battle.

"It is those confound—I mean those—er—confusing wires," he began, violently, and then stopped short on reading the cold surprise in her face.

Without a word she crossed quickly to the piano, and struck a chord, which made even him, ignorant of music as he was, draw a deep breath. She struck another and another, and then turned to confront him with whitened cheeks and flashing eyes.

"What have you been doing?"

The words left her in a passionate undertone, and for the first time in his thirty years Cecil Thurlow, *alias* John Smith, felt himself shaking with actual terror before a girl of twenty.

He made no answer, but hurriedly began to put his things in the black bag.

"You have ruined my piano," fixing her wrathful eyes on him, "and what is worse, I do not believe you know anything about tuning pianos."

She opened the little gold purse suspended from the thin chain hanging round her neck and began fumbling within it, while Thurlow, bereft of all speech, could only hold forth the black bag towards her as a mute witness to his calling.

"Take this," tendering him a half-crown, "and please go at once."

And, without daring to meet her blazing eyes, he went.

III.

A FEW weeks later they met at a ball, and as Thurlow bowed before the shimmering satin-clad figure, he missed the peculiar expression which flitted over her face.

"Did I hear your name aright as Mr. Thurlow?" bending towards him prettily as they settled down in a cosy palm-decked corner.

"You did," with a radiant smile. "To speak more fully, it is Cecil Thurlow."

The happiness that he had so ardently wished for had at length been realised, and he experienced a keen delight in the knowledge that he could now meet this girl, for whom he had suffered so much, on an equal footing.

"Ah!" Miss Stanfield unfurled her big feather fan. "Are you here to-night in a professional capacity?"

He stared.

"Hardly. My business hours do not extend beyond five o'clock at the most."

"And you work from ten in the morning till five in the afternoon? What terribly long hours!"

There was sympathy in her blue eyes, and never before had she seemed so sweet.

"Perhaps if I had said from half-past eleven it would be nearer the mark," feeling that even at the risk of losing her sympathy he must tell her the truth.

"That is only on some days, I suppose? Perhaps it is not so much the long hours as the perpetual noise which wears one out?"

"N-no," reflectively, "I cannot say that it troubles me much. You see, my chambers don't overlook the street."

"Ah!"

A little silence grew between them, and Thurlow's hand closed lightly over a coin suspended on his watch-chain as memory carried him back to the last time they met.

"I hear that you are very musical," said Miss Stanfield, at length.

"I am afraid that your informant is wrong," smilingly. "I don't know one note from another."

"Really!" with uplifted brows. "Surely that must render your work very arduous?"

She was smiling now, though there was mockery in her eyes.

He felt perplexed, failing to see her argument. Then he met her gaze, and with an inward shock divined the truth.

His sin had found him out, and she would doubtless deal with him as she thought fit.

The thought came to him that perhaps the man he had employed as instructor had betrayed him, only to be rejected as he remembered the handsome donation he had bestowed upon him to hold his tongue. Besides, there could be no object for it.

Now those blue eyes were watching him mercilessly, and he must say something.

"Miss Stanfield," flushing darkly, "I see that you have found me out. I can only humbly apologise for my unseemly conduct. Suffice to say that I was in the shop when you gave your order—you know the rest."

"You can offer me no excuse?"

She spoke coldly, and all trace of a smile had left her face.

"There is one which I fear would but condemn me further in your eyes." Then, as she rose, "I dare not ask your forgiveness."

"Wherein you are right. I never forgive impertinence." And with a haughty bow she left him.

But Miss Stanfield did not know her man, and her sharply delivered reprimand only served to add fuel to an already steadily burning flame.

So it came about that wherever she went Mr. Thurlow always managed to be there also.

At first Elma was wont to resent what

she termed his impertinent intrusion, but this had gradually lessened on noting his subdued demeanour. After all, she felt that the man was undoubtedly a gentleman.

She knew that they were bound to meet the following week at a river party given by some mutual friends, and it was strange to note that on the morning of the event not one of her numerous frocks afforded her satisfaction.



It was not until lunch was over that he ventured to approach her, encouraged by the almost kindly smile that she had bestowed upon him at starting, and which was now faintly reflected on her charming face.

They made a few commonplace remarks about the weather, and such-like trivialities, and then silence fell between them.

He was weighing the advisability of again referring to his fatal mistake, and so

once more plead her forgiveness, and *she* was thinking what a nice straight nose he had.

He looked at her, beautiful and cool in her white gown, and resolved to throw himself upon her mercy. Surely a woman with such eyes could not condemn him for always.

"Miss Stanfield, I admit that my action

"Tell me. Didn't you catch a severe cold that morning?"

His astonishment increased.

"No. Why should I?"

"Think."

She leant towards him with a ripple of laughter.

"Do you always mark your things with your name and address?"



"You mean——"

"That you left your hat behind you!" and, unable to restrain herself, she broke into a peal of laughter, which to Thurlow's ears was the sweetest music he had ever heard.

"May I hope for your forgiveness?" when her mirth had somewhat subsided.

"You ruined my piano," reproachfully.

"And

was one deserving of the severest censure. I do not ask you to excuse it, as it would be useless, but may I ask you to tell me who betrayed me to you?"

"Nobody," biting her red under-lip, as if to repress a smile.

Thurlow's face expressed blank astonishment.

"I don't understand——" he began, when she cut him short.

I my nervous system," he pleaded.

"For no apparent reason."

"Pardon me, I had, and still have, a very strong reason."

Then, as she made no answer—"You will forgive me?"

"I don't know," flushing a little. "Anyway, you had better——"

"Well?" eagerly, as she hesitated.

"You had better come and fetch your hat."

"YOU LEFT YOUR HAT BEHIND YOU, SHE SAID, AND BROKE INTO A PEAL OF LAUGHTER."

J. P. Payer

G.O.M.

WISHING
THEM A
MERRY
CHRISTMAS.

By
ARTHUR BIRNAGE.

A MERRY Christmas to the Grand Old Men whose portraits adorn these pages!

As the year 1899 draws to a close, they will turn and look down the long corridors of the days of their years, and will wonder if they will see the dawn of a new century.

To young people these Grand Old Men are links with the past, and to all there is much of interest in men who have weathered the storms of seventy, eighty, and ninety years. Let us see who they are.

First of all there is the "Grand Old Man of the Army," General Sir Anthony Blaxland Stransham, K.C.B. He will be ninety-four on the 22nd of this month, and there are few officers who can boast of such an active career. He joined the Royal Marines as long ago as 1823, and from that time until he retired in 1875 he saw a great deal of service. On one occasion he was wrecked at Candia, and was severely wounded in the war with China in 1841. Tommy Atkins has good reason to be proud of his oldest general and officer.

Any Jack Tar will tell you who is the "Father of the Navy." Admiral Sir Harry Keppel, G.C.B., answers to this description, and although he is ninety

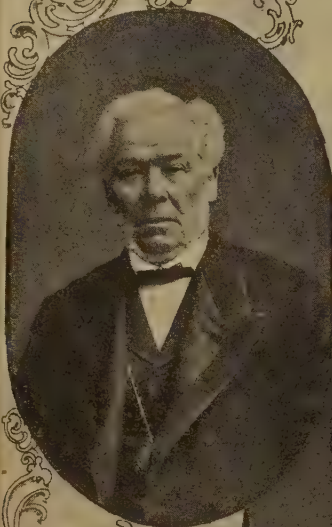


SIR ANTHONY
B. STRANSHAM
—THE OLDEST
GENERAL.

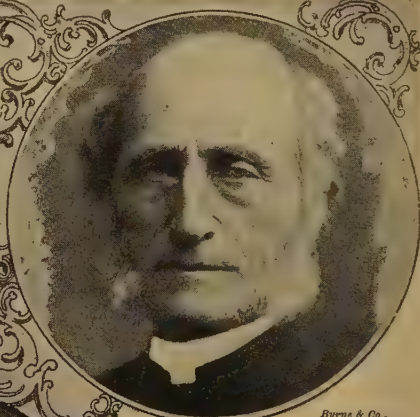
*Porter
Selling, Photo*



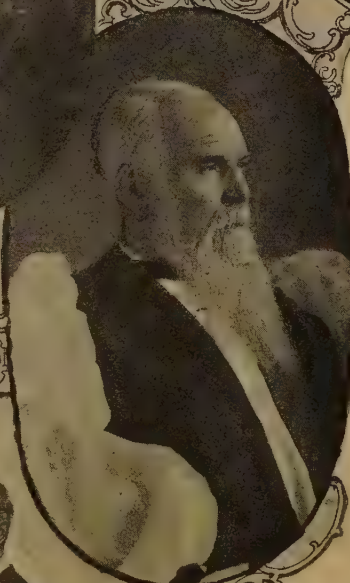
QUARTERMASTER-SERGEANT CATFORD—THE
OLDEST VOLUNTEER.



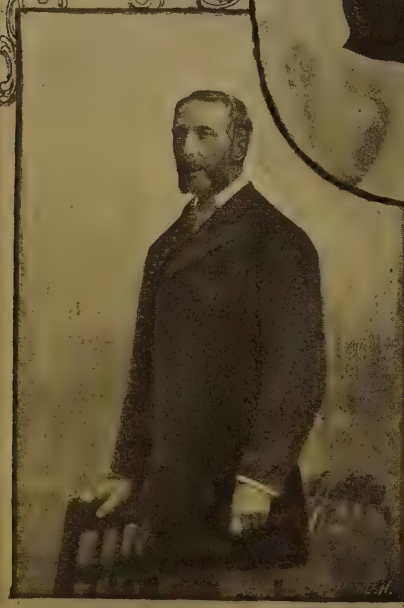
Stereoscopic Co. Photo
SIR ANDREW LUSK,
FATHER OF THE CITY
OF LONDON.



Byrne & Co.,
Richmond, Photo
REV. DR. NEWMAN HALL—"G.O.M."
OF NONCONFORMITY.



Robert A.
Chiswell



Elliott & Fry, Photo
MR. W. W. B. BEACH, THE FATHER OF THE
HOUSE OF COMMONS.

years of age, his advice as the oldest Admiral of the Fleet is still of weight in high quarters. Sir Harry Keppel commanded our naval forces in the Crimean war, and also in China, and nothing pleases him better than to help any cause which has for its ideal Britannia as "the ruler of the waves."

Quartermaster-Sergeant George Catford, of Honiton, Devon, is the oldest Volunteer. He was present at Teignmouth for the week's drill and service after the formation of the Volunteer force in 1852. At the age of eighty-two he is still a member of the force, and looks upon his nine service stars and long-service medal as his best possessions.

Elliott & Fry, Photo
REV. DR.
RYLE—THE
OLDEST
BISHOP.

The Houses of Parliament have several grand old men. In the House of Lords both the Earl of Tankerville and Lord Gwydyr are frequently termed the "Fathers of the House"; but to the former really belongs the title, for in point of age he is a month older, and also took his seat at an earlier period than Lord Gwydyr. Both peers were born in 1810.

In the House of Commons Mr. W. W. B. Beach, M.P., reigns supreme above all rivals, although he is only seventy-three, having sat in the House of Commons consecutively since 1857. The Father of the City of London, who also sat in the House of Commons for

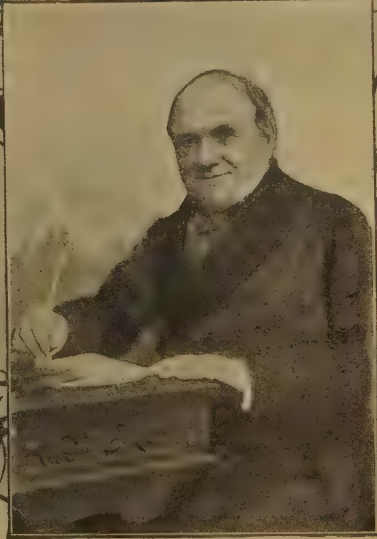


Heath, Plymouth, Photo

MR. JAMES DOEL—THE OLDEST ACTOR.

twenty years, is Sir Andrew Lusk, Bart. He is now eighty-nine years of age, having passed the mayoral chair twenty-four years ago.

Coming to the churches, in point of length of service the Bishop of Liverpool at the age of eighty-



Elliott & Fry, Photo

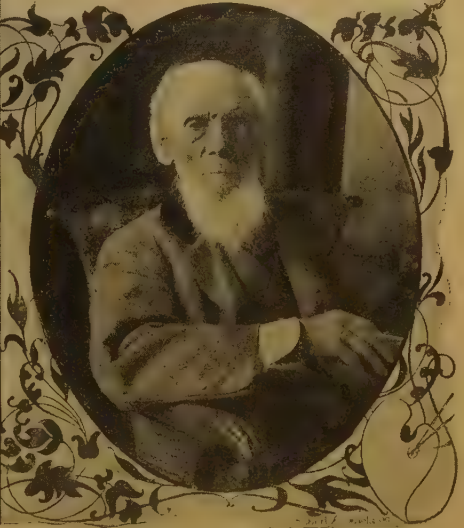
JUDGE STONOR—THE OLDEST JUDGE
ON THE BENCH.

three stands first. Dr. Ryle is indeed a wonderful old man, and continues to control the affairs of his diocese with a vigour younger prelates might envy. The Rev. Dr. Newman Hall, who is often styled

Elliott & Fry, Photo

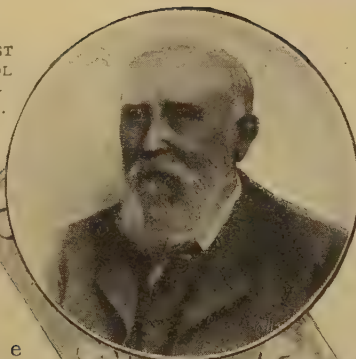


MR. H. S. WILDE, Q.C.—THE OLDEST BARRISTER.



MR. T. SIDNEY COOPER—THE DOYEN OF PAINTERS.

THE
OLDEST
SCHOOL
MAS-
TER.



the
"Grand
Old Man
of Noncon-
formity," is
eighty-three.
He began life
as a reporter, has
been an active Al-
pine climber, and
still is a vigorous
preacher in all parts
of the country.

Judge Stonor can
boast of being the oldest
judge now on the Bench.
He has been a County
Court Judge since 1865,
and at the age of seventy-
eight still dispenses jus-
tice with such firmness
and clear-sightedness
that few people think
the judge is over sixty.

The oldest barrister
and Q.C. is found in the
person of Mr. H. S.
Wilde, aged ninety
years. Since his retire-
ment from the Bar, he
has devoted himself to literature. Quite re-
cently he spoke at provincial meetings every
night for a month—a feat that speaks for itself
as to his activity.

Everybody has heard of Mr. T. Sidney Cooper,
the doyen of painters. At the age of ninety-six he
still uses his brush, and works a few hours
every day. He attributes his long life to the fact
that he has not lived in London.

Oddly enough Mr. James Doel, the oldest
actor, is in point of years the same age as
the famous Academician, but in reality he is
six months older. Mr. Doel made his first
appearance on the boards when the Queen was
a year old, and the last time that he was on
the stage was at the Lyceum Theatre, when

he appeared with the late Mrs. Keeley at her
benefit.

Most boys will be glad to know who is the
oldest schoolmaster. Mr. C. J. Moss, of Oxford,
at the age of seventy-six, leads the scholastic
profession in this respect. He has just retired,
and it seems but natural that the great seat of
learning should possess the oldest pedagogue.
Forty-five years as schoolmaster at one school
is a good record. It is even better when it is
known that during that period he was never
absent a whole week at a time.

The oldest sexton and parish clerk still at
work is to be found in the Leicestershire vil-
lage of Barwell in the person of Mr. John
Needham. He is eighty-
seven years of age, and he
states: "I am in good
health, and can still do
my duties." He is one of
the worthiest of British
village worthies.

There is only one man
who has mustered up
enough courage to learn
to cycle at the age of
eighty-eight, and thus
constitute himself the old-
est cyclist. Mr. Charles
Johnson, J.P., of Graves-
end, is the gentleman
in question, and most
days he may be seen
on his machine
riding with a
skill and dex-
terity that
many a
youth
might
envy.
He



THE OLDEST SEXTON AND
PARISH CLERK.



THE OLDEST VEGETARIAN.

Godbold,
Photo

THE OLDEST TEETOTALER.



has been a cyclist for more than a year, and rides without fear or nervousness. The bicycle has been very useful to this wheeling magistrate in his capacity as amateur photographer.

The landlord of the Royal Oak, Chinnor, in Oxfordshire, Mr. Thomas Webster, is the oldest member of the licensed victualler's profession. He is eighty-seven years of age, while his wife, who is a year older, can claim the record as the senior landlady. It would appear that Mr. Webster is an ideal innkeeper, for he has been the tenant of the Royal Oak for sixty-four years, during which time not a single complaint has been laid against him as to the conduct of his house.

The oldest publican naturally suggests the oldest teetotaler. Mrs. Eleanor Sampson leads the friends of Sir Wilfrid Lawson at the ripe old age of ninety-seven. She

was born at King's Lynn, and signed the pledge on January 20th, 1820. She had ten daughters, and the eight still living are all teetotalers.

Mr. Samuel Saunders, of Market Lavington, is the Grand Old Man of the vegetarians. He is eighty-five years of age, and has not tasted meat for over sixty years, to which cause he attributes the fact that he has never had a day's illness in his life.

The police force has its veteran in the person of Police Constable Ward, of Rotherhithe. He is eighty-nine years of age, and has been a pensioner since 1852. He enjoys splendid health, and is the pride of all the policemen of London.

As to who is the oldest soldier in the ranks in the army it is difficult to say, but as Chelsea Hospital is supposed to have a monopoly of



THE OLDEST
PUBLICAN



MR. CHAS. JOHNSON, J.P.—THE OLDEST CYCLIST



aged army veterans, the oldest soldier is usually considered to reside within its walls. Private Richard Tipping, aged ninety-two, is the oldest Chelsea pensioner, and is very proud of his four medals and six clasps. He was wounded in the left leg during the Crimea.

The oldest cabman is Mr. W. Pardoe, of London. He has driven his vehicle on the streets of the Metropolis for over sixty years, and at the age of seventy-seven continues to do so. He is affectionately called "Father" by his fellow Jehus.

The photograph of Mr. Simcock, the oldest steeplejack, at the age of ninety-five, hoisting the Union Jack on the staff of Witton Church steeple, is interesting. Few people would care to climb the highest tower in Cheshire at such an age. Strictly speaking he is a ship rigger, but his occupation



Jeffries, Northwich, Photo

THE OLDEST STEEPLJACK.

savours so much of the steeplejack that it is not surprising that occasionally he receives the dual designation.

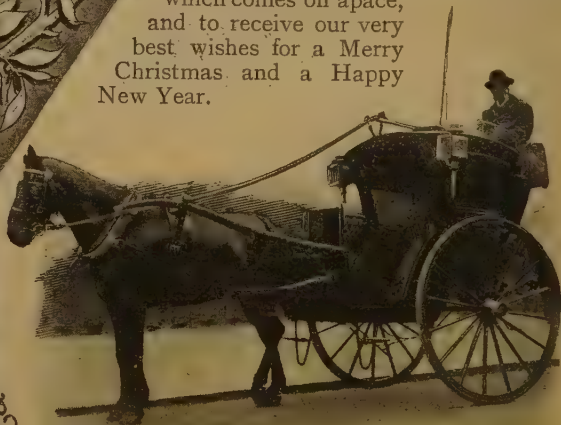
THE OLDEST
POLICEMAN.

Since this article was prepared some of these grand old

men may have departed this life, but it is to be hoped that all will live to see the dawn of the new century which comes on apace, and to receive our very best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.



THE OLDEST ARMY PENSIONER.



LONDON'S OLDEST CABMAN.



CAUGHT NAPPING.

SPRING POET *v.* MONEY-LENDER.

By JO VANNY.

Illustrated by Ernest Prater.

HE spread his net daily in the advertising columns of the public press thus:—

CASH advances, in sums of £5 to £5,000, made upon notes of hand, promissory notes, etc. Apply personally, or by letter, to Mr. Judah Solomons, 15, Diddler Street, E.C.

and of course the game that came into his snare was mostly fowl of one species—gulls.

One frosty day at the beginning of December, he sat alone in the private room of his office at 15, Diddler Street, waiting, as usual, for his quarry. He had fallen asleep in an armchair before the fire, but presently awoke with a tickling sensation in the region of his waistcoat. Opening his eyes suddenly, he was startled to observe a dowdy young man, pale-faced and bespectacled, retreating backwards from him towards the centre of the room, and lowering from the horizontal the point of a bulging cotton umbrella.

"I am afraid," said the stranger, coming to a standstill, and smiling diffidently at the astonished Judah, "that you did not hear your clerk announce me, so I took the liberty of—" and he finished the sentence in pantomime, by raising his umbrella and going through the motion of gently prodding someone in the ribs with it.

"Oh!" said Judah, understanding, but not looking highly pleased, "don't mention it. I must have dozed

off. Wot can I have the pleasure of doin' for you?"

"For me—strictly speaking—nothing," replied the visitor, inclining his head slightly to one side, and beaming down upon the money-lender. "I have come to ask your professional assistance, not for myself, but on behalf of humanity—hu-manity, sir."



"I'M A MONEY-LENDER TO THE TOWN OF ANYTHING BETWEEN £5 AND £5,000. HOW MUCH DID YOU WANT?"

"I only deal with principals," said Judah, firmly. "Send this 'ere 'Ugh Manitty along to me, and I'll 'ear wot 'e 'as to say."

The young man looked hurt. "My meaning," he explained, coldly, "is that by doing me—personally and directly—a certain favour, you will have the enviable privilege of promoting—indirectly but surely—the interests of literature in one of its highest forms. Does not," he went on, with sudden rhetorical energy, "the prospect of becoming, in a sense, the patron of struggling genius—"

"Well, we needn't make a speech, *need* we? Supposin' we come to the point?"

"In a word, then, I may say that while I possess here," pointing to his forehead, "the potentiality of, I venture to assert, unlimited wealth, my present circumstances are such as to impose upon me the necessity of arranging for some little temporary accommodation——"

"You want a loan?"

"Precisely. I understand that for an adequate consideration you are in the habit of coming to the aid of the necessitous?"

"It's my business. I'm a money-lender to the tune of anythink between five pounds and five thousand. 'Ow much did you want?"

"Oh, the maximum sum was what I thought of."

"Eh? Five thousand? My dear sir, pray be seated. This wants careful lookin' into, point by point. Let me see, I don't think you mentioned your name?"

"I did not—you didn't ask for it. I regret to say that my name is Nobbs—Peter Nobbs. My pen-name will, however, be more familiar to you. I am the poet Aubrey Edmund Selwyn, author of 'Soaring Souls.'"

"Can't say as I've ever heard of either the one or the other. Anyhow, if you don't mind, I'll deal with you as plain Peter Nobbs. Now the next point is, wot do you propose in the way of security?"

"Security! Is that indispensable?"

"Wot do *you* think?"

"I have a friend," said Peter, after a moment's reflection, "in the city——"

"A surety? I'm afraid you'll have difficulty—ahem!—I don't like third parties. Couldn't you give me a bill of sale on something, now?"

"Bless you, no! I haven't got property to the value of a five-pound note. I'm a penniless poet."

"Hum! Who's your friend?"

"A Mr. Paul Hyam. He's on the Stock Exchange. Perhaps you know him?"

"Know him? Rather! A first-class man. But he and I ain't quite friendly just at present. The fact is, I got the better of him last week over a little matter of business—in a perfectly legitimate way, mind you, wotever *he* may think. It was his brains against mine. And instead o' takin' it like a sportsman, wot does he do but go and bear malice! I don't think he'll be willin'."

"I fail to see why he shouldn't. It seems to me that his bearing malice against you needn't stand in the way of his obliging me. Still, I don't know, I may be wrong; I don't profess to understand the commercial mind. I have a soul above such things."

"One o' them soarin' souls of your own makin', I suppose," said Judah, with a grin. "Well, I'll accept Paul Hyam's guarantee, if you can get it. The third point is, for how long do you want the money?"

"I shall require it for a few years, say three or four. Let me explain. Here am I" (at this point he suddenly became declamatory again) "a poet, filled to overflowing with a passionate love of the good, the beautiful, and the true, devoured by a restless ambition to scale the topmost heights of Parnassus——"

"I understand. You are just mad to travel and do a bit of mountaineerin'?"

"No, no; you *don't* understand. I am speaking figuratively. What I wish to convey is that my spirit longs to wing its flight to the abode of the Muses. Unfortunately the way is blocked by Harrison's Wholesale and Retail Grocery Store. Drudging for twelve hours out of every twenty-four behind the counter of such an establishment tends to dull the keen edge of one's poetical faculty. Inspiration is stifled. Fancy is fitful. But once I have burst the chain which binds me to that same counter, I shall be free to devote myself entirely to the cultivation of my art, and then," he continued, enthusiastically, "I shall rise—I feel that I shall—with meteor-like rapidity to the summit of fame; and with fame, which I covet above all things, will come fortune, by which I set but little store."

"That's all right then. I'll just draw out a promissory note——"

"You shall, you shall! and I will help you. It will be a promissory note instinct with the spirit of poetry!"

"Bosh!" Judah was getting impatient. "The thing must be done in proper form. Leave it to me. Poetry and promissory notes don't blend."

"There you are wrong, my friend; quite wrong. Poetry permeates everything in creation—everything. True, the combination is frequently so subtle as to be discernible only to the poetic eye, but there it is. Now, for instance, the present year, 1899, is leap-year, and——"

"It ain't," snapped Judah. "It don't divide by four. Next year is leap-year."

"Pardon me, friend, pardon me," said the poet, with mild insistence, "you are strangely mistaken. This is undoubtedly leap-year. Leap-years are those which are divisible by three, not four."

Judah, beginning to have doubts as to his client's sanity, merely shrugged his shoulders and declined to argue the point further. Besides, the conversation was drifting away from the business in hand, and he refrained from contradiction in the hope of bringing it back the more speedily to a relevant channel.

"To an ordinary mind," resumed the poet, "the subject of leap-year does not look particularly promising as a source of poetic inspiration. I suppose now it never struck you as such?"

"Never," said Judah, wearily.

"And yet, what a wealth of beautiful sentiment capable of poetic treatment there is associated with leap-year customs. I myself have composed some verses suggested by one of them. The opening lines are—

Come, dry your tears, ye maidens plain,
Ye who have sought a mate in vain.
Now's the time to go a-popping,
Other cares *pro tem.* a-dropping.
For she who would become a bride
Must lay false modesty aside,
Must spot her man and banish fear;
Her only chance is in leap-year!

You observe that I dive into the heart of my subject at once—plunge *in medias res*, as it were."

"Exactly, it's the best plan."

"By the way, 'I have another trifle on the stocks, a lyric poem, also with leap-year as its motif. I should like your opinion on it before putting the final touches——"

"All right, some other day," said Solomons, hastily. "In the meantime, if you have no objection, we'll put the final touches to the matter of that little loan. Four years, I think you said? Very well, I'll draw up the note like this: 'Four years after date I promise to pay——'"

"I would suggest, rather," interposed the poet, earnestly, "that we soften down the technical asperities of the document by framing it somewhat after

this fashion: 'On the twenty-ninth February of next leap-year I promise to pay,' and so on. It comes to the same



"SOLOMONS PROCEEDED TO READ ALOUD FROM THE SLIP OF STAMPED PAPER HE HAD BEEN WRITING ON."

thing financially, and artistically there is no comparison."

"Now, you know," began Solomons, irritably, "this is all bally——" but paused abruptly here, as a new idea occurred to him. A cunning look glistened for a moment in his eyes. "Well, well," he said, "here goes, just to humour you—anythink for a quiet life." He rose from his arm-chair and went over to his desk, where he sat scribbling for a few moments.

"There," he said, rising and proceeding to read aloud from the slip of stamped paper he had just been writing on: "'On

the twenty-ninth February of next leap-year I promise to pay Mr. Judah Solomons the sum of five thousand five hundred pounds sterling for value received.' You sign that and get Hyam to back it with his guarantee, and I'll tip you a cheque for five thousand pounds."

"Oh," exclaimed the poet, taking the paper, "this is generous! How can it pay you? Why, it's less than two-and-a-half per cent."

"My dear feller, say no more. It ain't every day as a man like me has the chance of helpin' to polish up an ornament of literature like you."

"I expect I've seen the last of that crank," mused Judah, picking up a newspaper, and resuming his seat by the fire, when his client had gone. "Old Hyam won't fail to point out the beauties of my little bill to 'im. Anyhow, I've got rid of 'im with 'is leap-year idiocy."

He was mistaken, however. Within fifteen minutes Peter Nobbs again presented himself and placed the promissory note, duly signed, in Judah's hands. Incredulously, the money-lender took it and turned it over. There, sure enough, inscribed on the back of the document in the cramped characteristic handwriting which was as familiar to Judah as his own, stood Paul Hyam's formal guarantee of payment. Without uttering a syllable, or betraying by the movement of a muscle the surprise and exultation which he felt, Judah at once wrote out the cheque and passed it silently to his client, who thereupon took his departure with the equivalent of five thousand pounds in his pocket and extravagant expressions of gratitude on his lips. Then the financier leaned back in his chair and shook with inaudible laughter.

"There goes a silly ass," he said to himself, "who thinks he has got five thousand pounds for four years at two and a half per cent. I wonder how long it will take him to find out that he has only got it for three months at forty per cent! As for old Hyam, it must be a case of brain-softening."

On which reflection he locked up the promissory note in his safe, and went out for lunch.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when Judah returned to 15, Diddler Street, intending to spend a couple of hours writing letters before going home for the day. As he passed through the outer office a clerk informed him that a visitor awaited him in

his private room, and on entering the sanctum he was considerably surprised to find Peter Nobbs sitting by the fire enjoying a rich Havana cigar.

"So," thought Judah, "he has discovered already what kind of a bargain he has made, and has come to try and get released from it. Not if I know it! Well!" he demanded sharply, "Wot now?"

"You are very late, Mr. Solomons, surely," said Peter, cheerfully. There was certainly nothing of the suppliant in his manner. "I have been here quite half an hour. Your young man said I might smoke, so I lit a weed to while away the time."

"Very good," said Judah, sitting down at his desk and commencing ostentatiously to arrange the papers which lay on it, "here I am. Wot is it?"

"Did you ever hear of Pope Gregory XIII., Mr. Solomons?"

"Did—I—ever—hear—of . . . ?" repeated Judah, opening his eyes wide and turning slowly round, with mouth agape, towards his visitor. It had come upon him with a shock that Peter was insane. "Wot on earth do you mean?" Although he asked the question, he had no doubt at all that Peter would reply that he himself was Pope Gregory XIII.

"Ah!" said Peter, placidly, "I see you haven't. Well, never mind, we will return to that presently." He threw the stump of his cigar into the fire, and, taking an orange from his pocket, began to peel it.

Judah was greatly disturbed in mind. Supposing Peter were really deranged, how would this affect the contract? Would it invalidate it? But perhaps he was only drunk. Or it might be that he was chaffing. Something like a smile which now began to flicker about Peter's mouth seemed to lend colour to the latter idea, and Judah felt at once relieved and indignant.

"I cashed that cheque," observed Peter, plumping a piece of orange into his mouth.

"I didn't suppose you were goin' to frame it and keep it as a curiosity."

"Oh! I thought I would just come round and tell you, so that you might know that the money had actually changed hands. I am sure you will be pleased to learn that I have dropped on a good investment for it—sound as a rock—at six and a half per cent. That will bring me in £325 a year; and after reserving £125 a year of this towards making up the £500

payable to you at the expiry of the four years, I shall have a clear £200 a year for myself, to say nothing of——"

"Moonshine, my boy, moonshine! I'm sorry to demolish your castle in the air; but it would be wrong of me to allow you to labour under any misapprehension in this matter. The fact is, your promissory note matures on February twenty-ninth *next*—three months hence, you understand? And remember that there won't be no renewals; the money must be paid—every penny of it—on the due date, and not a minute later, or I'll know the reason why. Make no bloomin' error about that. You are all at sea, you know, in your ideas about leap-years."

"Well, yes, I find I was wrong in supposing that 1899 was a leap-year. The last one was 1896 and the next is——"

"Why, 1900 of course."

"By no means—next leap-year is 1904."

"Oh! indeed! How do you make that out? Wot bloomin' maggot have you got into your brain now?"

"Ah, this is where Pope Gregory XIII. comes in!"

"Now, look here, I'm busy! I've no time for this foolin'. You clear out and——"

"Don't be impetuous, friend; listen—Pope Gregory XIII. was the originator of the Gregorian calendar, the modern system of reckoning time. According to the Gregorian calendar every year divisible by four is a leap-year, *except* the last year of the century when its first two figures don't divide by four. Now, 1900 is the last year of the present century, and its first two figures—19—are not divisible by four. Therefore 1900 is not a leap-year."

"Nonsense!" said Judah, flushing and frowning, but looking rather anxious nevertheless.

"You have the means of verification at hand. I can't help noticing on your table there quite a varied collection of almanacs and calendars for 1900."

Solomons acted on the hint with alacrity, and nervously snatched up a handful of the publications. A glance at one or two of them sufficed to convince him that what Peter had said was too true, and he threw the bundle angrily back upon the table.



"'AH! THIS IS WHERE POPE GREGORY XIII. COMES IN,' SAID PETER NOBBS."

"Well, I'm——" he began, but checked himself with a visible effort.

"Go on," said Peter, considerately. "If it would relieve you to let off a little strong language, don't mind me. Make yourself comfortable, and then we'll get back to business again."

"Of course this is a joke, Mr. Nobbs?" said Judah, smiling feebly. "And a dashed good 'un too—very clever—it is a joke, isn't it?"

"Well, it is a kind of joke; only, the laugh of it is all on one side—mine. I intend holding you to your agreement."

"But I made a mistake! I thought next year was leap-year! Surely you ain't goin' to take a mean advantage of my mistake?"

"I am afraid that, under the circumstances, you are hardly entitled to put it in that way, seeing that you yourself would not have scrupled to take advantage of what you thought was a mistake on my part. Besides, you haven't so much to complain of; you're getting about two and a half per cent. for your money."

"Wot's the good o' two and a half to me, when I could get fifteen or twenty per cent. easy on the money at any

tually profitable one, but more profitable to you than to me. I gain an extra £200, and you save at least as many thousands."

Without another word, Judah went over to the safe, and coming back with the promissory note held it out to Peter.

"Here," he said, "make it £4,500, I won't take a penny less."

"I have stated my terms," said Peter, putting his hands in his pockets, "take them or leave them."

"Very well," growled Judah, thrusting the document into Peter's hand, "fork out!"

"I suppose," he said, when he had counted over the forty £100 bank-notes which Peter had handed to him, "it was that old fox Hyam as put you up to this?"

"I don't mind admitting—in fact, I should wish you particularly to know—that my friend Mr. Hyam did suggest the idea."

"And of course 'e comes in for a share of the swag?"

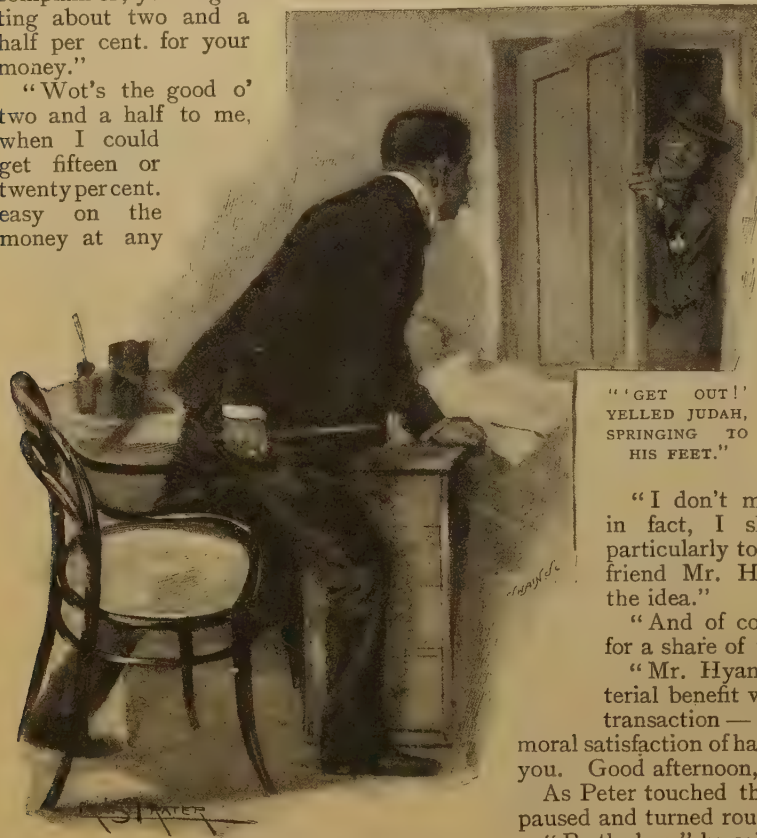
"Mr. Hyam derives no material benefit whatever from the transaction—nothing but the moral satisfaction of having got even with you. Good afternoon, Mr. Solomons."

As Peter touched the door handle, he paused and turned round.

"By the bye," he said, "while waiting for you I improved the shining hour by throwing off some stanzas of a little elegy. I should much like to have the benefit of your comments on them. Here they are:

On the willow his harp is suspended,
Diminished and low is his head.
He a greenhorn to smite had intended,
But himself got a black eye instead.
Alas—"

"Get out!" yelled Judah, springing to his feet with a gesture so threatening that Peter deemed it prudent to vacate the premises with some haste.



time? I tell you I'm goin' to drop thousands o' pounds over this business."

"Yes, I should say £3,000 or £4,000 at the very least. Well, your losing all that money won't put anything in my pocket, and I'm not vindictive. I'm willing to buy the promissory note from you, and give you £4,000 for it. I have the money on me now. That will leave me with £1,000."

"Why, at that rate you will be fifty pounds a year better off than under the contract itself."

"Quite so. The arrangement is a man-

ROYALTY DOING GOOD



Hills & Saunders, Photo

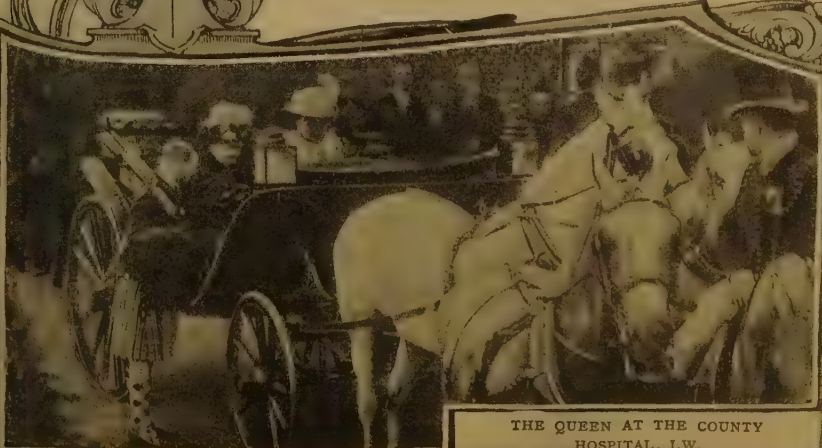
THE QUEEN LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF
THE NEW SCHOOLS AT ETON.

THE ROYAL FAMILY AS PHILAN-
THROPISTS.

BY BERNARD OWEN.

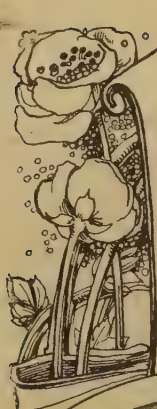
IN these days of social and political upheavals it is interesting to inquire why certain reigning dynasties—and notably that of the British Empire—stand so firmly rooted in the affections of the people.

For the status of a monarch is very different



THE QUEEN AT THE COUNTY
HOSPITAL, I.W.

Hughes & Mullins, Photo



Thiele, Photo

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT THE
OPENING OF THE TOWER BRIDGE.

now from what prevailed in earlier epochs. Absolutism is pretty well extinct, and constitutional government practically prevails in all civilised states. The monarch no longer makes the laws—he does not even actively

THE PRINCE OF WALES PRESIDING AT A DINNER
ON BEHALF OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE PRE-
VENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.

Fradelle & Young, Photo



Campbell, Photo

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT A BAND OF HOPE MEETING.

preside over the legislature—and he rarely leads his armies to conflict. To a very considerable degree the throne has become ornamental. Why, then, seeing that it is a



ROYALTIES AT THE PRIZE DISTRIBUTION OF
THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

rather costly ornament, is it so deeply rooted in our affections?

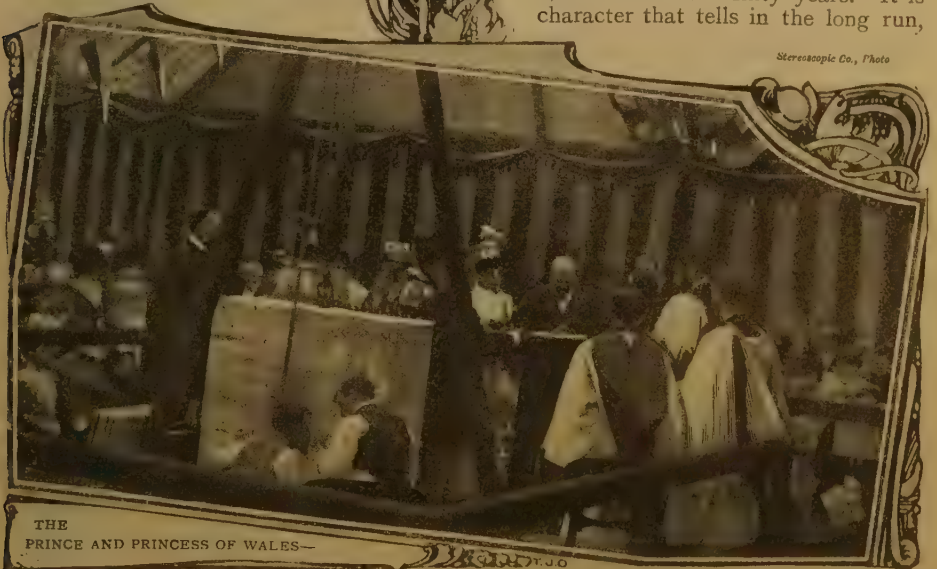
The answer is not far to seek. The security of the throne rests in the veneration with which its occupant is regarded. It is no merely ornamental position that our beloved Queen occupies. As was shown in an article in our last month's issue, there is no lady in the empire who works



harder than Queen Victoria, whose active interest and wise counsel in all matters that concern the welfare of the nation are well known to all her subjects.

But what has more than aught else welded firmly the links that bind subject to Sovereign is the abundant sympathy and generous charity which have flowed from the throne during these more than sixty years. It is character that tells in the long run,

Stereoscopic Co., Photo



THE
PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES—

LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF A DEPTFORD MISSION CHURCH.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT OPEN A NEW
WING AT ST. THOMAS' HOSPITAL.



Frédéric &
Young, Photo

the careers of the members of the Royal family, many of whom are better known for their active interest in religious and charitable work than for aught else.

The subject of Royalty doing good presents several obvious difficulties. A man's best deeds are those that remain unknown, and it need hardly be added that works of charity are not as a rule performed in the eye of the photographic camera.

Still, there is much that is necessarily of a public character, and the ubiquitous photographer has not failed to place on record many of the appearances of Royal personages in the interests of charity.



Hughes & Mullins, Photo
PRINCESS CHRISTIAN
INSPECTING THE AM-
BULANCE ASSOCIATION.

and the blameless career and untiring good works of Queen Victoria have done more to establish a monarchical form of government in our midst than any legislative measures could have accomplished.

Happily the same characteristics have almost without exception marked



Russell, Photo

PRINCESS CHRISTIAN AT A MEETING OF THE Y.W.C.A.

THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY ON THE TOP OF AN EAST END HOUSE
WITH FATHER JAY.

Thiele, Photo



when they recognised the Sovereign.

Both at Balmoral and at Osborne it has long been understood that all persons in need were free to apply directly to the Queen, and that nothing would cause her greater displeasure than that any case of distress should be kept from her knowledge.

Everyone knows how



Stereoscopic Co., Photo

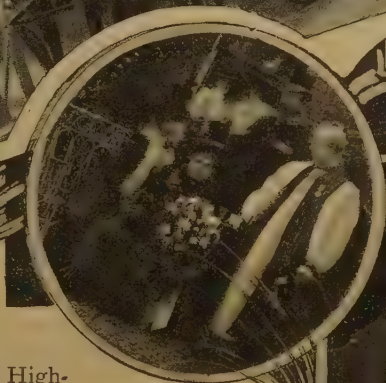
THE DUCHESS OF
ALBANY ARRIVES IN
THE EAST END.

No one who has read the Queen's two volumes of "Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands" can fail to have been touched by the many simple records of visits to the sick and poor in the neighbourhood of Balmoral. The Royal children were taught both by precept and example to be active in good works.

The same spirit has marked the Queen's relations with the poor in the district around her southern home at Osborne, and the local clergy tell many tales to illustrate this. On not a few occasions, when on their pastoral rounds, they have found a plainly-dressed lady going unobtrusively from cottage to cottage and reading by the bedsides of the sick, and have been startled

Hughes & Mullins, Photo

PRINCESS HENRY OF
BATTENBERG AT
THE COUNTY HOSPI-
TAL, ISLE OF WIGHT.



Fradelle & Young, Photo

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF
FIFE AT THE UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL.

large a circulation was attained by Her Majesty's books, but comparatively few are aware that the entire proceeds, which were very considerable, were devoted to sending poor boys to the university and starting them in a good position in life.

Sickness and suffering have never failed to call forth the active sympathy of the Monarch. During the Crimean War, when disease and privation played havoc with our troops, the Queen and her daughters devoted the whole of their spare time to making bandages and garments for the soldiers.

Many a time the newspapers have contained touching accounts of the visits paid by Queen Victoria to the wounded soldiers at the close of various campaigns. On these occasions, notwithstanding increasing infirmities, she never fails to visit every bedside, and to say a kindly word to its occupant.

One of our illustrations shows a visit paid by the Queen to the Isle of Wight County Hospital on July 29th last, when she opened the new Jubilee wing.

The cause of education has always received the active support of Her Majesty, in which she was most ably seconded by the late Prince Consort, to whom the cause of higher education in this land owes so much. We reproduce as a heading a photograph of the Queen laying the foundation stone of the new schools at Eton College on May 17th, 1889.

For many years past the more public functions connected with the throne have largely fallen upon the shoulders of the Prince of Wales, who has discharged these responsibilities with unflinching tact and good nature.

It is commonly said that no one raises so much in the course of each year for charitable purposes as does His Royal Highness. Certainly no one is more skilful in extracting contributions at the close of a charity dinner, though the Duke of Cambridge makes a very good second.

Our illustration on page 482 gives a capital snapshot of the Prince presiding at a dinner at the Hotel Cecil on June 8th, 1898, in behalf of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

For the laying of foundation stones His Royal Highness is much in demand, while of course at public functions, such as the

opening of the Tower Bridge, he acts as the representative of the Sovereign.

But it was quite characteristic of his natural kindliness to find him in company with the Princess of Wales at a gathering in connection with the Hackney Band of Hope, of which we give an illustration on the same page.

At a recent prize distribution at the Royal Horticultural Society's Gardens quite a host of royalties foregathered. The Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of York were to the front, in company with the late Duchess of Teck, so well known for her charitable work amongst the poor in the East End of London.

Princess Christian is best known for her great interest in all that concerns hospitals and the nursing profession, and it is quite in accordance with this reputation to find her skilfully inspecting the bandaging done by the Ambulance Association at Ryde. Our photograph on page 484 was taken on July 27th last.

We also see the Princess at a recent garden party in connection with the Young Women's Christian Association—a society in whose work she takes a warm interest.

The Duchess of Albany is widely known in this country for the interest she manifests in all kinds of religious work. In this connection we are able to publish an illustration of quite a unique character.

It represents the Duchess seated on the roof of a house in company with Father Jay, the well-known vicar of Holy Trinity, Shoreditch, and the hero of Mr. Arthur Morrison's "Child of the Jago." The photograph was taken on the occasion of a visit paid to the parochial geranium show, which was got up for the encouragement of window gardening among the inhabitants of some of the worst slums in the East End.

These are but a few examples of the many that might be given to prove the active interest taken by all the members of our Royal Family in good works.

At this season of the year, when charity and goodwill prevail, when pity for the unfortunate and those in need is so generously shown, it is especially fitting to recall the fact that Royalty is often in the van of those who do good.

A WARNING IN RED. THE STORY OF A RAILWAY MYSTERY.

BY VICTOR L. WHITECHURCH AND E. CONWAY.

Illustrated by Max Cowper.

"YES," said the Colonel, as he lit another cheroot, "many a man when he is in action is simply mad for the time being, and fights like a demon because he sees red."

"Sees red?" I asked, with a start.

"Don't you know what I mean?"

"No."

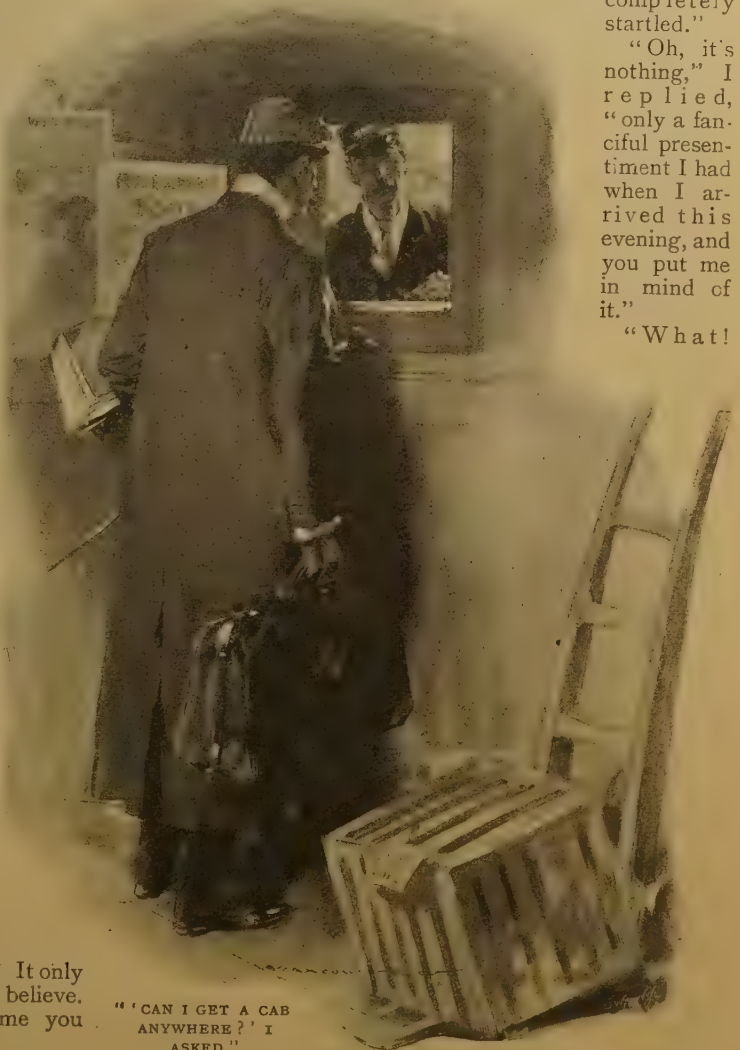
"Ah, it's a curious psychological problem that I've experienced myself. I was leading a cavalry charge at Joonpore, and suddenly the enemy, the country, everything seemed to fade away into a blood-red mist that blinded me with colour—I could see nothing else. And then the mad desire came upon me to slash and slay. They told me afterwards that I behaved like a fury, and I can believe it, for I've seen many a man in the same condition. It only comes in battle, I believe. That's the only time you can 'see red.'"

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. But what's the matter, Forbes? You look completely startled."

"Oh, it's nothing," I replied, "only a fanciful presentiment I had when I arrived this evening, and you put me in mind of it."

"What!



"'CAN I GET A CAB ANYWHERE?' I ASKED."

you don't mean to say you saw red," asked the Colonel, with a laugh.

"Not in your sense of the word, Colonel; and you'll only laugh at me if I tell you. It's a mere fancy, that's all."

"Well, drown your fancies in a whisky and soda, and then get a good night's rest after your journey. That's the best thing for you, Forbes. But if you like to tell me what's upset you I won't laugh at you."

So in the end I told him about the strange effect I had experienced in alighting at the station. I had come down from town to spend a couple of days with Colonel Ward at Manningford. Although I had known him for many years, and had often seen him at his club, it was the first time I had ever been to stay at his country house. He expected me by a late train, but judgment being given in a case in which I was professionally engaged as solicitor rather earlier than I had expected, I was able to get away from town in the afternoon, and reached Manningford station about six o'clock. I had not thought it worth while to wire, as I had determined to take a trap if it was far to walk, and surprise him.

Manningford was a tiny little country station, I was the only passenger who alighted, and one solitary official, who seemed to combine the offices of station-master, porter, and ticket-collector, met me on the platform.

"Tickets, please," he said, gruffly.

I gave him my ticket. As I did so, the train in which I had been travelling glided off the platform, and I caught a glimpse of the red tail-light showing in the fading day.

Grasping my Gladstone bag, I was about to depart, when the idea struck me that I would ask the stationmaster about a conveyance. He had retired to his office and was standing at the ticket-issuing window, which was open. He had lit the lamp inside, as the office was rather dark.

"Can I get a cab anywhere?" I asked.

He looked up. He was a red-faced man with red hair, and the strong light showed his colour vividly. In accordance with the rules of the railway company he served, he was wearing a red tie.

"No," he said, rather shortly. Perhaps I was staring a little rudely at his illuminated countenance.

"But," I persisted, "surely there is some conveyance to be had near, isn't there?"

"You can hire a dog-cart at the Star," he said.

"Where is that?"

"Cross the line and go out on the other side of the station. Turn to the right, and it's about five minutes' walk."

And he slammed down the window.

I went on to the platform once more, and slowly crossed the line. I say slowly, because the red colour of my surroundings began to grow upon me. The station itself was painted a chocolate colour of a reddish tinge. The tiles bordering the flower beds were of a deep red colour, enclosing for the most part scarlet geraniums. Looking down the line I caught the crimson rays of the setting sun reflected upon the rails, and glancing in the opposite direction noticed that the red light on the up starting signal was burning brightly. It was a strange, indescribable sensation that attacked me, this predominance of blood-red colouring; and I gave a little shiver as I walked to the inn, which was a good quarter of a mile from the station, though apparently the nearest house. A two-mile drive brought me to the Colonel's, and after dinner his mention of "seeing red" recalled what had happened.

"Well," said Colonel Ward, as he bid me good-night, "I won't laugh at you, because I'll admit that we're none of us accountable for peculiar brain sensations at times. Monk, the stationmaster, isn't exactly a beauty to look at, is he? But he's a capital official. You've been overworking yourself lately, Forbes, and you must take things easy. Good-night, old chap. Pleasant dreams. I hope your red sensation is not the preliminary to a nightmare."

The next morning, as we were sitting at breakfast, a servant burst into the room with a very frightened expression, and told the Colonel that a man wanted to see him at once. He was absent for about a quarter of an hour, when he returned in great agitation.

"Great heavens!" he exclaimed, "my poor friend Geoffrey Anstruthers has been murdered—killed on the line when coming down from town last night. Your blood-red impression had something in it, perhaps, Forbes."

"Tell me about it, Colonel."

"I will. It's upset me dreadfully. Poor Anstruthers was my nearest neighbour, living about a mile off in that big white house you noticed between the station and my place. We were the greatest of friends, for although he was a very peculiar man

we got on thoroughly. The poor fellow was to have met you at dinner here to-night."

"How did it happen?"

"Well, they tell me his body was discovered by the side of the line near Barton—about midway between London and Manningford. A platelayer found it early this morning. There were marks of a struggle and a couple of knife stabs, and he seems to have been attacked and killed in the train and then thrown out.

"Have you any idea if there was a motive for the crime?" I asked.

"Unfortunately, yes," said the Colonel. "Poor Anstruthers was a man of most eccentric habits, and one of his fads was that he would bank nowhere but at the Bank of England, and that he would pay nobody by cheque. He also settled all his accounts once a quarter only, and the tradesman who asked for an earlier settlement, or the servant or labourer who demanded monthly or weekly wages, was sure to be dismissed by him. Regularly every quarter he went up to London and drew several hundred pounds in gold out of the Bank of England, bringing it back in an ordinary brief bag. I often warned him that he was doing a very foolish thing, but he only laughed at me.

"Yesterday he went up to town for this purpose. His servants thought that as he had not returned last evening by his usual train, which arrives at 10.15 p.m., he was staying the night in town. But evidently some blackguard got hold of his movements. Poor old Anstruthers!"

"Is anything being done yet?" I asked.

"I hardly know," said the Colonel; "I think his nearest relations are abroad. At all events I'm the greatest friend he had,

and I'm going to take the matter up. I shall go to Barton by the next train."

"I'll come with you," I said.

"That's very kind of you, Forbes; your assistance will be most valuable, for I know your hobby—railways. It might help us."

We finished our breakfast quickly



"MY FRIEND GEOFFREY ANSTRUTHERS HAS BEEN MURDERED ON THE LINE COMING DOWN FROM TOWN LAST NIGHT!" HE EXCLAIMED.

and drove into the station. On my way I asked the Colonel a few particulars concerning the train by which Anstruthers had travelled the night before. It ran as follows:—

London (dep.) ...	8.45 p.m.
Muggridge (stop) ...	9.10 "
Barton (stop) ...	9.37 "
Manningford (stop) ...	10.15 "
Porthaven (arrive) ...	10.30 "

So that the only stops between London and Manningford were Muggridge and Barton. The body, so the Colonel had heard, had been found about two miles on the London side of Barton.

The red-faced stationmaster was in his office when we arrived at the station.

"Sad job this, Mr. Monk," said the Colonel.

"Terrible, sir. It regularly upset me when the down train brought the news this

morning. Poor Mr. Anstruthers! I knew him well, sir. I'd seen him go up in the morning, and wondered why he didn't come back by the 10.15 as usual. Are you going by the up train?"

"Yes. We're going to Barton to inquire into this awful affair. Two first returns, please."

The stationmaster reached to his rack for the tickets. Now, as often happens in small country stations where the supply of

an inn close by the railway, but at my request we went first to the line, as I was anxious to see the exact spot where Mr. Anstruthers had been thrown out of the train. We found a local policeman and two platelayers at the place, which was in a cutting. One of the latter told us that he was the man who had discovered the body.

"He was lyin' just here, gentlemen," he said, pointing to the six-foot way between the two lines of metals.

"Of course he was dead when you found him?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, but it's my opinion he wasn't altogether dead when they threw him out."

"Why?"

"'Cause he seemed to have moved afterwards. One of his arms was just restin' on the down rail."

"Well?"



tickets to various stations on the line is limited and becomes exhausted, he did a very common thing. Selecting two blank tickets he dipped the pen into ink and wrote on their respective halves, "Manningford to Barton," "Barton to Manningford," and the fare, 7s. 8d.

Then he passed them through the window and I took them up. He had written the names in red ink!

"I hope they'll catch the wretches, sir," said the stationmaster a few minutes afterwards, as he opened our carriage door for us.

Arrived at Barton, we took a trap and drove to the scene of the tragedy. The body, we were told, had been removed to

"'HE WAS LYIN' JUST HERE, GENTLEMEN,' SAID THE MAN, POINTING TO THE SIX-FOOT WAY."

"Well, sir, he couldn't ha' fallen like that in the first place, cause the wheels o' the train would ha' cut his arm."

"Stop a minute," I said. "What time did you find him here?"

"'Tween three and four this mornin', sir."

"And he was thrown out about 9.30 the night before?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was that train the last down one?"

"The last passenger train, sir."

"Was there a down goods train after that?"

"Yes, sir, between half - past one and two."

"Ah, then, why didn't *that* train crush his arm?"

The question staggered the platelayer and the policeman too. They evidently hadn't thought of this.

"I s'pose 'e must ha' bin alive when the goods train passed, and moved afterwards," said the platelayer presently, and the policeman entered a note to that effect in his pocket-book.

"What are you driving at?" said the Colonel.

"Never mind yet," I answered. Then, turning to the platelayer again, I said, "He was stabbed, wasn't he?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where?"

"In the chest, sir."

"Any blood-stains?"

"Yes, sir. He was wearin' a white weskit, and it was quite red when I turned him over."

"He was lying on his back, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, where are the blood-marks on the stones here? Have you cleared them up?"

"There wasn't



"I HASTILY DREW THE SCRAP OF PAPER FROM MY POCKET-BOOK AND COMPARED IT WITH THE TICKET."

none," said the man.

"Strange!" I murmured to myself, as we left the spot.

"You'd make a good detective, Forbes," said the Colonel.

"Not a bit of it," I replied. "It's simply because there is a mystery connected with my hobby—railways. That's what makes me a little extra sharp."

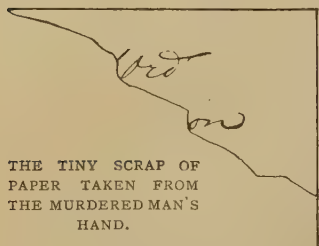
"A mystery?" said the Colonel.

"Yes," I replied, "more than you think. But now let's see the poor fellow."

Mr. Anstruthers was lying on a bed at the inn, just as they had found him. The neighbouring police inspector was there, very imposing and important. The Colonel gave his card, and we were allowed to see the body.

It was a gruesome sight, and my friend turned away to ask some questions of the inspector. I looked at the dead man carefully. There were signs of a struggle. His clothes were torn, and one of his hands was tightly clenched. Then I saw what, apparently, the wily country police had passed undiscovered—a shred

of paper clasped in his hand. Without exciting the inspector's attention, I wrested the fingers open and drew from them a tiny scrap of torn paper, evidently clutched



THE TINY SCRAP OF
PAPER TAKEN FROM
THE MURDERED MAN'S
HAND.

by a dying hand. It bore the following in writing:—
"ord—on."
It was such a tiny scrap, such an insignificant thing to go

upon, but I slipped it into my pocket-book nevertheless.

"Come," said the Colonel, "I can't stand this any longer. Well, inspector, I hope you'll get the villain."

"Ah, we're on the track," said the officer, sagaciously. "They got out at Barton, that's about it; and we'll have 'em yet."

"Do you want to see anything else, Forbes?" asked the Colonel.

"Yes. I should like to see the doctor who examined the body."

"It's Dr. Moore," said the policeman. "He lives at Barton."

So we called on Dr. Moore on our way to the station. He declared that he had seen poor Anstruthers at six o'clock in the morning, and was positively certain that he must then have been dead *seven or eight hours*. The mystery was thickening.

Passing on to the platform at Barton, we had to show our tickets. As I took mine back I gazed at it in a listless sort of way, when suddenly I gave a start. The last three letters of "Manningford"—where had I seen them? That peculiar elongated "o" and the curiously tailed "d"—Ah! I remembered!

Hastily I drew the scrap of paper from my pocket-book, and compared it with the ticket. The "ord" was in the same handwriting! It was part of the words "Manningford station."

In a moment a clue flashed across my mind, and I searched for a porter.

"Is there any official about the station with whom I can have a word? It's about an urgent matter."

"Yes, sir; Mr. Smart, the district superintendent is here; he came down about that murder. You'll find him in the station-master's office."

"Come with me, Colonel," I cried, turning to the office.

Hastily I introduced myself to Mr. Smart, telling him my errand was connected with the murder.

"Tell me," I asked, "is there any train from Manningford to London after 10.15?"

"Only a goods," he said.

"Exactly. What time does it leave Manningford?"

"About midnight."

"And Barton?"

"It stops here for shunting. Generally starts on about 1.45 a.m."

"Mr. Smart, can you lay your hand on the men who worked that train last night?"

He consulted some return sheets.

"Driver Power and fireman Hussey," he murmured. "They're on the Slinford branch to-day—they don't often run on the main line—and brakesman Sutton. He works a goods back to Porthaven to-day. He'll arrive there in half an hour."

"Does he always work main line trains?"

"For several months past he has."

"He's the man then, Mr. Smart. It's of the utmost importance that you should wire to Porthaven to have him closely watched. I'll explain presently."

The district superintendent hastily scribbled a line on an official telegraph form and rushed out with it. When he returned I said—

"Have you any of the company's detectives at hand?"

"Yes, two," he answered.

"Bring them then, and come along."

"My dear fellow," said the Colonel, who had been patiently silent up to this point, "what does it all mean?"

"Yes," said the superintendent, "I'm in a fog."

"I hear the down train coming in," I cried. "We must all return to Manningford—quick, sir—I'll explain everything in the train."

A few minutes, and the Colonel, the superintendent, and his two detectives and myself were in the train bound for Manningford.

"Now, sir?" said Mr. Smart.

"Well," I replied, "we're going to arrest the murderers, or one of them I think, at all events."

"And who's that?"

"Monk, the stationmaster at Manningford," I answered.

"Monk? Impossible. Why, the murder occurred forty miles away."

"No," I replied, "it occurred at Man-

ningford station last night shortly after 10.15. Listen. Poor Anstruthers came down from town, got out of the train, and was done to death by the stationmaster, who was *alone on the station*, for the sake of his money. In the struggle the murdered man clutched a letter that Monk had written and was probably carrying in his breast pocket. This scrap of it I found in his hand just now. It is in Monk's handwriting. Look!" and I compared it with

"Of participation in the murder of Mr. Anstruthers last night."

"But he was killed in the train," said the stationmaster.

"That remains to be proved. At all events we are going to detain you, and to search your house."

"I won't submit to it," began the man; but he subsided when a pair of handcuffs were slipped over his wrists. Then we all repaired to his little house, just across the road. Again he proved turbulent, but it was no use. With skeleton keys one of the detectives opened a box in his bedroom.

the ticket.

"But how about the body being found where it was?" asked the Colonel.

"It was taken there afterwards, probably in Sutton's brake van, and thrown out. This would account for two facts: first, that no blood was found on the permanent way, although Anstruthers had bled; and, secondly, that his arm was lying on the down rail. The down goods had passed before he was thrown from the up goods brake van. That's my theory, gentlemen. Here we are at Manningford, and the least you can do is to arrest the stationmaster on suspicion."

The latter was on the platform when we arrived. I noticed he gave a start as he saw so many of us get out of the train. The superintendent went up to him.

"Mr. Monk," he said, "a very painful duty brings us here. These two gentlemen are members of our police force, and they will have to detain you on suspicion."

"Of what?" gasped Monk, his red face growing paler.



"'I WON'T SUBMIT TO IT,' SAID THE MAN; BUT HE SUBSIDED WHEN A PAIR OF HANDCUFFS WERE SLIPPED OVER HIS WRISTS."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, as he drew out a brief bag, "this seems rather heavy. No wonder. It's full of money."

"That's Anstruthers' bag," exclaimed the Colonel.

The wretched man saw the game was up, but, wretch that he was, he exclaimed—

"It's not me—it's Sutton—the brakes-

man of the up goods train. . He had as much to do with it as I did. He took the body away; and he's got a lot of the gold."

"All right," said the superintendent, "we're seeing after him. You have to thank this gentleman," pointing to myself, "for unravelling the mystery."

"Curse you!" yelled the stationmaster at me.

Sutton turned against Monk, and between the two of them the whole story came out. Monk's accounts were short, and he owed money all round—the usual story—racing. He had half planned to murder Anstruthers several times, and at last the opportunity presented itself. He was the only passenger to alight that night, and Monk noticed that the guard had not observed him. So he asked him to step into his office for a moment under pretence of something, and then went for him. There was a struggle, but Monk was the stronger man. In this struggle Anstru-

thers had grasped the bit of paper, but without the other's knowledge.

Then came the disposal of the body. Sutton was a man of doubtful character, and Monk knew enough about him to ruin him if he disclosed certain cases of goods stealing. So, when the goods train came along, he gave Sutton twenty pounds, and promised him another thirty to take the body in his van and pitch it out so that people would think Anstruthers had been murdered in the train. It was the easiest thing possible on a dark night to halt the train with the brake van opposite Monk's office, and to slip the body in without driver or fireman knowing anything about it.

The sequel was the gallows for Monk, and fifteen years at Dartmoor for Sutton.

"There was something uncanny after all, Forbes," said the Colonel, after dinner on that eventful day, "about your blood-red impression of Manningford station and its master!"



FEEDING TAME SQUIRRELS IN NEW YORK CENTRAL PARK.

Byron, Photo



THE STORY OF A CONTRIBUTOR AND HER EDITOR.

By EDITH BRIGNALL.

Illustrated by Ralph Peacock.

I.

ONCE when June was dying
 Someone came to me:
 "Make a song for Christmas,
 Will you, now?" said he.
 "Put in—what you want to;
 What you think *will* be
 When the earth is ice-bound—
 Frozen utterly."

II.

Christmas! Write on Christmas!
 "Wait!" I begged him. "Stay.
 I could write on June for you,
 On July, or May;
 But I *can't* on Christmas,
 Don't know what to say.
 Need I?" He but smiled at me,
 Bowed, and went his way.



III.

Make a song for Christmas?
 Thankless task! Of old,
 When the year's December
 Was so really cold
 That the snow-clad hills
 Were something *to* behold,
 It was well; but nowadays
 Christmas is *not* cold!

IV.

Still, I wrote on Christmas —
 Put in all I knew;
 Told of the mild weather,
 Told just what we do:
 How we pack our skates away,
How we grumble too!
 Oh! indeed, before all things
 My little song was true.

V.

Finally I sealed it
 With my Sunday crest,
 Sent it. Then—oh! cruel fate—
 How could I have guessed?—
 That year Christmas entered
 Gloriously dressed;
 Ice upon his forehead,
 Snow upon his breast.

VI.

Ponds froze—skaters flitted,
 Children went their ways
 Through a storm of snowballs;
 Bells rang out their praise;
 Yule logs burnt and crackled,
 Lost in their own blaze.
 Christmas! It was Christmas
 Of the good old-fashioned days.

VII.

And my Song! Forget it.
 Weeks had passed away
 Ere I met that someone;
 Then I did one day.
 Furtively I glanced at him,
 For—what *could* I say?
 But, alas! he merely bowed
 And—looked the other way.





WHERE THE FROST MAKES FAIRYLAND.

By HERBERT HOWARD.

OF all the natural wonders of this world of ours probably the Niagara Falls afford the most marvellous and awe-inspiring spectacle.

The name "Niagara," which in the language of the Indians of the district means "Thunder of Waters," is one that is fully justified by facts. It is not so much the

beauty of the gleaming mass of waters that leaps over the falls and breaks into rainbow-tinted spray at the foot that impresses the spectator, but it is rather the overpowering sense of vast and resistless force offered by the mighty volume of falling water that fills the onlooker with a solemnity almost approaching reverence.

Fifteen million cubic feet per minute, or one cubic mile per week, pour over the rocky limestone cliff, and rush with a deafening clamour through the gorge below.



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WHAT NIAGARA FALLS LOOK LIKE IN WINTER.

Underwood & Underwood



LOOKING ACROSS THE FALLS TO THE
CANADIAN SIDE.

The American Fall to the right of Goat Island is 1,060 feet wide, and the Canadian or Horseshoe Fall is no less than 3,010 feet in contour. Immediately below the Falls the river contracts to about 1,100 feet.

To stand at Prospect Point on the brink of the American Falls, or upon Table Rock which affords an unrivalled view of the Horseshoe Falls, and watch the rainbows which appear on the spray in the afternoon, while all the while the very air seems to throb with the

thunderous rush of the waters, is the experience of a lifetime. No one who has been there can ever lose the echo of that mighty diapason.

Even more thrilling is a visit to the Cave of the Winds, behind the Centre Fall. Clad in a waterproof dress, the visitor is conducted down the Biddle Stairs, and after passing along gangways and bridges amid the rocks and spray in front of the Fall, he is taken into the space between the rock and



NIAGARA'S FROZEN ARCH.

the vast mass of waters which is for ever leaping over it. Here he finds himself in a blinding, deafening, choking tumult of wind and waters which defies all description. Grasping each other's hands, the visitors sidle along a narrow ledge with their noses almost touching the face of the rock, while close behind them is the mighty volume of the Fall itself. It needs strong nerves to pass through such an experience without a tremor!

Magnificent as are the Niagara Falls in summer, it is in the depth of the winter's frost that they present the most striking scene. To spend a Christmas at Niagara is to pay a passing visit to Nature's fairyland.

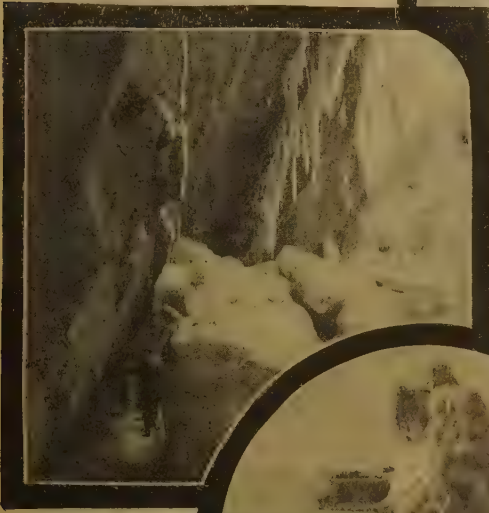
The Falls themselves never freeze; the volume of rapidly moving water is far too great for that. The beauty of the scene is almost wholly due to the enormous clouds of spray that in summer fairly drench the visitor who walks near



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CRYSTALS ON EVERY BOUGH.

the edge of the Falls, or creeps up to their foot in the venturesome little steamer, the *Maid of the Mist*. In a severe winter the spray of course freezes almost as fast as it forms, and the result is to completely transform the surroundings.

A PASS AT THE CANADIAN FALLS.



BEHIND THE NIAGARA FALL IN THE CAVE OF THE WINDS.

On Goat Island, which divides the Falls, and on Luna Island, which derives its name from the remarkable lunar rainbows seen from it when the moon shines full upon the spray, the scene is lovely in the extreme.

A FAMOUS ICE BRIDGE.



The bare branches of the trees and the very blades of grass become coated with hoarfrost of a thickness and brilliancy rarely seen elsewhere, and the whole landscape seems to have been formed of gleaming crystals.

A snowscape—if we may venture to coin a word—is a thing of beauty anywhere, but it compares but poorly with the marvellous hoarfrost effects formed by the frozen spray of Niagara.

At the sides of the two Falls, where the rush of water is not at its strongest, the scene fairly surpasses description. The masses of frozen spray falling into the water form a

sufficient obstruction to enable the frost to get to work, and soon considerable stretches of ice appear. The frozen spray then begins to form ice-mounds, at first small, but soon growing to such vast proportions that crowds



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THE KING OF ICICLES.

of sightseers are able to visit and climb about them.

These mounds assume the most fantastic and extraordinary shapes imaginable. Domes of every possible curvature naturally predominate, but bizarre forms of every conceivable description are to be seen.

In the winter of 1896 the masses of ice and frozen spray combined to form a vast bridge, and it frequently happens that deep caverns are formed in this way. As the light pierces through the masses of ice the interior becomes filled with a very glow of pale lambent blue, and the alternate melting and freezing of the exterior soon fringe the entrance with a curtain of delicate and graceful icicles.

At the sides of the Falls and on projecting masses of the rocks gigantic icicles form, often of a girth equal to that of a tree trunk and twenty to thirty feet in length. The crystal cave at Niagara is an especially favourable spot for the formation of these stalactites, and the effect after a few weeks of such frost as the people of Niagara



WINTER SPORTS
ON THE
NIAGARA
FALLS.



CLIMBING
ON THE
GREAT ICE
BRIDGE.



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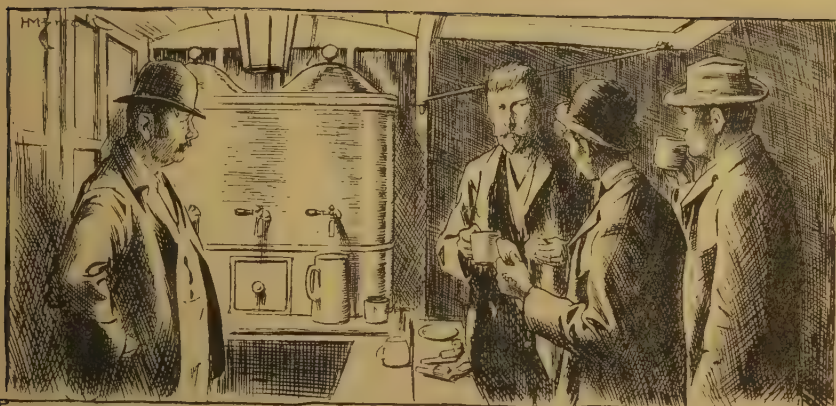
ON THE GREAT NIAGARA ICE MOUNTAIN.

are familiar with is wonderful in the extreme.

It is hard to say whether the Falls in their Christmas dress look better by day or by night.

When the sun shines upon the vast masses of ice and hoarfrost, the effect is brilliant in the extreme, as every tiny snow crystal helps to reflect its little point of light.

Perhaps, however, the scene is at its best by moonlight. As the pale beams of the queen of night fall upon the white robe that enwraps the landscape, they bring to view new qualities of grace and beauty. The perfect whiteness of the light, the blueness of the vast masses of ice, and the gleaming purity of the hoarfrost combine to form a picture fitted to fill the painter with despair.



MR PENFOUND'S TWO BURGLARS

THE STORY OF HIS WALK WITH THEM.

By E. A. BENNETT.

Illustrated by H. M. Brock.

THE chain of circumstances leading to the sudden and unexpected return of Mr. and Mrs. Penfound from their Continental holiday was in itself curious and even remarkable, but it has nothing to do with the present narrative, which begins with the actual arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Penfound before the portal of their suburban residence, No. 7, Munster Gardens, at a quarter before midnight on the 30th of August.

It was a detached house with a spacious triangular garden at the back; it had an air of comfort, of sobriety, of good form, of success; one divined by looking at it that the rent ran to about £80, and that the tenant was not a man who had to save up for quarter days. It was a credit to the street, which upon the whole, with its noble trees and its pretty curve, is distinctly the best street in Fulham. And, in fact, No. 7 in every way justified the innocent pride of the Penfound.

"I can feel cobwebs all over me," said Mrs. Penfound, crossly, as they entered the porch and Mr. Penfound took out his latchkey. She was hungry, hot, and tired, and she exhibited a certain pettishness—a pettishness which Mr. Penfound, whenever it occurred, found a particular pleasure in soothing. Mr. Penfound himself was seldom ruffled.

Most men would have been preoccupied with the discomforts of the arrival, but not George Penfound. Mr. Penfound was not, and had never been, of those who go daily into the city by a particular train, and think the world is coming to an end if the newsagent fails to put the newspaper on the doorstep before 8 a.m.

Mr. Penfound had lived. He had lived adventurously and he had lived everywhere. He had slept under the stars and over the throbbing screws of ocean steamers. He knew the harbours of the British Empire, and the waste places of the unpeopled West, and the mysterious environs of foreign cities. He had been first mate of a tramp steamer, wood sawyer in Ontario, ganger on the Canadian Pacific Railway, clerk at a Rand mine, and land agent in California.

It was the last occupation that had happened to yield the eighty thousand dollars which rendered him independent and established him so splendidly, at the age of forty, in Fulham, the place of his birth. Thin, shrewd, clear, and kindly, his face was the face of a man who has learnt the true philosophy of life. He took the world as he found it, and he found it good.

To such a man an unexpected journey, even though it ended at a deserted and

unprepared home, whose larder proved as empty as his stomach, was really nothing.

By the time Mr. Penfound had locked up the house, turned out the light in the hall, and arrived in the bedroom, Mrs. Penfound was fast asleep. He sat down in the armchair by the window, charmed by the gentle radiance of the night, and unwilling to go to bed. Like most men who have seen the world, he had developed the instincts of a poet, and was something of a dreamer. Half an hour—or it might have been an hour: poets are oblivious of time—had passed, when into Mr. Penfound's visions there entered a sinister element. He straightened himself stiffly in the chair and listened, smiling.

"By Jove!" he whispered. "I do believe it's a burglar. I'll give the beggar time to get fairly in, and then we'll have some fun."

It seemed to him that he heard a few clicking noises at the back of the house, and then a sound as if something was being shoved hard.

"The dining-room window," he said.

In a few minutes it became perfectly evident to his trained and acute ear that a burglar occupied the dining-room, and accordingly he proceeded to carry out other arrangements.

Removing his boots, he assumed a pair of soft, woollen house slippers which lay under the bed. Then he went to a chest of drawers, and took out two revolvers. Handling these lovingly, he glanced once at his sleeping wife, and, shod in the silent woollen, passed noiselessly out of the room. By stepping very close to the wall, so as to put as slight a strain as possible upon the woodwork, he contrived to descend to the half-landing without causing a sound, but on the half-landing itself there occurred an awful creak—a creak that seemed to reverberate into infinite space. Mr. Penfound stopped a second, but, perceiving the unwisdom of a halt, immediately proceeded.

In that second of consternation he had remembered that only two chambers of one revolver and one chamber of the other were loaded. It was an unfortunate mischance. Should he return and load fully? Preposterous! He remembered with pride the sensation which he had caused one night ten years before in a private shooting saloon in Paris. Three shots to cripple one burglar—for *him*; it was a positive extravagance of means. And he

continued down the stairs, cautiously but rapidly feeling his way.

The next occurrence brought him up standing at the dining-room door, which was open. He heard voices in the dining-room. There were, then, two burglars. Three shots for two burglars? Pooh! Ample! This was what he heard:—

"Did you drink out of this glass, Jack?"

"Not I. I took a pull out of the bottle."

"So did I."

"Well?"

There was a pause. Mr. Penfound discovered that by putting an eye to the crack at the hinges he could see the burglars, who had lighted one gas jet, and were sitting at the table. They were his first burglars, and they rather shocked his preconceived notions of the type. They hadn't the look of burglars—no bluish chins, no lowering eyes, no corduroy, no knotted red handkerchiefs.

One, the younger, dressed in blue serge, with linen collar and a soiled pink necktie, might have been a city clerk of the lower grade; he had light, bushy hair and a yellow moustache; his eyes were large and pale blue; his chin weak; altogether Mr. Penfound decided that had he seen the young man elsewhere than in that dining-room he would never have suspected him to be a burglar. The other was of middle age, neatly dressed in dark grey, but with a ruffian's face, and black hair, cut extremely close; he wore a soft felt hat at a negligent poise, and was smoking a cigarette. He was examining the glass out of which Mr. Penfound had but recently drunk whisky.

"Look here, Jack," the man in grey said to his companion. "You haven't drunk out of this glass, and I haven't; but someone's drunk out of it. It's wet."

The young man paled, and with an oath snatched up the glass to look at it. Mr. Penfound noticed how suddenly his features writhed into a complicated expression of cowardice, cunning, and vice. He no longer doubted that the youth was an authentic burglar. The older man remained calm.

"This house isn't so empty as we thought, my boy. There's someone here."

"Yes, gentlemen, there is," remarked Mr. Penfound, quietly stepping into the room with a revolver upraised in each hand.

The young man dropped the glass, and, after rolling along the table, it fell on the floor and broke, making a marvellous noise in the silence.

"Well, I'm blowed!" exclaimed the burglar in grey, and turned to the window.

"Don't stir; put your hands up, and look slippy—I mean business," said Mr. Penfound, steadily.

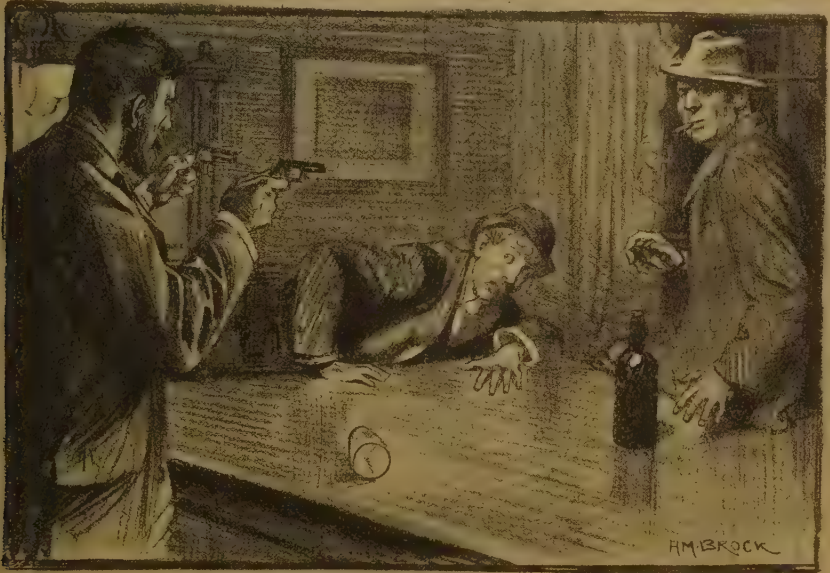
The burglar in grey made two hasty steps to the window. Mr. Penfound's revolver spoke—it was the one in his left hand, containing two shots—and with a

these two, and he took a genuine, artistic pleasure in the spectacle.

But what to do next.

The youth began to speak with a whine like that of a beggar.

"Silence!" said Mr. Penfound, impressively, and proceeded with his cogitations, a revolver firm and steady in each hand. The shot had evidently not wakened his wife, and to disturb her now from a refreshing and long-needed sleep in order to send her for the police would not only be unchivalrous, it would disclose a lack of resource, a certain clumsiness of manage-



"'HANDS UP, BOTH OF YOU,' SAID MR. PENFOUND TO THE BURGLARS."

muffled howl the burglar suddenly halted, cursing with pain and anger.

"Hands up, both of you!" repeated Mr. Penfound, imperturbably.

A few drops of blood appeared on the left wrist of the older burglar, showing where he had been hit. With evident pain he raised both hands to the level of his shoulders; the left hand clearly was useless; it hung sideways in a peculiar fashion. The youthful criminal was trembling like a spray of maidenhair, and had his hands high up over his head.

Mr. Penfound joyfully reflected that no London burglar had ever before found himself in such a ridiculous position as

ment, in an affair which Mr. Penfound felt sure he ought to be able to carry neatly to an effective conclusion.

Besides, if a revolver-shot in the house had not wakened his wife, what could wake her? He could not go upstairs to her and leave the burglars to await his return.

Then an idea occurred to Mr. Penfound.

"Now, my men," he said, cheerfully, "I think you understand that I am not joking, and that I can shoot a bit, and that, whatever the laws of this country, I *do* shoot." He waved the muzzle of one revolver in the direction of the grey man's injured wrist.

"Look here, governor," the owner of

the wrist pleaded, "it hurts dreadful. I shall faint."

"Faint, then. I know it hurts."

The man's face was white with pain, but Mr. Penfound had seen too many strange sights in his life to be greatly moved by the sight of a rascal with a bullet in his anatomy.

"To proceed. You will stand side by side and turn round. The young gentleman will open the window, and you will pass out into the garden. March! Slower, slower, I say. Halt!"

The burglars were now outside, while Mr. Penfound was still within the room. He followed them, and in doing so stumbled over a black bag which lay on the floor. Fortunately he recovered himself instantly. He noticed lying on the top of the bag a small bunch of skeleton keys, some putty, and what looked like a thong of raw hide. He also observed that three small panes of the French window had been forced inwards.

"Turn to your left, go down the pathway, and halt when you come to the side gate. And don't hurry, mind you."

They obeyed, without speaking even to each other. Mr. Penfound had no fear of their disobedience. He was within two yards of their heels, and he said to himself that his hands were superbly steady.

It was at this point that Mr. Penfound began to feel hungry, really hungry. The whisky had appeased the cravings of his stomach for a short time, but now its demands were imperious. Owing to the exigencies of the day's journey he had not had a satisfying meal for thirty hours; and Mr. Penfound since settling down had developed a liking for regular meals. However, there was nothing to be done at present.

He therefore proceeded with and safely accomplished his plan of driving the burglars before him into the street.

"Here," he thought, "we shall soon be seeing a policeman, or some late bird who will fetch a policeman." And he drove his curious team up Munster Park Gardens towards Fulham Road, that interminable highway, once rural but rural no longer.

The thoroughfares seemed to be absolutely deserted. Mr. Penfound could scarcely believe that London, even in the dead of night, could be so lonely. The gas-lamps shone steady in the still, warm air, and above them the star-studded sky, with a thin sickle moon, at which, however,

beautiful as it was, Mr. Penfound could not look. His gaze was fixed on the burglars. As he inspected their backs he wondered what their thoughts were.

He felt that in their place he should have been somewhat amused by the humour of the predicament. But their backs showed no sign of feeling, unless it were that of resignation. The older man had dropped his injured arm, with Mr. Penfound's tacit consent, and it now hung loose by his side.

The procession moved slowly eastward along Fulham Road, the two burglars first, silent, glum, and disgusted, and Mr. Penfound with his revolvers close behind.

Still no policeman, no wayfarer. Mr. Penfound began to feel a little anxious. And his hunger was insufferable. This little procession of his could not move for ever. Something must occur, and Mr. Penfound said that something must occur quickly. He looked up at the houses with a swift glance, but these dark faces of brick, all with closed eyelids, gave him no sign of encouragement. He thought of firing his revolver in order to attract attention, but remembered in time that if he did so he would have only one shot left for his burglars, an insufficient allowance in case of contingencies.

But presently, as the clock of Fulham parish church struck three, Mr. Penfound beheld an oasis of waving palms and cool water in this desert; that is to say, he saw in the distance one of those coffee-stalls which just before midnight mysteriously dot themselves about London, only to disappear again at breakfast time. The burglars also saw it, and stopped almost involuntarily.

"Get on now," said Mr. Penfound, gruffly, "and stop five paces *past* the coffee-stall. D'ye hear?"

"Yes, sir," whined the young burglar.

"Ay," remarked the old burglar, coolly.

As Mr. Penfound approached the coffee-stall, he observed that it was no ordinary coffee-stall. It belonged to the aristocracy of coffee-stalls. It was painted a lovely deep crimson, and on this crimson, amid flowers and scrolls, had been inscribed the names of the delicacies within: — Tea, coffee, cocoa, rolls, sandwiches, toast, sausages, even bacon and eggs. Mr. Penfound's stomach called aloud within him at the rumour of these good things.

When the trio arrived, the stallkeeper happened to be bending over a tea-urn,

and he did not notice the halt of the procession until Mr. Penfound spoke.

"I say," Mr. Penfound began, holding the revolvers about the level of his top waistcoat button, and with his eyes fixed on the burglars—"I say!"

"Tea or coffee?" asked the stallkeeper shortly, looking up.

"Neither—that is, at present," replied Mr. Penfound, sweetly. "The fact is, I've got two burglars here."

"Two *what*—where?"

Mr. Penfound then explained the whole circumstances. "And I want you to fetch a couple of policemen."

The stallkeeper paused a moment. He was a grim fellow, so Mr. Penfound gathered from the corner of his eye.

"Well, that's about the best story as I ever 'eard," the stallkeeper said. "And you want me to fetch a policeman?"

"Yes; and I hope you'll hurry up. I'm tired of holding these revolvers."

"And I'm to leave my stall, am I?"

"Certainly."

The stallkeeper placed the first finger of his left hand upright against his nose.

"Well, I just ain't then. What d'ye take me for? A bloomin' owl? Look 'ere, mister: no kid! Nigh every night some jokers tries to get me away from my stall, so as they can empty it and run off. But I ain't been in this line nineteen year for nuthin.' No, you go and take yer tale and yer pistols and yer bloomin' burglars somewhere else. 'Ear?"

"As you please," said Mr. Penfound, with dignity. "Only I'll wait here till a policeman comes, or someone. You will then learn that I have told you the truth. How soon will a policeman be along?"

"Might be a 'our, might be more. There ain't likely to be no other people till four

thirty or thereabouts; that's when my trade begins."

Mr. Penfound was annoyed. His hunger, exasperated by the exquisite odours of the stall, increased every second, and the prospect of waiting an hour, even half an hour, was appalling.

Another idea occurred to him.

"Will you," he said to the stallkeeper, "kindly put one of those sausages into my mouth? I daren't loose these revolvers."

"Not till I sees yer money."

Hunger made Mr. Penfound humble, and he continued—

"Will you come round and take the money out of my pocket?"



"'I'VE GOT TWO BURGLARS HERE,' SAID MR. PENFOUND TO THE STALLKEEPER."

"No, I won't. I don't leave this 'ere counter. I knows yer dodges."

"Very well, I will wait."

"Steady on, governor. You aren't the only chap that's hungry."

Mr. Penfound turned sharply at the voice. It was the elder burglar who spoke, and the elder burglar had faced him and was approaching the stall, regardless of revolvers. Mr. Penfound noticed a twinkle in the man's eye, a faint appreciation of the fact that the situation was funny, and Mr. Penfound gave way to a slight smile. He was being disobeyed flatly, but for the life of him he could not shoot. Besides, there was no occasion to shoot, as the burglar was certainly making no attempt

to escape. The fellow was brave enough, after all.

"Two slabs and a pint o' thick," he said to the stallkeeper, and was immediately served with a jug of coffee and two huge pieces of bread-and-butter, for which he flung down twopence.

Mr. Penfound was astounded—he was too astounded to speak—by the coolness of this criminal.

"Look here," the elder burglar continued, quietly handing one of the pieces of bread-and-butter to his companion in sin, who by this time had also crept up, "you can put down them revolvers and tuck in till the peeler comes along. We know

"What's that got to do with you?"

The retort was gruff, final—a snub, and Mr. Penfound felt it as such. He had the curious sensation that he was in the presence of a superior spirit, a stronger personality than his own.

"Here's a policeman," remarked the stallkeeper, casually, and they all listened, and heard the noise of regular footfalls away round a distant corner.

Mr. Penfound struggled inwardly with a sudden overmastering impulse, and then yielded.

"You can go," he said quietly to the elder burglar, "so clear off before the policeman sees you."

"Straight?" the man said, looking him in the eyes to make sure there was no joking.

"Straight, my friend . . . Here, shake."

So it happened that Mr. Penfound and the elder burglar shook hands. The next instant Mr. Penfound was alone with the stallkeeper; the other two, with the celerity born of practice, had vanished into the night.

"Did you ever see such a man?" said Mr. Penfound to the stallkeeper, putting the revolvers in his pocket, and feeling strangely happy, as one who has done a good action.

"Yer don't kid me," was the curt reply. "It was all a plant. Want anythink else? Because if not, ye'd best go."

"Yes, I do," said Mr. Penfound, for he had thought of his wife. He spent sevenpence in various good things, and was just gathering his purchases together when the policeman appeared.

"Good night, officer," he called out blithely, and set off to run home, as though for his life.

As he re-entered the bedroom at No. 7 his wife sat up in bed, a beautiful but accusing figure.

"George," she said, "where have you been?"

"My love," he answered, "I've been out into the night to get you this sausage, and this cake, and this sandwich. Eat them. They will do you good."



"'EAT THIS CAKE AND SANDWICH,' SAID MR. PENFOUND TO HIS WIFE; 'THEY WILL DO YOU GOOD.'"

when we're copped, and we aren't going to skip. You tuck in, governor."

"Give it a name," said the stallkeeper, with an eye to business.

Mr. Penfound, scarcely knowing what he did or why he did it, put down one revolver and then the other, fished a shilling from his pocket, and presently was engaged in the consumption of a ham sandwich and coffee.

"You're a cool one," he said at length, rather admiringly, to the elder burglar.

"So are you," said the elder burglar; and he and Mr. Penfound both glanced somewhat scornfully at the other burglar, undersized, cringing, pale.

"Ever been caught before?" asked Mr. Penfound, pleasantly.

Caught in the Act.



SOME REMARK-
ABLE SNAP-
SHOTS.

By T. H. E.
CAMERA.

ITALIAN SOLDIERS
PRACTISING
JUMPING.
Goerz-Auschnitt Camera



DURNFORD HOUSE SCHOOL
BOYS CAUGHT BATHING.

NO art has seen more rapid progress during late years than that of photography, with the single exception, perhaps, of applied electricity.

It is not many years since photography was a mysterious craft, understood only by the initiated, and practised with cumbersome apparatus, and by delicate and elaborate processes.

Now all is changed, and photography has become the pet hobby of multitudes of people—even of



Goerz-Auschnitt Camera
SOMETHING LIKE A HORSE.

boys and girls—who succeed in producing results which would have made the professional of a few years ago turn green with envy.

This is largely due to the increased simplicity of the process and the vastly greater rapidity with which the work can be done. When Daguerre invented photography, the unfortunate subject had to sit as still as he could for a period of several minutes, in some cases amounting to twenty. Now photographs can be taken in a fractional part of a second.

Mell and Ridley, Photo

DUKE
OF
CAM-
BRIDGE
DRIV-
ING.

Folding Camera (6, Holborn Viaduct), with a shutter giving an exposure varying from one-twentieth to one-thousandth part of a second! And yet this camera is so small and simple that it can be carried in the breast



Goerz-Anschutz, Photo

TWO RESULTS OF
JUMPING.

The whole of the pictures which illustrate the present article are instantaneous photographs, usually known as snapshots. Several of these, representing



W. J. B. Lowe, Photo

A "SNAP"
OF THE
PRINCE OF
WALES.

W. Kilbey, Photo

TROTTERS
TAKEN
RUNNING.

pocket of one's coat and may be operated by a child! It is a far cry from

the cumbrous old studio camera with its wet plates and slow action to the present-day pocket camera with rapid dry plates and an instantaneous shutter.

The portable cameras have opened up a new field for the photographer. In the woods and lanes, on the mountain-top and on the deck of a ship, on the crowded racecourse and in the busy city streets, he is equally at home. The pocket camera is out in a moment, and the scene recorded on the sensitive plate.

Goerz-Anschutz, Photo
A FINE JUMP.

Goerz-Anschutz, Photo

CLEARED!



HOW A HORSE LOOKS WHEN TROTTING.

horses in action, were taken with the Goerz-Anschutz



SOLDIERS FORD-
ING THEIR
HORSES.

R. C. Ryan, Photo

eye of the ubiquitous camera may be on the watch, and a record made for one's subsequent confusion.

But, on the other hand, many an interesting memento has thus been secured of passing incidents and fleeting scenes.

SHIPBOARD AMUSEMENTS.



W. Kilbey, Photo

REMARKABLE SNAPSHOTS OF
DIVERS AND CYCLIST.

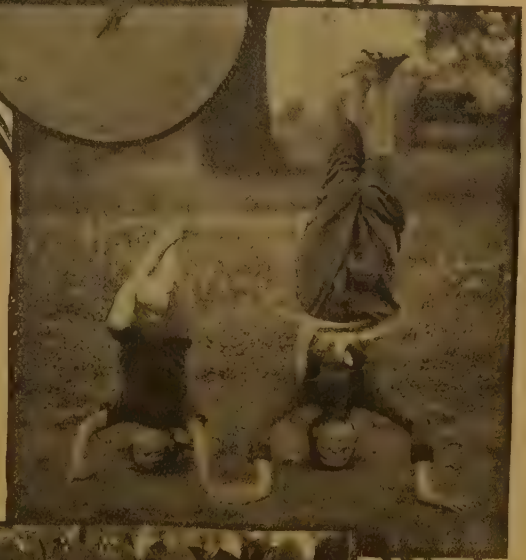
But the greatest photographic marvels have resulted from the extreme rapidity with which the picture can be taken.

Even the flying bullet has been caught in mid-air by the camera, and birds on the wing have been photographed with such perfection that every feather stood out in sharp definition.

Some of the most astonishing results have been secured by snapshots of horses galloping and jumping. We venture to say that nine people out of every ten would laugh at a painter who represented a horse in some of the attitudes that our photographs have caught. Yet in every case they are exact representations of the animal's actions.

If anyone fancies that he is a graceful and dignified walker, he will be speedily undeceived if he submits to be "snapshotted." His easy gait will resolve itself into a series of the most grotesque movements imaginable.

In one sense instantaneous photography has added a new terror to life. No matter where one is or what one is doing, the



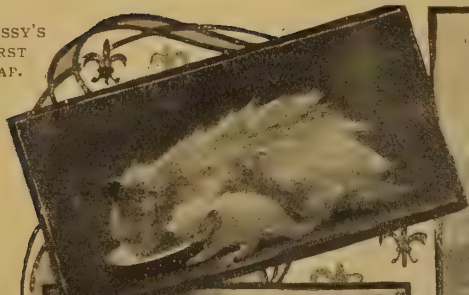
August
Station
Photo

Newton
& Co.,
Photo

A GIPSY
MAN-
ŒUVRE.

COCK-FIGHTING ON BOARD SHIP.

FUSSY'S
FIRST
LAP.



R. C.
Ryan, Photo

WHAT A
JOKE!



W. Forwell, Photo

SUBMARINE MINERS TESTING
EXPLOSIVES. A DOUBLE CHARGE
OF GUN COTTON.

Our numerous illustrations, many of which were specially taken for the purposes of this article, serve admirably to show the possibilities of instantaneous photography.

Now that winter is with us, one positively shudders at the realistic snapshot on page 507, which shows the boys of Durnford House School, Bournemouth, taking their morning plunge. The spray caused by the vigorous splashing of the lads stands out with quite extraordinary sharpness



in the original photograph, and the unstudied poses of the boys, who were quite unconscious that the fateful eye of the camera was on them, form an interesting study. Notice the bold stroke of the urchin in front, and the evident hesitation

"EILEEN" PADDLING.
R. C. Ryan, Photo



A. C. Banfield, Photo

BOWLED!

of the little lad who shivers on the brink in the background.

The first of our illustrations shows a group of men who have apparently solved the question of



LEARNING HOW
TO RIDE.



HIGH
FLIERS
E. W. Garland, Photo

flying. Certainly they are soaring through the air without any visible support. But the camera has merely caught them in the middle of a good high jump. A similar appearance is presented by some of the jumping horses, while the galloping horse at the foot of page 508 looks as if he had a pair of rigid wooden forelegs.

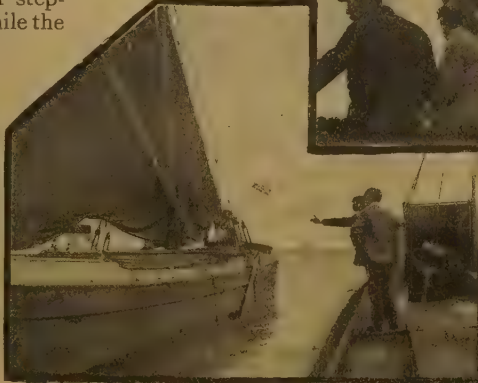
Another article in our present issue—dealing with philanthropy in high places—gives several instantaneous photographs of royalties, and here we give two snapshots of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge. The former is in the act of stepping into a vehicle, while the latter is raising his hat to the crowd as he drives off a race-course.

Perhaps the most curious of all our pictures is that of a rider being thrown by his horse on page 508. The sensitive plate caught him just as his head caught mother earth. Strange to say, the horse seems to have completely righted himself, while his

THROWING PAPERS
FOR THE SAILORS.



VISITING A LIGHT-
HOUSE.



ing a sharp corner,
while the other has

' LATEST EDITION ! '



HOW SOME FOLKS SLEEP.



rider was still falling through the air.

Cycling is represented by two of our snapshots. One of them serves to illustrate the angle at which a cyclist leans while turn-

R. C. Ryan, Photo
STREET BOYS
AT PLAY.



caught a charming young lady in the very act of falling off her machine.

The cricketer who is making such a splendid drive on page 510 has evidently failed to guard his wicket after all, for the bail is just in the act of flying off



A. C. Banfield, Photo

A CLEAN DIVE.

jumping after a ball. The eagerness of the dog's whole attitude has been caught extremely well.



Hopkins, Southsea, Photo

THE "SHAMROCK" IN FULL SAIL.

the stumps. The ball is seen immediately in front of the wicket, having evidently rebounded at the very moment when the photograph was taken.

A good example of a very short exposure of the photographic plate is given on page 511, where we see an agent of the Thames Mission in the act of tossing a small package of papers to a passing barge. It will be noticed that although the package is flying through the air, it stands out quite sharply in the picture.

An equally good example is seen in the picture of a dog



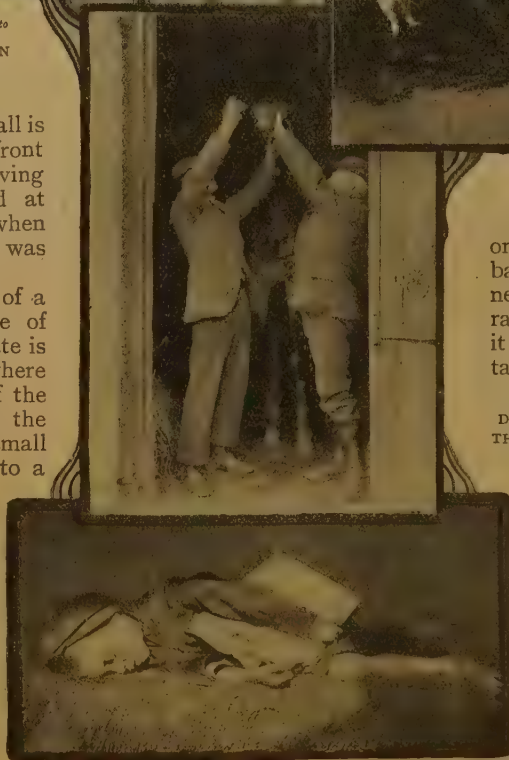
CATCH!

The pathetic figures on the Thames Embankment and the tired newsboy were not in rapid movement, but it was necessary to take their portraits with a hand

DOCTORING camera. THE HORSE. Had they woke up to

find themselves being photographed, a considerable disturbance would probably have ensued to the discomfort of our

THE TIRED NEWSBOY. T. Johnstone, Photo



OUR MONTHLY GALLERY
OF BEAUTIFUL AND INTERESTING PICTURES.



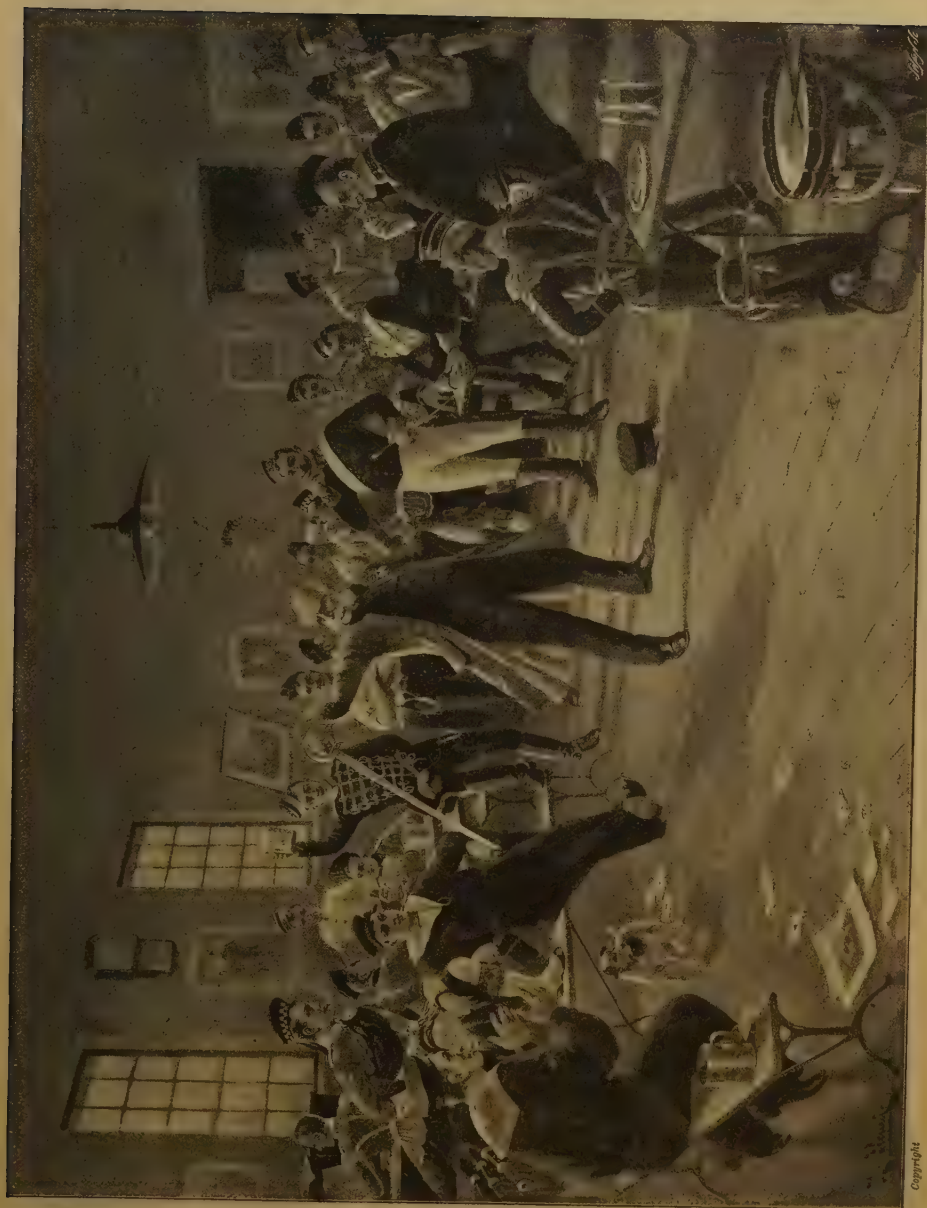
By Permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., Bond Street, W

A LONDON STREET SCENE ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

From the Painting by Ralph Hedley



THE FRENCH STAND AT THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.
From the Painting by A. Le Drn.



FIGHTING HIS BATTLES O'ER AGAIN.

From a Photographure published by H. L. Riemschneider, 36, Great Portland Street, London, W.



Flora Robertson, Stradey, L'Amelly, Photo

A PROFESSIONAL BEAUTY.



A PROFESSIONAL PICKANINNY.

Hana, Photo



WHAT WAR MEANS: THE INTERRUPTED MEAL.
From the Painting by Jean Delahaye.



RED INDIANS ATTACKING A PURITAN'S HOUSE IN NEW ENGLAND.

From the Painting by Madame Du Mond.

*Fernida Ellis, Photo*

TOILERS OF THE DEEP.

While we sleep the toilers of the deep are busy gathering the harvest of the sea.



A Drawing by Robert Sauber



From the Painting by W. B. Wollen, R.I.

WAR ON THE AFGHAN FRONTIER.

The Last Stand of the 44th Regiment at Gandai-nuck, 1842.

By Permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., Bond Street, W.

1800-1900 THEN & NOW

WHY THIS IS THE MOST WONDERFUL CENTURY IN TIME.

By J. F. WILLIAMS.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED to Nineteen Hundred! One hundred years lie between those dates.

Most startling years they are, full of vivid contrasts, as black contrasts with white, and night with day.

Dr. Alfred Wallace says that in order to estimate fully the importance and

and new conditions of life which have first had being in this century.

To prove his point, Dr. Wallace, in his latest book—"The Wonderful Century"—gives a list of thirteen inventions and discoveries which are *the produce of this century alone*. Against these he places seven others—*the produce of all the preceding centuries of*



THIS IS THE WAY OUR FATHERS HAD TO TRAVEL IN 1800. COMPARE IT WITH—

grandeur of what he calls "the Wonderful Century," we must compare it not only with any preceding century, or even with the last millennium, but with the whole historical period—perhaps even with the whole period that has elapsed since the stone age—so wonderful are the discoveries

history. And as one compares the two lists, one feels proud of living in this century.

Here are the thirteen things which did not exist in 1800, but which owe their birth to the nineteenth century. "Railways have revolutionised land travel and the distribution of commodities. Steam

THIS TRAIN WHICH CARRIED THE INSTITUTE OF CIVIL ENGINEERS TO CREWE AT A MAXIMUM SPEED OF SEVENTY-ONE MILES AN HOUR IN 1899.



navigation, which has done the same thing for ocean travel, and has, besides, led to the entire reconstruction of the navies of the world. Electric telegraphs, which have produced an even greater revolution in the communication of thought.

The
tele-
phone,



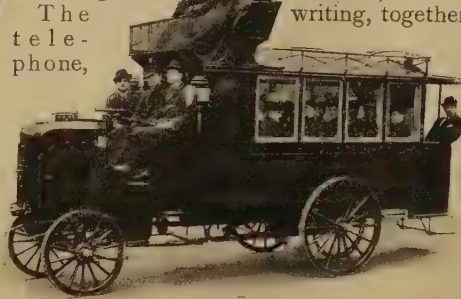
which transmits the voice of the speaker at a distance. Friction matches, which have revolutionised the modes of obtaining fire. Gas lighting, which enormously improved outdoor and other illuminations. Electric lighting, another advance now threatening to supersede gas."

"Eighth in the list comes photography, an art which is to the external forms of nature what printing is to thought. The phonograph, which preserves and reproduces sounds as photography preserves and reproduces forms. The Röntgen rays, which render many opaque objects transparent and open up a new world to photography. Spectrum analysis, which

greatly extends our knowledge of the universe. The use of anæsthetics, rendering the most severe surgical operations painless. The use of antiseptics in surgical operations, which still further extends the means of saving life."

"The only other discoveries comparable with these," says Dr. Wallace, "are the telescope, the printing press, the mariner's compass, Arabic numerals and alphabetical writing, together with the steam engine and the barometer, and the discovery of these stretches over long centuries."

We can scarcely imagine a time, and that only a hundred years ago, when the thousand and one things that now bulk so



Argent Archer, Photo

THE BALLOON, MOTOR OMNIBUS, AND BICYCLE REPRESENT THREE MODES OF TRAVELLING WHICH DID NOT EXIST ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.



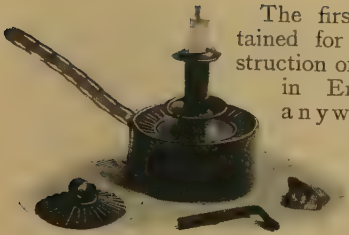
Humber, Photo

largely in everyday life were unknown. Just think of an England with no electricity, no trains, no telegrams, no telephones, no steamships, no ironclads, no Colonial Minister, no trams, no matches, no magazines, and no steel pens. And even then we only have a faint notion of the astounding changes in this most marvellous of all centuries.

Think of England without railways. It is almost impossible. And yet, in 1800, a railway was a thing unknown!



THIS IS AN OLD STAGE WAGGON USED IN 1800 FOR CARRYING GOODS.



THE TINDER BOX USED TO BE THE MOST EASY FORM OF STRIKING A LIGHT.

a line six miles long from Wandsworth to Croydon.

Now, over 22,000 miles of railways a thousand million Britons are swiftly and safely carried every year. Our Indian Empire has 22,000 miles now open, and there are over 36,000 miles in England-beyond-the-sea—a total for the Empire of 80,000 miles. The total capital sunk in home railways is considerably over a thousand millions sterling; the total mileage run every year is over 400,000,000 miles; and the total yearly earnings are nearly £100,000,000, the working expenses being rather more than half that amount.

It seemed as idle to our eighteenth century forebears to talk of travelling without horses as for us nowadays to anticipate the time when railroad and sea will be abandoned for aerial highways of commerce and locomotion.

The old stage waggons—lumbering long-bodied vehicles with loose canvas tilt, broad wheels with four or five iron tyres, drawn by eight or ten sturdy horses, two abreast—were still “flying” in 1800 at a velocity of one and a half to two miles an hour under favourable circumstances! Mail coaches or “machines”—the name is still

The first Act obtained for the construction of a railway in England or anywhere else was that of the Surrey Iron Railway Company in 1801, for

in common use in Scotland—were introduced by a Mr. Palmer in 1784, and in 1792 no less than sixteen mail coaches left the General Post Office daily, and crowds gathered to see the start—then one of the “sights” of London. The mail coach carried only five passengers, and the mails were protected by an armed guard, who soon checked the previously frequent robberies of the mails.

Even as late as 1789, pack-horses were the common mode of conveyance, but by 1800 a multitude of High-flyers, Comets, Tantiivs, etc., and other stage coaches, flew over the ruts on the “King’s Highways,” sometimes at the rate of ten miles an hour. Heavy goods were carried in barges on the



BY THE INVENTION OF THE MATCH, LIGHT IS NOW SECURED WITHOUT TROUBLE.



THE LINK BOY WAS INVALUABLE AT NIGHT BEFORE THE DAYS OF GAS.

“new navigations” or canals.

To-day, by trains and steam-boats we make journeys in a few hours which used to take our forefathers weeks. And the motor car and the bicycle, to say nothing of balloons, now make us almost independent of trains.

So with electric telegraphs and telephones. By means of these we can belt the world in a few minutes, and successful experiments have already been made in sending messages without wires. Before this century, it took a year, and



NOW ALL OUR THOROUGHFARES ARE WELL LIGHTED LIKE THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.



THE TYPEWRITER.

it can be heard at the end of many miles of wire, and can be preserved by means of the phonograph as long as the everlasting hills.

The old flint and steel tinder-box, which were not conducive to good temper on getting-up on winter mornings, have retired to museums and such-like places, while the handy match finds a place in our pocket, sometimes shielded by gorgeous silver boxes, the gifts of our lady loves.

Instead of stumbling along the streets and roads by means of a lantern, or with the aid of the link boy, as they did in 1800, we can saunter along as easily as by day



THE TELEGRAPH.

THE FOUR WONDERFUL INSTRUMENTS ON THIS PAGE ARE ALL THE PRODUCE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, AND HAVE CAUSED REVOLUTIONS.

with the help of the electric light and gas. And in our homes we do not need to waste half the evening with snuffing candles, nor injure our sight with insufficient light.

Even the lightning has been chained in this century, and electricity seems to be the door by which an even more wonderful century than the nineteenth will enter, though its results are even now stupendous.

Before this century people had to do without photographs of themselves or those they loved. Black silhouettes were the only pictures procurable at a reasonable

even more, to send a letter to some places abroad and get a reply. Before the telephone came the human voice could only be heard at a distance of yards. Now

price. Now the sun is chained by the photographer, and exquisite portraits and pictures are possible by the payment of a few pence, adding much to the brightness and happiness of these days.

In no way is this century more wonderful than for its many marvellous labour-saving machines. By means of these the cost of production is cheapened, though the goods are not always the better for that, and a great deal of drudgery is saved. Think of the many weaving, sewing, spinning, and innumerable other machines which now do the work of human hands, and try to conceive of



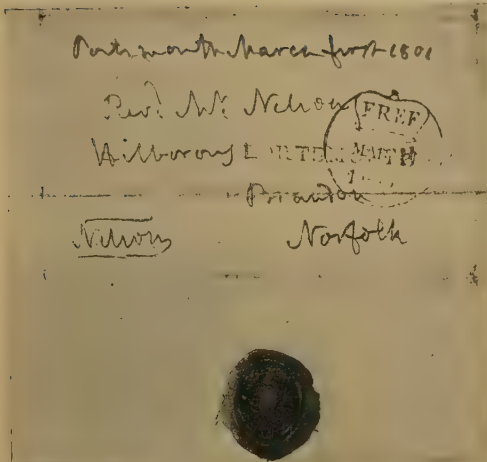
THE PHONOGRAPH.

England when there was not a single machine in the land. Abolish the sewing machine, the typewriter, and the threshing machine, and think what it would mean.

In 1799, the Post Office collected and delivered not more than 25,000,000 letters. They were comparative luxuries. Even a moderate correspondence ran into a lot of money. But this is the century of the penny postage and the adhesive stamp. For a penny a letter may be sent to the ends of the earth, and he or she who never gets a letter must be a lost soul.



THE TELEPHONE.



EVEN NELSON IN 1800 COULD NOT SEND MESSAGES QUICKER THAN BY LETTER. THIS WAS SENT TO HIS FATHER.

The British Post Office now clears over 2,000,000,000 letters a year, 260,000,000 post cards, 150,000,000 newspaper packets, 740,000,000 book packets, 70,000,000 parcels; and as if the herculean task of collecting and distributing nearly twenty-five million pounds weight of mail matter to and from foreign countries and British colonies, in addition to an enormous home service, did not keep the Department fully occupied, it forwards and delivers some 75,000,000 telegraphic messages, and issues not much short of 10,000,000 money orders and 70,000,000 postal orders, besides taking charge of the savings of over 7,000,000 thrifty souls, who have placed in its safe

ward the not inconsiderable sum of about £120,000,000 sterling.

Another stupendous change wrought in the nineteenth century has come through the printing press. England is athrob with it. By its means books and papers are now within the reach of all.



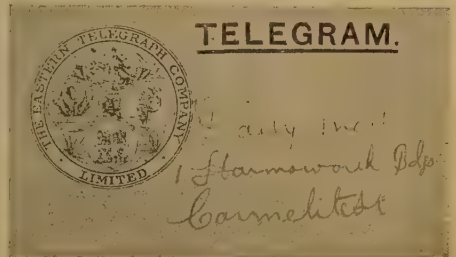
Hassan, Photo

THIS IS HOW WE PHOTOGRAPH TO-DAY.

For one halfpenny a man may know each morning everything of importance that has taken place throughout the world. While a battle is being fought 7,000 miles away, he may read in his halfpenny paper the leading facts of the fight.

Manchester in 1800 might wait a week for its London paper brought by the coach. It can now have a fresh one each morning for breakfast brought by a train travelling at 80 miles an hour.

The *Times* of 1800 was an insignificant four-page sheet, about one-fourth the size of the *Daily Mail*. It was sold at 6d., and each copy bore a 1½d. stamp. The coach or post-rider carried two or three copies of one or other of the few London papers then published to a country town or village. These were subscribed for by the chief innkeepers for the delectation of their customers or for lending out at a penny an hour!



BUT THE CABLE AND TELEGRAPH SEND MESSAGES ROUND THE WORLD IN A FEW HOURS.

This, however, had to be done judiciously, inasmuch as the lending of a newspaper was regarded by a keen-eyed Government as an evasion of the duty payable on each copy, so an Act had been passed to mulct "any person who lends out a newspaper for hire Ten Pounds for every offence!" Besides the tax of 1½d. on



OUR GREAT-AUNTS HAD TO BE CONTENT WITH A SILHOUETTE.



THE PICTURESQUE SPINNING WHEEL—

every copy printed, there was a tax of 3s. (before the end of the Great War, 3s. 6d.) on every advertisement!

Let us now look at some changes of another sort. In 1800, England and Wales contained 9,250,000

square miles, with a population of considerably under 100,000,000.

Queen Victoria, in 1900, sways the hearts of no less than 400,000,000 people—one-fourth of the whole world's population—while the British flag floats over some twelve million square miles—an area

AND HAND-SEWING OF 1800—



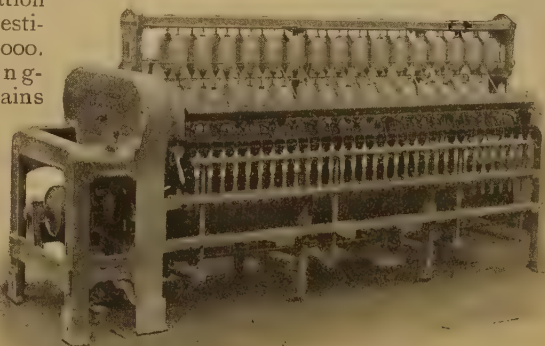
people, and Scotland a little over 1,500,000, while the population of Ireland was estimated at 5,250,000. The United Kingdom now contains 40,500,000 people, of whom over 30,000,000 are in England, nearly 5,000,000 in Scotland, and about 5,000,000 in Ireland.

In 1801, England and Wales con-

tained only 1,500,000 inhabited houses, with between five and six persons to each on an average. Scotland had 300,000, and Ireland 1,142,000 houses. Now there are considerably more than 6,000,000 inhabited houses in England and Wales, to say nothing of a large number unoccupied; Scotland has perhaps 1,000,000, rather more than the number in Ireland.

England-over-sea is immensely larger now than it was at the beginning of the century.

King George III., in 1800, ruled over an area of not more than 1,000,000



HAVE BEEN ALMOST ABOLISHED BY THE INTRODUCTION OF HUGE SPINNING FRAMES LIKE THIS—

Brooks & Dooley, Engineers

thence, until 1854, the colonial business was entrusted to the Secretary for War. During the last half-century the over-sea possessions of the Great White Queen have grown so enormously in extent, population, and wealth, that the Colonial Minister looms very large indeed in the Imperial Cabinet.

In 1801, our "wooden walls" included 781 vessels, of 650,000 tons, manned by 135,000 seamen and marines. One hundred and fifteen vessels were line-of-battle ships.



AND THE USEFUL SEWING MACHINE.

In 1900 the British Navy

consists of 52 battleships, 130 cruisers, 50 torpedo-boat destroyers, 130 torpedo boats and vessels, and is being constantly strengthened by the addition of still more powerful and swifter vessels.

The cost of the Navy in 1801 was £16,500,000—it is now £25,000,000.

The Army in 1800 cost some £10,000,000—last year the total expenditure was



THE HOE MACHINE WHICH PRINTS 48,000 "MAILS" AN HOUR IN 1900.



COMPARE THE HAND PRESS USED BY THE QUEEN'S PRINTERS IN 1800 WITH—

In 1897 the price was 112½s, and the interest £2 8s. 11½d.

In 1799, Sir John Sinclair estimated that not more than 300 persons in the kingdom enjoyed an income of over £1,000 a year. The number of incomes of £1,000 and upwards from trades and professions on which income tax was paid last year was 21,254. No less than 411,703 persons now have incomes of between £160 and £1,000, considerably more than

£20,000,000. The number of men actually under arms now is about the same as it was 100 years ago, but we were then pitted against the conquering hosts of France; now, our war-strength would quickly reach 1,000,000.

The startling contrast between the old three-decker of 1800 and a modern battle-ship or cruiser is only greater in degree than the difference in range and effectiveness between the old flintlocks and muzzle-loaders and cumbersome cannon, and magazine rifles, quick-firing guns, and the huge 45 and 100-ton guns of the present day.

At the Peace of Amiens, in 1802, our National Debt was £538,000,000, and the annual charge £20,500,000. At the present time the burden—a mere fleabite now—is about £638,000,000, and the annual charge £25,000,000. In 1799, Great Britain's revenue was £30,000,000, half of it borrowed at most extravagant rates. In 1898-9, the national income, half of it got from the Excise and the Customs, with other Exchequer receipts, amounted to £126,000,000.

The price of Consols, in 1797, on receipt of news that negotiations for peace with the French Republic had failed, fell to 47½. The average price in 1800 was 63½, producing £4 14s. 3d.



THIS DIAGRAM SHOWS THE COMPARATIVE SIZE OF THE "TIMES" IN 1800—PRICE SIXPENCE—IN RELATION TO THE HALFPENNY "DAILY MAIL" OF TO-DAY. THE "TIMES" COST TWELVE TIMES AS MUCH AND WAS ONE QUARTER OF THE SIZE OF THE "MAIL."



Symonds, Photo, Portsmouth
THE WOODEN WALLS OF ENGLAND IN 1800,
SUCH AS THE "VICTORY"—

half being between £160 and £300 a year. Last year, an income tax of 8*d.* in the £ (one-thirtieth) produced £18,000,000 sterling, which gives, roughly, a total taxable income of £540,000,000. In 1799, a tax of one-tenth of the total income of the nation was expected to yield £10,000,000, but actually realised only £6,000,000. The actual wealth of Great Britain alone, in lands, cattle, houses and contents, railways, ships, merchandise, bullion, etc., is now considerably over £10,000,000,000. The average amount of wealth held by each individual is about £250.

At the present day Britain possesses more than half the merchant navy tonnage in the world. Protected by the most powerful navy the world has ever seen against any possible danger, British merchant vessels are found

in almost every port throughout the world. Of sailing vessels and steamships of 100 tons and upwards, the world possesses 28,000, with a tonnage of 26,000,000, and of these Great Britain owns 9,000 vessels of 12,500,000 tons, while India and the Colonies own 2,000 ships of 1,000,000 tons.

In 1799, 1,500,000 tons of shipping cleared outwards from British ports. Last year over 360,000 vessels of over 100,000,000 tons cleared from our home ports, while the coastwise traffic clearances totalled 300,000 vessels of 50,000,000 tons.

A hundred years ago neither imports into nor exports from Great Britain exceeded £50,000,000 sterling. Last year the values were:—Imports, £470,000,000; exports, £293,000,000—a total external trade of over £763,000,000, or nearly £20 per head of the population. In other words, 100 years ago, the entire trade of Great Britain and Ireland was less than the present-day trade of a single minor port such as Hull.

Such in brief is the 19th century.

Of course there are many things which might be improved even in this year of grace 1900. But if we compare it with 1800, we get some idea of the enormous strides which England has made during the past one hundred years; and one doubts whether any future century will equal it in wonder.



Symonds, Photo, Portsmouth
HAVE BEEN REPLACED BY THE STEEL WALLS OF SUCH SHIPS
AS H.M.S. "JUPITER."



"IS THE KING DEFEATED?" SAID SIR KEBLE "

FOR HIS SACRED MAJESTY.

A THRILLING STORY OF MARSTON MOOR.

BY HARRY PERCIVAL.

Illustrated by Robert Sauber.

SIR KEBLE KENSENOR and his daughter Frances stood in the falling twilight awaiting news from the field of Marston Moor.

Their faces were pale and drawn, and they spoke but few words, being consumed with much anxiety and dark foreboding.

Sir Keble was fully armed, even to a breastplate of polished steel, over which his white Cavalier locks rolled, and the young lady held in each fair hand a pistol—jewelled, but loaded.

The night wind sweeping up from afar, and rustling amidst the trees, stirred their overstrung hearts to words.

"God bless the King!" murmured Sir Keble.

"God grant His Sacred Majesty victory!" rejoined the lady.

The clatter of a horse broke upon their ears.

"Roger Miston," cried Sir Keble. "He brings us the news, good or evil."

Hastening to the great hall, followed by his daughter, he was in time to lay his hand upon the monstrous bolts just as an impatient knuckle beat upon the outer panels of the door, and a tired voice shouted for admittance.

"Enter, good Roger, enter," cried the Cavalier. "Doubly welcome are you. Now put an end to our fears and hopes. Is it black or white?"

The little stout fellow, spurred and booted, and muddy and be-sweated, jerked his thumb in the direction of the hall where the shadows were thickest.

"Black!"

Sir Keble drew his sword, and sobbed upon its hilt.

"Is the King defeated?"

"Hopelessly!"

"God save him! Is he dead?"

"He is safe, I believe."

"God be thanked! This sword shall be naked for him till the end."

Then he cried in a loud voice, "Bar the doors. Man the battlements. Keep watch and ward, all of ye. The person of His Sacred Majesty hath need of much faithfulness this night."

With great loyal tears falling down his sunken cheeks and wetting his moustache and royal, he led the way once more to the dim octagonal chamber wherein he and his daughter had watched and waited through the ebbing of the light and day.

Motioning his steward to a seat, he filled a flagon of wine and bade him drink. This did Roger Miston do eagerly and gratefully.

Whereon the Cavalier said, "Now, tell us briefly, Roger, of what has befallen?"

The tired steward wiped his lips, breathed gratefully, and said—

"The moor, as last I saw it, was a sorry sight. Bloody and crowded with dead and dying gentlemen. The standards of His Sacred Majesty were torn and tattered, and men fell thick and fast wherever those standards were. And where the standards fell, a hundred gallant hearts ceased to beat over them. It was a splendid fight."

"Good!"

"The butchers of the Brewer were rampant with slaughter and vain righteousness. They spilled blood and sang psalms at once. They killed because they loved to kill; and praised God by reason of the love they had for hearing their own voices. It was a butchering and ignoble victory."

Sir Keble struck himself so forcibly upon the breast-plate that his white knuckles bled.

Roger Miston paused.

"Proceed," said the Cavalier.

"I have no more to say, sir."

"Your tale is brief."

"But comprehensive."

Frances Kensenor, whose white breast in its heaving, and whose eyes in their flashing, had betrayed the passionate interest with which she had followed this too brief report, now broke in—

"Not quite comprehensive enough, good Master Roger. The King—God bless him

—you say, is safe. But ne'er a word have you breathed of the Lord of Clavering."

The steward suddenly dipped his face into the goblet, albeit it was empty.

"Ay, ay, that is so," agreed Sir Keble.

"What of Clavering, Roger?"

The goblet still hid Roger's face.

"Come, come," exclaimed the old Cavalier, impatiently tapping the hilt of his naked rapier, "you are trifling with us. We must know all. My daughter and I are not weak enough, or disloyal enough, to grudge a dear life in the King's cause."

"Yes," said Frances, with terrible coldness; "we must know all."

The steward set down the cup with a bang. "Good master and fair lady," he cried, desperately, "I saw the Lord of Clavering fighting right gallantly at Prince Rupert's side as they hewed their way throughout the tide of battle. He struck three blows for every other trooper's one."

"Well?"

"'Twas as I fled myself that I beheld him fighting so. Three times I glanced across my horse's flanks, and still he fought. But——"

"Finish your story, sir."

"When I glanced the fourth time, and the last, his horse still galloped at the Prince's side—but, oh! alas, alas! the saddle on the beast was empty."

"Clavering is dead!"

The words fell icily from the lips of Frances Kensenor; and Roger Miston, sinking into a seat, buried his face in his gauntleted hands.

An awful silence followed. Few in seconds, but seemingly full of time. The lady was the first to break that silence.

"'Tis good time, my lord," she said, calmly, addressing her father, "that you should set the house in order of defence. At any moment the Roundheads may pass our way."

Both Sir Keble and Roger Miston observed the girl curiously; marvelling at the wonderful coldness that had come upon her.

"Right, my daughter. But you——?"

"Will keep watch here."

"Here?"

"Ay! This window faces the coach drive, up which the villains will approach. I wish to be the first to deal with them. For my dead love's sake, and in his memory, I wish it."

"My child, the sounds of war are strange to you."

"Sir, does my hand tremble?"

Frances Kensenor extended one white hand, which still gripped a jewelled pistol.

"On my faith, no."

"Then grant me this post. I will hold it loyally, as a good King's-woman."

"So be it. You shall have your way. And may it happen that His Majesty shall hear of your allegiance."

"Ay, sir, and he in heaven, my dead love, too."

Sir Keble kissed his daughter on the brow, and cried, "Come, Roger, let us make a tour around the house, and inspect our garrison. This gallant lady shall keep her worthy watch here."

When Frances Kensenor was left alone she drew a small table to the window that looked out upon the coach drive, now darkening in the night shadows, and trimmed her candles, and laid her pistols to hand—side by side.

"Oh, God, let this deed that I now contemplate be righteous in thine eyes," she murmured; "on my good word, the word of a gentleman's daughter, I swear to slay the first Roundhead churl who shows himself. 'An eye for an eye—a tooth for a tooth.' The good Book hath said it. God guide my aim!"

Then she sat motionless and cold, watching the dim road that wound away through the blackness to the entrance gates.

Once, twice, thrice the hours told forth from the stable clock.

And still she sat—never moving; but all alert, all watchful, all determined.

* * * * *

The lazy smoke of recent battle, and the mists of evening, curled and rolled over the blood-stained expanse of Marston Moor.

The challenge of the sentry, and the gasping answer to the other challenge of that other sentry, Death, rang out together.

In the hazy distance men fled and men pursued.

As the glory of the sun died behind the horizon, all the glory of the fight seemed to die too; only the darkness, and the cold, and the loneliness, remained.

The Lord of Clavering stirred amidst a heap of dead, his blood crusted, and his limbs stiff.



"'I SWEAR TO SLAY THE FIRST ROUNDHEAD WHO SHOWS HIMSELF,' MURMURED FRANCES."

The giant who had tumbled him lay dead across his legs—the broken hilt of his lordship's sword still suckling at his throat.

Birds—evil birds—wheeled overhead, and dropped and settled, save when scared away by a despairing gesture, or a last cry of horror.

After the sacrifice the feast.

Lord Clavering wiped the blood away, and moved the legs of the dead giant that pressed him down.

With his fast reviving senses two

impulses actuated him : his own safety, and that of the dear ones thirteen miles away.

Sir Keble's house lay on the high road from York. Sir Keble's adherence to the King was known far and near. So long as His Majesty and the Royal Army occupied the neighbourhood, the old Cavalier and his household were comparatively safe. But now the Royal Army was no army, only a frightened, disorganised mob. Now the King was no king, only a hopeless fugitive.

Lord Clavering groaned aloud in an agony of apprehension.

At any moment, he argued, Sir Keble and his daughter might be beset by the gangs of Cromwell.

And albeit the Roundheads sang psalms so lustily and quoted Scripture so glibly, he had so little confidence in their integrity that he shuddered for the fate of any high-bred gentleman or tender lady who might fall into their power.

Lord Clavering gazed around to the four quarters. By the dim light of the camp-fires he could see many bodies of men moving. Recognition of his identity meant certain death, he knew.

In an agony of desperation he bowed his head; and as he bowed his head he noticed once more the form of the giant who had tumbled him, and whom in turn he had slain; and as he measured with his eye his prostrate foe a means of escape presented itself.

The Roundhead was of similar height and build to himself. They both lay in a lonely, deserted quarter of the field. To strip and then to don the dead man's habiliments, cutting off with his scissors his own moustache and royal, and tucking his clustering locks beneath the heavy Round-head helmet, would be but the operation of a few minutes.

In such a guise he might safely leave the field, and make his way to the house of Sir Keble, and so learn the best or the worst.

Such was the lightning train of reason that hopefully flashed through his throbbing brain.

With one who had fought and ordered at the holsters of Rupert, to think was to act.

The glossy, tilted moustache, and the curling, perfumed royal dropped beneath the snick-snick of silver scissors. Then the Cavalier stripped like an athlete, and, disencumbering the butchered mass of

traitorous humanity, proceeded to don the ponderous and to him ignoble livery of the Commonwealth.

And presently, out of the mask of blood and mud, he reared himself up in the night shadows the very double of the fellow who had cut him down and now lay dead.

And so, assuming as best he could the air of one of Cromwell's men, he picked his way across the bloody field, passed the line of sentries, and stumbled on his way towards the mansion of Sir Keble Kensenor.

* * * *

It was quite night. A heavy silence prevailed—the silence that in its death-like quality has something of the sultry stillness that precedes the storm.

The daughter of Sir Keble Kensenor still held her lonely vigil. The wax candles on either side of her were burning close down to the silver rims of the sticks that held them; and the hands of the tall oak clock plainly registered the weary length of the waiting and the watching.

Suddenly, in the ominous silence, the shuffle of a footstep upon the gravel drive fell upon the ears of the solitary listener. It was the shuffling of a tired man, heavy and uncertain.

Two white jewelled hands closed upon a pair of pistols, remorselessly.

The slender fingers locked themselves round the deadly toys, like tempered springs of white enamelled steel.

The footsteps drew nearer.

A pair of eyes—violet, heavily fringed eyes; now hard and glinting with a dead intent—peered through the night that painted black the oriel windows.

And, sure enough, dim and opaque beyond the lightened glass, a helmeted visage showed itself, approaching nearer and nearer.

Up rose the firm hand of the watching lady, slowly and surely, like a cobra that shall strike.

Frances Kensenor whispered between clenched teeth, "For Clavering's sake."

Against the glass a shaven face, a face helmeted with the hated armour of the Commonwealth, was closely pressed.

The lady's hand, grasping its deadly toy, rose higher, and on a level with the night intruder.

And again the cold hissing whisper came :
"For Clavering's sake."

A tapping at the window—a flash—a sharp report—a cry of pain—a stumbling of a heavy body on the ground without—and all the love and hate in Frances Kensenor's heart found vent in a great cry: "For Clavering's sake! A Cromwell, a Cromwell! Swords, swords! For the King!"

In a moment the house was astir. The hall was flooded with armed retainers, at the head of whom Sir Keble came, and the good King's-lady stood proud and triumphant and calm, with smoking pistolet in hand.

Arquebuses were pointed, swords and pikes were wielded, and the rampant fever of war ran agog.

But to the battle challenge there ensued silence.

When their throats were dry, they ceased to shout, and they listened to—silence.

"My child, the shadows of the night have tricked your fancy," said Sir Keble.

The girl coldly replied, "Seek beneath this window. A dog lies dead. My hand ne'er faltered for a moment. Full in the eyes I fired—for Clavering's sake."

Then once again they listened, and still no other sound than restless foliage and secret whispering of the night wind disturbed their ears.

"A fancy! a fancy!" said Sir Keble.

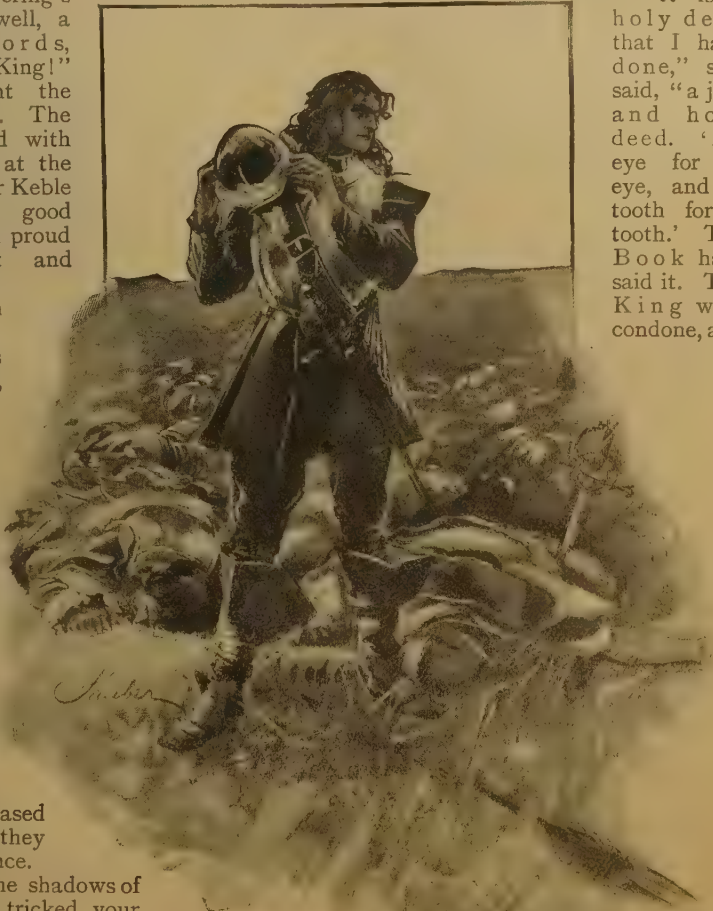
"Search!" repeated his daughter.

Beckoning to his retainers, the Cavalier unfastened the heavy bolts that secured the

entrance doors, and cautiously ventured forth into the night.

For quite a while he stayed away, Roger Miston and Reuben the butler remaining with the knight's daughter.

"It is a holy deed that I have done," she said, "a just and holy deed. 'An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.' The Book hath said it. The King will condone, and



"CLAVERING THE CAVALIER DONNED THE LIVERY OF THE ROUNDHEAD AND STUMBLED TOWARDS THE MANSION OF SIR KEBLE"

the Lord forgive. I only pray that he died quietly. I would not ask for pain."

"My dear lady," cried Roger, "here comes your good father. See! they are bearing something with them."

Across the marble flags of the great hall there stepped a melancholy and dreadful cortège.



"IN A MOMENT THE HOUSE WAS ASTIR, AND THE HALL WAS FLOODED WITH ARMED RETAINERS."

Four servants of Sir Keble bore a stout body, covered by a horse-cloth, between them, and laid it reverently on the hearth.

Upon the features of the old Cavalier a terrible gloom and sorrow had settled.

drawn those fresh wrinkles in thy brow. Speak!"

Sir Keble bent his head for one moment as the stiff burden was laid across his fire-side.



"MY LOVE, MY MURDERED LOVE, MY CLAVERING!" CRIED THE GIRL."

This gloom the lady instantly noticed.
"What ails my father?"

"Naught, my child, save forethought for the King."

"Nay, sir, surely some other grief hath

Then he upraised his noble head and voice, the latter clear and ringing, and said, "My child, you are a King's-woman—daughter of a King's-man?"

"Ay, that am I."

"And for the cause of His Most Sacred Majesty would barter love, fortune, home, and all but honour?"

"Most willingly."

"Even the blood of your heart's idol?"

"Which is already shed."

"That is no answer to my challenge. Supposing that the Lord of Clavering had escaped the swords and arquebuses of the Parliament—had even ventured here; would you still be loyal in your purpose as to sacrifice him to the Royal cause?"

"My lord, my father——"

"Answer me, girl."

"As daughter of my father, and my King's most loyal subject, yes."

"Tis well!"

As the Cavalier spoke the last words, almost in a sigh, he stooped and drew away the cloth that veiled the face and figure of the silent thing stretching its length before the hearth.

And down upon the curly-crowned and prostrate head the fingers of Sir Keble pointed.

In the red glow of the fire the King's-woman saw all. Raising her hands above her head she uttered a piteous cry.

"My love, my murdered love, my Clavering, my——"

"Peace, Frances! This is not the comportment of a good lady. Behave yourself! The blow was struck with good purpose; and the striker shall be a loyal one, and the victim a most splendid martyr. Such unbecoming grief will sore displease the King."

"So please my lord," returned the girl, coldly. "This shot I fired was fired for the King. You'll grant me that?"

"Ay, ay, my child, we'll grant ye that."

"Then have I yet the bullet that shall pierce the heart of Clavering's murderer—even as I have sworn it."

And before a hand could raise itself from any one of those around, she pointed to her white bosom the loaded, jewelled pistol—fired, and fell across the still thing that lay stark and stiff in the red firelight.

Sir Keble would have cast himself upon her prostrate body, in agony of grief, straightway, only at that moment the thud of marching men from without, and clank of arms, fell upon his ear.

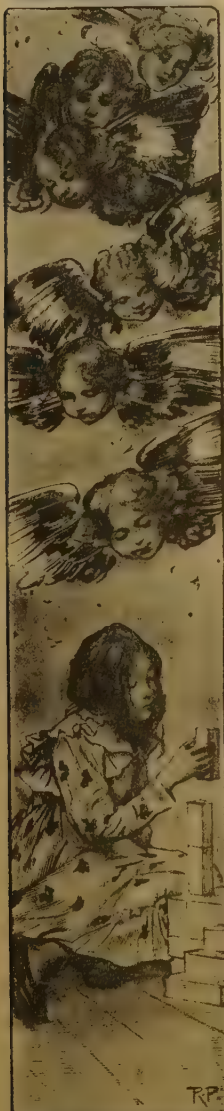
So, straightening himself, he cried, "Remove them both—let them together lie. And then, get every man to his post; for the honour and the safety of His Sacred Majesty are in deadly peril this night!"



JANUARY AS WE SHOULD LIKE TO SEE IT,

Byron, Photo

A LITTLE HOUSE



R.P.

THE world is a kaleidoscope
With lots of colours showing,
Red and blue come dazzling through
Just as the grey is going :
Gold, for a flash of laughter,
With the big black spots for tears,
Round we go, a revolving show,
For years and years and years.

The world is — what ? A summer
house—

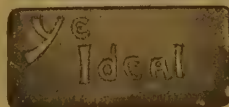
And we—small children in it,
Ready to play a year away
And “exit” in a minute :
Half in love with it, half not sure,
All of a doubtful mind
Whether we want to go, you know,
Or stay for a while behind.

Or if it is no summer house,
Then call it, if you will,
A school house with the blinds drawn
down
Right to the window-sill,
Where we are taught the way to
build—
By others who are wise—
Such things as school house walls, to
keep
The sun out of our eyes.

Oh ! why does Winter come to stay ?
And Summer come to go ?
The world has been a world so long,
It surely ought to know.
We're tired of building houses here.
We want a place—away—
Where castle walls and palaces
Don't know how to decay.

Yes, the world is a kaleidoscope
With lots of colours showing,
And where one pattern passes to
Is where the next is going ;
And you may smile and like it,
Or cry great *jars* of tears,
It is all the same—you must join the
game
For years and years and years.

EDITH BRIGNALL.



THE CORPS OF COMMISSIONAIRES

HOW OUR OLD SOLDIERS SERVE THEIR COUNTRY STILL.

BY W. J. WINTLE.

THE problem of making due provision for the after career of the gallant men who have risked their lives in defence of their Queen and country is one which must ever appeal to every true-hearted patriot.

Rudyard Kipling sums up the situation admirably in his spirited verses descriptive of the low estate of ex-Sergeant-Major O'Kelly :

Black Death and his quickness, the depth and the thickness

Of sorrow and sickness, I've known on my way ;

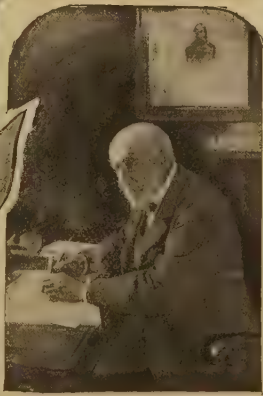
But I'm old and I'm nervis,

I'm cast from the Service,

And all I deserve is a shillin' a day !

ALL THESE COMMISSIONAIRES FOUGHT IN THE CRIMEAN WAR.

Thiele, Photos



SIR EDWARD
WALTER, FOUNDER
AND COMMANDING
OFFICER.



But it must not be supposed that the military authorities regard a shilling a day as the "deserts" of the old soldier. It rather represents a sum arrived at as a compromise between the urgent needs of the discharged man and the scarcely less imperative need for economy on the part of the Army.

Still, it has long been felt that the lack of subsequent provision for men who have devoted their best years to the service of their country was a grave blot on the Service, and the subject has often engaged the serious consideration of the War Office.

Captain Sir Edward Walter, K.C.B., whose portrait appears on the preceding page, has succeeded in solving the problem; and, thanks to his exertions of forty years past, no discharged soldier whose character is good and who is willing to work need remain in idleness and want.

It was as far back as 1860 that Sir Edward Walter first formed his plan of banding together time-expired men who wanted to work, and endeavouring to form a centre to which

THE MEDICAL
OFFICER AND
HIS ASSISTANT
AT WORK.



Thiele, Photos

THE ANNUAL MUSTER AND PARADE OF THE CORPS
IN THE GROUNDS OF CHELSEA HOSPITAL.



employers of labour might apply who needed thoroughly reliable and guaranteed servants for the unskilled branches of service.

Of course skilled workmen have little difficulty in procuring employment; the men who suffer most are those whose only trade is that of "soldiering." This is, unfortunately, the case with a very large proportion, who either joined the Army before they had had time to master a trade, or perhaps were not over fond of work until they accepted the Queen's shilling and were taught self-discipline and self-respect.

Such men are capable of rendering excellent service as watchmen, messengers, time and gate-keepers, gymnastic and drill instructors, and porters; while some of them make good



Thiele, Photo

THE EXTERIOR OF THE LONDON HEADQUARTERS OF THE CORPS

clerks, invalid attendants, and domestic servants. These are the class of men who benefit by the institution we are about to describe.

As we have stated, it is now some forty years since Sir Edward Walter founded the Corps of Commissionaires. It commenced in a small way, eighty-nine men joining it during the first year of its existence. Since that time it has steadily grown, until, when the last Annual Report was issued, it had a roll of 2,465 men, and quarters in London, Leeds, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle, Nottingham, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Cardiff, and Belfast.

The regulations state that every soldier or sailor discharged with a good character, provided he is in good health and is 5 feet 7 inches in height, can apply for admission. If wounded in action there is no restriction as to height, nor is this point insisted on when a man has a first-class certificate of education, as in the latter case he may be available for occupations where a fine physique is not essential. The number of admissions is only restricted by the demands



THE READING-ROOM
AT HEADQUARTERS.

of employers; and as the genuine worth of these Commissionaires is becoming more and more recognised every day, the applications for their services steadily increase.

Every pensioner on joining the corps has to pay a sum of £2, which is allocated thus: Caution Money £1, General Fund 10s., Sick Fund 5s., and Convalescent Hospital 5s. He must also make an initial deposit of at least 10s. in the Corps' Savings Bank.

The monthly payments after joining the corps amount to 8s. 8d., which is thus made up: For Clothing 5s. 6d., General Fund 1s. 6d., Sick Fund 1s. 6d., and Convalescent Hospital 2d.

In addition each Commissionaire is required to make a minimum deposit of one shilling weekly in the Savings Bank.

As Reservists have only a terminable pension from the State, they are required to pay increased deposits into the Savings Bank, so that they may find themselves in the same position as ordinary pensioners when too old to work. From this it will be seen how carefully the regulations of the corps provide for the future of the Commissionaires.



FIGHTING THEIR BATTLES
O'ER AGAIN

Thiele, Photos



Equal care is taken to make equitable arrangements between employer and employed. For privates of the corps the tariff is 24s. per week for permanent employment, or 4s. 6d. per day for temporary engagements. For corporals and sergeants the charges are slightly higher, while men of special education or attainments receive from 30s. to 50s. per week.

When the work is especially arduous, or involves travelling or night work, additional charges are made.

to £100, according to the rank of the man and the responsibility of the position occupied.

In addition to their providing a pecuniary guarantee for the honesty of the Commissionaire, the corps also undertakes to find a substitute for him in case of sickness, without any expense to his employer. As each member of the corps is required to subscribe to the Sick Fund and to make regular weekly deposits in the Corps' Savings Bank, thus ensuring for him-



Thiele, Photo

THESE COMMISSIONAIRES HAVE ALL BEEN WOUNDED IN ACTION.

Married Commissionaires often take care of houses during the absence of the owners, and specially selected men are often sent on journeys to foreign countries in charge of important papers or other valuables. Some of them occasionally act as attendants at hospitals and theatres.

From the point of view of the employer also, the arrangements made by the officials of the Corps of Commissionaires are highly advantageous. A guarantee as to character is given to an employer when he engages a man, and carries with it a money security on the part of the corps, ranging from £25



THE GUARD OF HONOUR.

self and those dependent on him a provision for sickness or old age, the employer is relieved of the difficulty he might otherwise feel in dispens-

ing with the services of a man who had grown too old or feeble for his work.

There is a notion abroad that employers of labour are not willing to avail themselves of the services of time-expired soldiers or reservists. This is not the experience of Sir Edward Walter, who says that "there is employment in London alone for 50,000 Commissionaires, and if



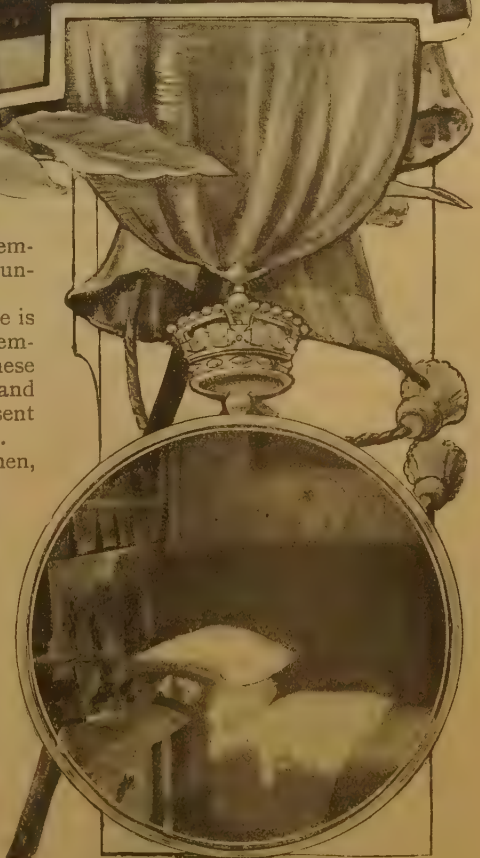
INSIDE THE HEADQUARTERS.

retired soldiers and sailors will qualify themselves for the best situations, they will undoubtedly get them."

That the men prove worthy of confidence is shown by the private reports which all employers are asked to render annually. These very rarely contain anything but praise, and during a recent year, out of 2,000 reports sent in, only six were in any way unsatisfactory.

For the accommodation of single men, the Corp of Commissionaires provides commodious barracks. That connected directly with the headquarters is situated in Exchange Court in the Strand, London. Here a group of old structures has been so far rebuilt and remodelled as to provide ample accommodation for nearly two hundred unmarried men. The ordinary corps charges, for those who live at the mess, are as follows: Mess, 10s. 6d.; lodgings, 3s. 6d.; Savings Bank, 1s.; Clothing, Sick, and other funds, 2s.; amounting in all to 17s. per week.

Though the barracks is in no sense a show place, but has been designed more with a view to practical usefulness than to ornament, it has many features of interest to the visitor.



A CORNER IN A COMMISSIONAIRE'S CUBICLE AT THE BARRACKS.



Thiele, Photo

THE BILLIARD-ROOM AT THE LONDON HEADQUARTERS.

The exterior, shown in our illustration on page 542, with its conspicuous clock and window full of notices and orders for the corps, is not unsuggestive of a post office; the suggestion being strengthened by the fact that the Commissionaires wear a uniform somewhat resembling that of the men who bring our letters to the door.

Inside we find the various business offices of the staff, and the rooms devoted to the use of the men.

As not only do the single Commissionaires live in the barracks, but a considerable number have to be always in attendance ready for sudden calls, abundant provision is made for their amusement.

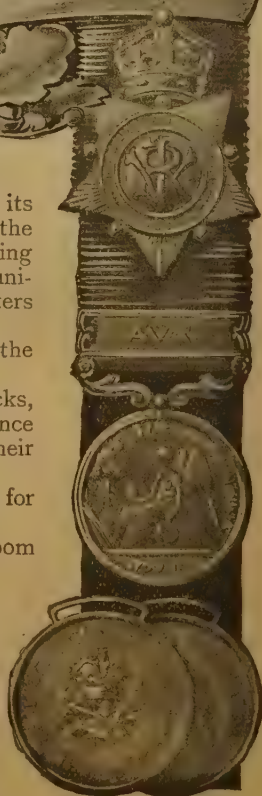
A large and well-equipped billiard-room is in constant use, for are not cannons always to be found where soldiers forgather?

The reading-room, too, is in great request, and the dining-room is a fine, well-lit apartment.

Upstairs the dormitories are divided into neat little cubicles, one of which is assigned to each member of the mess.

One little room is devoted to the medical officer and his assistant, for every care is taken to guard the health and promote the physical well-being of the members of the corps.

From whatever point of view we look at it, the Corps of Commissionaires is doing good service, both to its members and to the public, and Sir Edward Walter is to be heartily congratulated on his patriotic and beneficent enterprise.



A TUG OF WAR.

THE STORY OF HOW IT
ENDED.

BY WINIFRED SMITH.

Illustrated by Fred Pegram.

"I SHALL certainly write!"

Cynthia spoke with decision, her blue eyes gleaming.

"Oh! my dear," said Mrs. Santly, her aunt, "it is sure to cause unpleasantness—this Mr. Jerome is such an utter stranger to us—and the annoyance may not occur again."

"I do not intend that it should!" said Cynthia. So, seating herself at an escritoire, she dashed off a few sentences, directed the missive, and gave it to a servant, ordering that it should be taken next door at once.

Thus it happened that John Jerome, Esq., sitting in bachelor solitude, read presently as follows:—

"Miss Desmond presents her compliments to Mr.

Jerome, and begs most urgently to call his attention to the fact of the daily annoy-

ance to which her household is subjected on account of his dog. Only this morning the servants, attracted by most piteous cries, found him brutally assaulting Miss Desmond's cat—a household favourite of Persian breed, noted for its amiability.

"Miss Desmond is of opinion that a dog of so vicious a nature should be kept most strictly chained up, and not be suffered to become a public nuisance. She has only to add that, if the annoyance occurs again, she will

immediately have recourse to severer measures.

"The Beeches.

"Tuesday."

Tossing the scented note aside with an impatient "Pshaw!" Jerome turned his head as the door opened, and a stout, rosy little woman came panting in.



"CYNTHIA AT
HER SWEETEST
AND FAIREST
STRAYED AMONG
THE FLOWERS
WITH HER
CAT."

"You wanted to speak to me, sir."

"Ah, yes, Mrs. Collins; but first, have I not heard you complaining frequently of petty thefts committed by the cat next door?"

"Every day, sir, without exception, since the new people moved in at The Beeches, we've had cause to trace something to that there cat."

"What is the cat like?" interrupted Jerome.

"Oh, handsome enough, sir, if beauty was all; and they do say as how its mistress's heart is as much set on it as if 'twas a child."

A little later Jerome took up his pen, and, with the quizzical light in his eyes belying the stern set of his lips, indited his reply:—

"Mr. Jerome presents his compliments to Miss Desmond, and deeply regrets that his dog should, at any time, have caused her either annoyance or alarm.

"In the matter of the encounter with the cat, Mr. Jerome is inclined to suspect that the first aggression did not come from his dog, and, while pledging himself to do all on his side to prevent any future unpleasantness, he must request that Miss Desmond will enter into a similar compact with regard to her cat, which has made itself equally obnoxious in his household by repeated thefts.

"May he venture to suggest that a course of chastisement, judiciously administered, would probably prove highly beneficial to the correction of Puss's morals? Mr. Jerome urges Miss Desmond, in her own interests, to put a stop to these daily incursions, as otherwise he will scarcely dare to answer for the consequences.

"The Cedars.

"Tuesday."

A few days after this, John Jerome was looking forth listlessly from the window of his snugery, and interviewing Mrs. Collins, when the nonchalance on his face changed suddenly to a look of breathless interest.

"Is *that* Miss Desmond?" he demanded, wheeling hastily round.

And Mrs. Collins, peering out, beheld Cynthia in her garden—Cynthia at her sweetest and fairest as she strayed among the flowers, with basket on arm and scissors in hand, and with her cat in demure attendance.

"That's Miss Desmond, sir—Miss Des-

mond *and* her cat—Muffet, they call it—and I'm sure, sir, you'd never guess the deceitfulness of that little animal to see it now—so gentle and purring-like. Not that it's given us any trouble for the last day or two, and—— Well, to be sure!"

Well might she break off in *sotto voce*, for her master, obeying an impulse whereat he reddened like a schoolboy in after-thought, had unfastened the French window with some muttered pretext, and stepped down into his own garden. There he came to a standstill, feeling somewhat at a loss, until Lion, his dog, rose up from basking in a sunny corner and bounded to his side. But Miss Desmond's action was instantaneous and unmistakable.

She stood up very straight from among the flowers, and, calling to the pensive Muffet, began to make a dignified tour of the garden, starting from the farthest side. Jerome stood his ground, notwithstanding. He bent down, affecting to busy himself with the adjustment of Lion's collar, until Cynthia's prolonged peregrinations brought her within a few paces.

Then he stood up, with a vague notion of some neighbourly attempt at amenity and understanding. But Cynthia gave him no chance, as, with haughty step, and without so much as a glance deigned in his direction, she passed by.

For some days the marauders were kept rigidly on their best behaviour by their respective owners.

But at last an anxious day dawned for Cynthia. Muffet had escaped from the summary surveillance that had galled her adventuring spirit of late, and all search proved unavailing. Cynthia took the loss lightly at first. She sat down to breakfast, expecting every minute to see Muffet come running in with a distressed mew and guilty mien. But, when the whole morning had passed without bringing this furry apparition, Cynthia conquered her pride, and sent a servant next door with a politely apologetic inquiry for Muffet. Nothing was gained by this, however, for the maid returned to report that the housekeeper, with whom she had spoken, had declared that she knew nothing of the cat, and that her master was out. Afternoon waned, and the wanderer came not. Finally, the milkman deposed to having seen Muffet at an early hour that morning on the doorstep of The Cedars.

When the news was brought to Cynthia, she threw down the novel she had been

trying to read, and started up in misgiving. Across her heart had flashed a memory of the dearest thing she had ever known on earth—of the little ailing sister to whom she had been mother, playmate, and nurse, till the hour of parting came. And Muffet had been Janie's latest plaything and desire—the last thing her little weak hands had touched as they yielded it to the elder sister's care.

"She's yours now, darling; your very own," the tired, childish voice had murmured, "and you must love her dearly always—for Janie's sake."

A quick sob rose to Cynthia's throat now, as she stood considering. With hands that trembled slightly Cynthia put on her hat, and marched uncompromisingly in at the next-door gate. Her imperious knock was answered by Jerome in person. A flash came into his eyes when he saw her standing there; but it was gone in an instant. He bowed distantly.

"Good evening, Miss Desmond."

"I have come for my cat," said Miss Desmond, curtly.

"You have come for—? I beg your pardon, but what did you say you had come for?"

"Pray do not affect to misunderstand me, Mr. Jerome! You know very well that my cat is here—has been kept here—by what right I have yet to learn—ever since early this morning!"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Do you always draw such hasty and groundless conclusions?" he asked, looking down upon her anger with an exasperating air of argument.

Cynthia raised her eyes and regarded him steadily.

"I know—I am confident that you are detaining my cat!" she said.

They stood inside the hall, facing each other resolutely.

"I will inquire of the servants, if you like," he said, coolly, and moved away; but she stopped him with a scornful gesture.

"Oh, pray do not call them—unless, indeed, you are afraid to tell me what has become of it yourself!"

"Er—really, Miss Desmond, I——"

"Hush!" cried Cynthia.



"YOU KNOW
VERY WELL THAT
MY CAT IS HERE,"
SAID CYNTHIA."

She made an impatient step forward, and, listening, caught through the closed door on her left a faint sound of meowing. She put a hasty hand on the door handle, but the lock refused to yield. She gave it a little shake, then turned imperatively to Jerome.

"Unlock that door at once, if you please!"

He waited a little, then drawing slowly from his pocket a key, threw wide the door; and Cynthia swept in to the rescue.

She saw a handsomely appointed room, in the sunniest corner of which a half-empty saucer of milk reposed on the floor beside an Oriental looking pile of cushions, from whose eminence Muffet, content and purring, came stepping daintily, as from a throne, to greet her. But Cynthia was too thoroughly aroused by the fact of the detention to be mollified by the gilded nature of its conditions. Jerome had sauntered in

called in every endearing accent; puss only went straying further.

Desperate at last, dreading any appeal to Jerome, and bent, therefore, on immediate rescue, Cynthia herself vaulted lightly over the low wall in pursuit, emboldened to this unlawful move by the enshrouding darkness and the utter silence around. But Muffet eluded every frantic manœuvre, and, running continually ahead, by degrees drew her unwilling feet to increasing inroads upon the hostile soil, until, weary of this dodging game, her catship made for the house, with the exasperated Cynthia giving reckless chase.

Cynthia stood looking in, debating irresolutely. Capture seemed certain, if only she could bring her mind to the added trespass of crossing that threshold. She drew a daring breath—listened—then, thrilling to the moment's enormity, went tip-toeing in, only to see Muffet's tail, at her approach, vanish round a corner.

Conquering her last scruple, Cynthia rushed into the room where Muffet, leaping from one article of furniture to another, landed wildly upon a table; and the tussle that ensued between pursuer and pursued ended in the capture of the latter, and in the overturning of a small lamp, whereby the room was involved in total eclipse.

Cynthia's anxious care was now to escape undetected; but her foot caught in a rug, and she pitched forward, sweeping some article from its resting-place with her arm as she went, and falling to the sound of a heavy

crash. She picked herself up dazedly, wincing as she set her right foot to the ground, and striving desperately to check Muffet's distressful lamentations.

Ah, it was too late—she was lost—irretrievably lost! A light streamed in upon them, and Jerome entered hastily, then with an incredulous exclamation stared from the shattered fragments of a priceless jar that lay scattered at his



"'I HAVE ONLY SPRAINED MY ANKLE,' SHE SAID, 'BUT IT OUGHT TO BE SEEN TO AT ONCE.'"

with the tentative look of one who has more to say; but Cynthia, receiving the prisoner within her sheltering arms, trod past him with one flash of outrage, and was gone ere he could follow.

* * * *

One evening Muffet sprang from Cynthia's arms on to the forbidden ground of the next-door garden. Vainly Cynthia

feet to the two culprits who confronted him.

Cynthia, gripping a chair-back with one hand, and endeavouring with the other to stifle Muffet's outcry, stood forlornly at bay, supporting herself on one foot, and biting her lips to keep back the tears that sheer pain had brought to her eyes.

"I—I beg your pardon," she burst out. "We are very sorry—at least, I mean, I—I came in after Muffet, and—and——"

She broke down, with a burning face. Was it amusement, or anger, or triumph that had flashed into Jerome's eyes as they faced one another? Miss Desmond assumed her most crushing air of hauteur, and began again—

"I—exceedingly regret the—intrusion—I—can scarcely explain. But you know my name—and—and—address—and, of course, any compensation——"

Suddenly Jerome strode forward.

"Excuse me," he interrupted, "but I'm sure you're in pain—you have hurt yourself somehow! Won't you—er—sit down?"

"Oh, thanks, I—I couldn't think of trespassing further. I have only sprained my ankle, but it ought to be seen to at once—and—and—I would rather go——"

She made a reckless step towards the door, heedlessly essaying the injured foot, then stopped short with a sharp cry.

"Oh, I can't!"

"Shall I ring for my housekeeper?" Jerome inquired, solicitously.

Miss Desmond lifted her drawn face.

"Not for the world!"

"But your foot should be seen to at once."

"If you will have patience for one instant—only for one instant," she gasped,



"I SHOULD
BE SO
GLAD IF
YOU WOULD
ACCEPT
THIS;
WILL YOU?
SHE
SAID."

"I will try again. There is no need for— for everyone to know."

"Most assuredly not."

"I am sure I could manage to hobble in on one foot," she murmured, pensively.

"I am quite sure you could not," he said, with decision.

She bit her lip, staring down in tragic despair at the defaulting member.

"Then whatever am I to do?"

"There is only one solution of the—er—difficulty."

"Yes?"

She looked up with a flash of tears from her anxious blue eyes.

"If you would permit me—if—if you were willing, I could—er—carry you."

"No, thank you!" said Miss Desmond, promptly.

A dusky red ran up his cheek.

"Now, Miss Desmond," he said, quietly, "you must either accept what little assistance I am able to offer you, or"—he stretched out his hand towards the bell—"allow me to ring for other aid at once."

And Cynthia, dropping her handkerchief, put out her hand as if to stay his own, lifting wet eyes of surrender.

"Don't! . . . I—I will come at once," she said, with a little gasp.

And five minutes later Jerome, having successfully eluded all observation, had borne her safely into Mrs. Santly's ejaculatory presence.

A few evenings later Miss Desmond turned from her window, and, acting on some sudden impulse, limped to the mantelpiece, and, taking from its place of honour a rare old vase, hobbled from the room, and shutting the door upon Muffet's importunate nose, went tapping her way out into the garden with an effective little stick. In an instant a pair of broad shoulders loomed through the dusk on the other side of the wall.

"Good evening," faltered Miss Desmond.

Struggling against the nameless spell, she stepped across to the wall, bearing the vase solemnly, like some monumental urn, and setting it down under Jerome's interrogative eyes.

"I should be so glad if you would accept this; will you?" she began, desperately. "It belonged to my great-great-grandmother, and is, I believe, very costly and rare—and—and—if you would care to take it in place—of the jar I broke——"

He looked at the vase, and then down at her changing face.

"No, I cannot accept it," he said, in a low voice.

She raised her eyes, blankly.

"Oh! why not?" she faltered. "Don't you care for it?"

He did not answer at once, but looked away into the gathering darkness, then suddenly bent nearer as if to read her face.

"There cannot be any question of compensation between you—and me," he said, slowly. "And yet, if the choice were mine and I might tell you; if it were not too soon; if—if—you would listen——"

His voice broke, and a quick flush mounted to his brow; for Miss Desmond had quietly stepped back to the path, and stood there, very pale and proud-looking, shrinking a little under his gaze.

Then she went on towards the house, as if she had not heard.

That night, when the rest of the household were lapped in the slumber of the just, Miss Desmond crept out to the garden, and, with a guilty air, bore in the rejected vase. Long hours she lay sleepless, thinking, thinking, and as a result made the following announcement to Mrs. Santly next morning:

"I think I shall decide to accept Jeanie Morrison's invitation to Edinburgh, after all, auntie. I shall just wire to tell her to expect me, and start by the 4.59 express."

Thus it happened that Mr. Jerome, returning moodily from a walk that afternoon, was just in time to behold Miss Desmond enter the luggage-laden fly that waited at her gate, and to receive her haughty bow in passing.

So Cynthia fled to Edinburgh; but after the novelty of the first few days she began to chafe under Jeanie Morrison's hospitality, and to crave more and more, with every morning that she opened her eyes in a strange city, to find herself at home again.

Strangely sweet did it seem to Cynthia to sit at home again in the first hour of her return, even though it was only to listen while Mrs. Santly drawled out the local news. Presently the droning voice struck a solitary staccato note.

"And, by the bye, I've one piece of good news for you, my dear. You are to be relieved of your *bête-noire*. Mr. Jerome is going abroad at once; and a widowed cousin is coming to take charge next door."

But Cynthia answered never a word; only rose a minute later with a plea of weariness, and sought her room.

When Cynthia descended to breakfast next morning, she was informed that Muffet was missing. The usual inquiries were instituted, but the hours wore to afternoon without bringing news of her flighty catship. It was a wild day of wind and rain;

yet Cynthia found a relief in going out to do battle with the elements in quest of the truant. She came in, however, spiritless and unsuccessful, and sitting down before the fire that had been lighted in the drawing-room, paid presently the penalty of a night's vigil by falling fast asleep.

with a most disreputable and bedraggled-looking Muffet curled up in his arms.

"Your favourite is extending her walks abroad," he said, drily, as Cynthia received the abject-looking animal with a hurried word of surprise. "I found her straying near the Common."



"CYNTHIA SAT UP WITH DAZED EYES, FOR THERE STOOD JEROME, WITH MUFFET CURLED UP IN HIS ARMS."

The opening of the door, and an announcement in a servant's voice, startled her to wakefulness. She sat up with dazed eyes, wondering vaguely whether she was dreaming still, for there stood Jerome,

"So good of you to look—to—to go out of your way," she stammered.

"Not at all," he said, stiffly. "It was quite by chance. I was passing at the time, and could scarcely leave it behind,"

A blank pause.

"It is a wretched day," said Miss Desmond, at length.

"Very wretched," curtly.

He moved to the door.

"I will wish you good afternoon," he said, abruptly. "No, do not trouble, I will let myself out."

ing the door again, gazed out. He was already half way down the path. She ran out on to the step, and stood there, straining her eyes after him in the rain, and, on a sudden, all the longing and penitence she had nursed so late had taken possession of her unawares, and burst from her lips in a broken cry of recall.

Jerome stopped at the sound as if he had been shot. He turned and met her eyes; and a minute after was striding back like one possessed. But the porch was empty when he regained it, for Miss Desmond had retreated to the drawing-room.

"You called me," he said, reaching her side, and looking down almost sternly into her eyes.

But she turned away, covering her face with her hands, and sobbing wildly.

"Oh, hush!" he said, touching her bent head with unsteady hand. "Don't! — my — my darling!"

"But—but you are going away!"

"Not unless you send me from you, and then only to try and forget you, if I must! It will be on your account alone that I shall go, or—stay. But perhaps even now you do not care to hear, perhaps it is nothing to you—"

She stood up suddenly and faced him, regardless of her tears.

"And perhaps it is something to me—a—a great deal—whether you go—or—stay! . . . I, too, have tried

—to forget. I—I went away—"

She looked down again with a little cry, half protest, half joy, as he stooped and caught her hands.

"And you have come back—to me! Nay, it is too late to turn away, for I have read the truth in your eyes, and heaven forbid that pride should stand between us. We are both conquered, sweet, and Love has come victorious out of a Tug of War!"



"SHE TURNED AWAY, COVERING HER FACE WITH HER HANDS, AND SOBBING WILDLY."

"Good afternoon," she faltered, lifting her eyes.

The hall door shut sharply—he was gone; but not before she had caught the involuntary look that had flashed into his face as he turned for one instant to look back at her—a look that broke down the last vestige of her pride, and seemed to draw her heart after him. Dropping Muffet, she hurried into the hall, and, open-

THE DERBY OF THE SNOW



ONE GLIMPSE OF THE GREAT CROWD WITH SKIS AT THE NORWEGIAN DERBY.

NORWAY'S MAGNIFICENT WINTER SPORT.

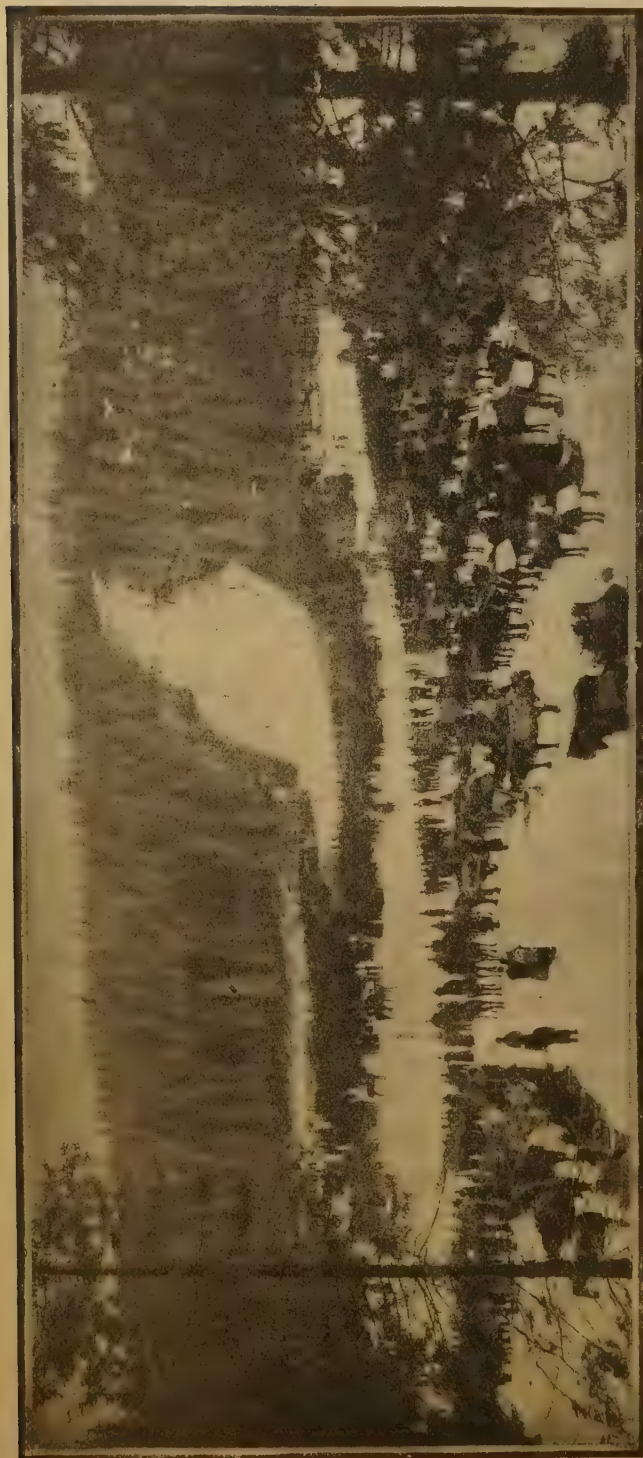
By HAROLD J. SHEPSTONE.

A DERBY in the depth of winter, with seven or eight feet of snow on the ground, over a steep downhill course, would be impossible of realisation in England, but it is none the less easy of accomplishment within a comparatively short distance from our shores, and takes place on the first Sunday in February in Norway.

A Norwegian Derby is undoubtedly one of the prettiest sights one could ever wish to witness. True, the high-spirited racehorse—of which Englishmen are so proud—is an unknown element, substituted by mere human agency; yet it cannot be gainsaid that one is equally thrilled with wonder and excitement in watching one of these great Norwegian festivals.



A SNAPSHOT OF THE JUMPER IN MID-AIR.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE COURSE ON WHICH THE GREAT NORWEGIAN SNOW RACES ARE HELD.

This strange yet exciting Derby of the snow takes place at Holmenkollen, a hill situated about three miles from Christiania. At this period of the year the country is wrapped in a white mantle of snow. As a rule not much snow falls in Norway before the beginning of the New Year, when it begins to come down with unceasing vigour. And what soft, white snow it is!

Indeed, the snow is so crisp that it is practically impossible to walk over it with any degree of comfort; especially is this the case in the country, where one could easily sink up to the waist or armpits in the soft, beautiful, glistening crystals, which would be anything but pleasant. The hardy Norseman has overcome this difficulty, however, by the adoption of snowshoes, or "ski"—pronounced for all the world like the word "she." With these queer appendages, he glides softly over the white surface with an ease and grace which is truly remarkable.

Without ski it would be impossible for the peasants to attend to their outdoor duties, the farmer to his cattle, or the postman to deliver his letters. Every homestead has its full complement of ski. Even little children go to school on these strange-looking implements.

The ski which are commonly used in Norway are about eight to nine feet long. They are very narrow, being about four and a half to



DOWN THIS HILL THE WONDERFUL JUMP OF 90 FEET TOOK PLACE.

five inches in width, and an inch thick at the thickest part—that portion of the wood immediately under the foot. The wood is cut with the grain, and is entirely whole, so that it can better stand the strain to which it is often subjected. The foot is fastened to the middle of this plank-like piece of wood by three straps. Although the process of strapping the feet to the ski is so simple, yet when once fixed the foot is so secure that no fall or mishap of any kind can loosen it.

Seeing, therefore, the absolute necessity for the adoption of this peculiar foot-gear to the Norwegian's existence, one is not surprised to hear that he has become very expert in its use. The art of skiing, or more correctly speaking skiløbning, is also greatly encouraged throughout

Norway, each town and village boasting of its ski club, which awards prizes to the members who display the greatest skill.

It is at the great annual snow-shoeing competition at Holmenkollen, however, where one witnesses the giant feats of the ski world. As already stated, the contest takes place as a rule on the first Sunday afternoon in February, when everyone, young and old, rich and poor, turns out to witness this great spectacle, which is probably the most exciting winter competition to be seen in any country the world over.

Some idea of the interest taken by the people of Norway in their winter Derby may be gauged from our photographs, which give a general view of the course, with the spectators at the foot of the



WHAT THE COURSE LOOKS LIKE, SEEN FROM THE JUMPING PLATFORM.



hill. In the summer it would be impossible for such a concourse of people to gather at this place, as it is in reality a lake, but in winter it is frozen so hard that carriages can safely venture on its surface.

In the photographs we may notice sleighs of every shape and size, drawn by sturdy horses. If it were possible to closely scrutinise this muster of conveyances we should at once detect the universal interest taken in the coming competitions. There are the ordinary little cariole sleighs, which may be said to belong to the well-to-do, in close company with which may be noticed the peasant's sleigh, which for all the world looks like a huge wooden box, and often affords accommodation for a dozen persons.

Somewhere in the group, too, is the elegant fur-covered sleigh of the King, for he, too, takes as keen an interest in the coming events as the humblest peasant.

If one looks carefully into the photograph on page 559, a little platform may be discerned half-way up the centre of the hill. This is seen more distinctly below, and the photograph also affords a better idea of the numerous spectators who line the mountain-side. It is from this platform, which is decorated with the Norwegian flag, that the jumping takes place.

There are usually over a hundred competitors, each one hoping that he will be successful in carrying off the coveted prize. For weeks before the great contest the members of the various ski clubs throughout the country have been busy practising the art of jumping on ski, so that the competitors on the great day are no mere novices, but represent the pick of the country. All is excitement as the time for the contest draws near.

Each competitor has a large number affixed to his breast, so that he may be easily recognised by the judges. At a given signal he rushes from the hilltop down towards the little raised platform, a descent of about four hundred feet, which is very steep; in fact, it is almost perpendicular. The rush naturally gives him a terrific impetus by the time he reaches the projecting ledge. As he shoots off he makes a huge spring, all the time whirling his arms around like a windmill to keep his balance as he jumps into space. No



THE ARMS ARE KEPT WHIRLING AS THE COMPETITOR JUMPS INTO SPACE



THIS PICTURE SHOWS THE COMPETITOR LANDING ON THE GROUND, AND THE DISTANCE HE HAS JUMPED FROM THE PLATFORM.

better idea of this wonderful "hop" or jump can be obtained than by a careful glance at the three preceding photographs, which are instantaneous snapshots of a jump of 30 meters, or over 90 feet!

Incredible as it may sound at first, it is none the less an actual fact. A jump or hop of 60 or even 70 feet is now looked upon as quite ordinary in Norway; in fact, most of the competitors cover that distance on the great gala day; 80 to 90 feet, however, is referred to with some amount of admiration. Indeed, great skill, strength, coolness, and

agility are required to successfully accomplish such a daring feat. Even this terrific distance has been beaten by a boy who recently cleared 103½ feet. There is a record, too, in Norway of a jump of 120 feet, but as the man stumbled directly he touched the ground it is not considered a "clean" jump.

It is, of course, the tremendous impetus obtained in the first rush, coupled with a good spring from the platform, that renders such a performance possible. To show the steepness of the hill we give below a photograph taken from the jumping station.

The view is also interesting, as it depicts Dr. Fridtjof Nansen watching the jumpers from the platform from which the competitors make the leap into the air.



THE BIG FIGURE ON THE RIGHT OF THIS PICTURE IS DR. NANSEN, WHO IS A LOVER OF THE "SKI."

And if one looks closely into the photograph, a man may actually be seen flying into space. He has just left the platform, and our photographer has got a clever instantaneous snapshot of him. From the view one would imagine that he would land on the people below, but of course such is not the case, as they are farther away than one would suppose; it is entirely the steepness of the gradient that gives the photograph this appearance.

It should be added that in addition to the jumping contest there is also a trial for speed, which generally takes place the previous day; but it is the jumping that excites the more interest and claims the greater attention. The race is over a distance of about twelve English miles, but the obstacles which one meets in this short distance—for it is comparatively short, considering it is done on ski—are simply innumerable and appalling.

The course is denoted by small pieces of red cloth tied to snowy pine trees. First of all, there is generally an ascent of a few hundred feet, followed by a stiff descent. Down the mountain-side the skilöbers fly at an alarming pace, but uphill the table is at once turned. Paren-

thetically we may state that if one wishes to enjoy skilöbning it should always be downhill. It is amusing to see a novice struggling up a hill. The general method is to turn the toes outward, keep the legs well apart, and then bring the ski down sharply so as to get a hold, care being required to keep the ends of the ski from overlapping. Many, especially ladies, simply go up sideways, and bring the ski close together at each step, thus leaving a ladder-like impression in the snow as they advance.

The obstacles are numerous, in order to tax the proficiency of the racers, but the twelve miles is generally accomplished in remarkably quick time by these hardy descendants of the Vikings, only an hour and three-quarters elapsing, as a rule, before the winner is home.

Another feature about this Norwegian Derby is that no one is allowed to compete under the age of eighteen. The competitors are generally between twenty and twenty-two years of age.

Such is the Norwegian Derby, one of the finest sights to be seen anywhere in winter, and, once witnessed, never to be forgotten.



Byron. Photo

A SPLENDID SPOT FOR CURLING

THE DUEL IN THE DEEPER PIT.*

A SENSATIONAL INCIDENT IN A COAL MINE.

BY CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

Illustrated by R. Wallace.

IT came upon me like the shock of a bullet wound. The thing was impossible to refute; it was real. The nickle-plated revolver was in the mildewed locker where he said I should find it.

Valpy was mad; his mania was homicide.

The net which his maniac cunning had spun around my life seemed of such malignant strength and grip that no human effort could win me clear of its toils.

For a while I was so stunned by its discovery that Valpy's letter fluttered from my fingers to the coaly mud of the floor, and the fluttering tallow candle with its stepping of clay threatened to follow it. Peril of life is no great novelty to me. It was not so much the physical danger which caused my head to whirl then, as the shock of the other discovery. Valpy had been my friend for more than twenty years; we had known one another in salon and steamer room, by tent and camp fire; our camaraderie had run its course with never a hitch; and now he demanded my life for an offence which could never in possibility have existed. He said in the bitter letter which he left me to read, that I had alienated from him the affections of his wife.

Why, the man had no wife!

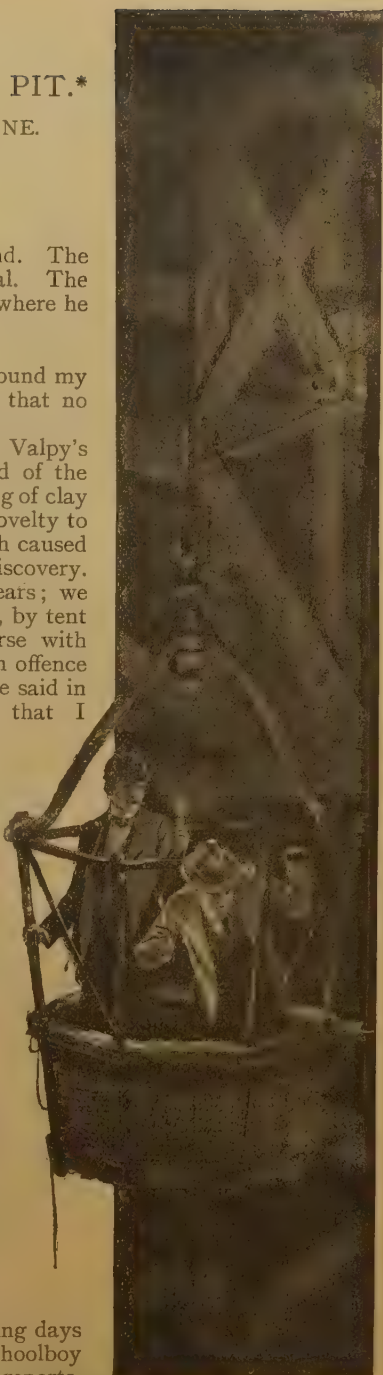
His challenge was no sudden spasm; I saw that he had been working for weeks to pin me so that I must fight him. He had laid his plans with consummate skill; laid them, too, in the full sight of myself, and yet never allowed me a gleam or glimmer of his real object till the time was full and ripe for doing so.

He had found the advertisement in the *Daily Courier*, as it were by accident, before my very eyes, and after we had talked chaffingly about it during a lazy afternoon, it was actually this that suggested his taking up this pit which was offered for lease.

"D'you know, Calvert," he had said, "I've the deuce of a good mind to follow your advice. I'm getting rather bored with wandering over the globe doing nothing. It sounds fascinating to have an occupation in life, and the idea of being a colliery proprietor is, to a man of my antecedents, distinctly bizarre—that is, attractive. Honestly, if this place turns out to be anything like the advertisement states, I believe I'll go in for it. Will you come with me when I go to prospect?"

I had laughed and assented, and for the succeeding days he was as full of the mine as a child with its first schoolboy hobby. Our rooms were littered with plans, tables, reports, and specimens. The smuggled Tauchnitz novels had disappeared, the bookcase was reinforced by technical literature

* Copyright in the United States.



"WE DROPPED DOWN THE SHAFT
WHICH NO MAN HAD ENTERED
FOR SIXTEEN YEARS."

of a new genus. Everything about the mine was dinned into my ears about twenty times a day. It was in the neighbourhood of a shallow seam of coal recently worked out. The shaft penetrated lower than this, and was known usually as the Deeper Pit. For years it had been unworked, flooded. Now the water had drained away of its own accord—as mine water does, once in a thousand times—and the workings were again ready for the collier's pick. The royalties surrounding the original workings could be obtained readily and cheaply. Altogether it was a most desirable property to secure.

So the rusted engine on the pit bank was cleaned, a wire rope rove over the sheave in the derrick, and the heavy iron cable bent to its end. On a day appointed Valpy and I came to Bromlope to make the descent.

There is a slight feeling of exultation when one drops down the shaft through which living man has not penetrated the entrails of this planet for over sixteen years; and this feeling exhilarates. The cage descended slowly, screaming and grating along the rusted guide-iron, and in a matter of many minutes landed us on a platform of ebony bog left by the receding waters.

With our candles thrust out at shoulder height, we stepped off the floor of the cage, plodding heavily through the mud. The gallery was low enough to make us crouch our heads; the air was chill and moist. Presently we came to a small oblong cavern which formerly had been the colliers' drawing-room and eating chamber. Valpy went in first, asking me to remain in the gallery.

Presently he called that I should come to him.

"Look here, old man," he said, thrusting a roll of foolscap into my fingers, "have another turn at geography; make sure how you stand; and then we can move more comfortably. I'll just go out and see if the narrow gallery which runs round the back of this is still sound, or whether it has fallen in."

He went out through the doorway, and, after the yellowy beam of his candle had been swamped in the darkness, I could still hear the faint splashing of his feet in the semi-liquid mud. Then I stuck my candle by its clay socket against the wall, and carelessly unrolled the crisp paper and flattened it out.

So confident had I been that it was merely a map of the mine which had been handed me, that it caused me a preliminary shock to find it was instead a note scribbled in blue pencil. As I conned it through, the hair tickled on my scalp.

Valpy accused me of tampering with the love of this imaginary wife of his, setting forward the indictment with detail and circumstance. He called to my memory the fact that our engine-man on the pit-bank had returned to his home, and had been ordered not to rewind us to the surface for eight more hours. Then he challenged me to fight him to the death. Previous to my entrance into the room he had placed a revolver and cartridges in the locker opposite the door; he himself possessed an ornament similar in all respects. Furthermore he had observed that our watches coincided. So I should be able to know when he made it exactly 10.30: up to that time there was a truce between us. The second it passed he gave me his most sacred word of honour that he should set about endeavouring to slay me.

Some people reading so strange a screed under such strange circumstances might have scented the practical joke and endeavoured to treat the matter as such. I knew Valpy too well; he was always an earnest sort of man; and the letter was pious to a degree. By some cerebral lesion he had lost his mind, and, like other mad creatures, his first wrath rose against his staunchest friend. If the chance came to him he would shoot me down like a beast.

Now, as I have said, the first shock of discovery stunned me; but the habits of a life spent for the greater part in wild places soon made themselves felt. My own self-preservation clamoured to be thought about.

I glanced at my watch. There were left to me four minutes' grace. Then the truce would come to an end, and I might expect war to open at any moment.

Next I blew out the candle flame. Everything seemed to point to this as a necessity. Then, when the cold darkness had closed down, I nipped the smelling wick and slipped the candle into a pocket. It might be wanted again. I most sincerely hoped it would be wanted, because at that stage of the affair I had but one idea in my mind: I must come upon Valpy suddenly and disarm him; the rest would be simple. I was by far his superior in the point of bodily strength. First, how-

ever, he must be found; and that moreover without letting him know he was being sought for until we came to hand grips. In other words, he must be stalked. This seemed plain enough.

But, going out of the door into the gallery, a sense of the difficulties of my position began to grow upon me at once. There were two ways to turn—up and down. From the further side other galleries branched off at right angles; on my own side there were still others; in fact, as I knew from the maps and plans, the coal seam round the foot of the shaft was burrowed and burrowed till the reticulations, if measured end on end, would make up a line of tunnel many miles in length. Of course there would be stoppages everywhere where the roof had caved; but these points were to me unknown. Valpy and I had descended the pit mainly to find how frequently they existed.

Thinking of these things, I listened intently. In that black silence the only sound which fell upon the ear was the distant tinkle of some rivulet of water trickling from a roof-track into a shallow pool below. Then a voice startled me.

"Half-past ten, Calvert. I see you have

put out your candle, so we begin on entirely even terms. I need hardly recommend you to do your best to kill me. Because, if you fail, as sure as God can see us even through all this great roof of rock, so surely will I satisfy my honour with your life."

The voice seemed to come from close to



"HE RAISED HIS REVOLVER AND PULLED THE TRIGGER."

my elbow. On the first tone I began moving toward it, using infinite care to stalk noiselessly. Yet the voice receded before me like an *ignis fatuus* (if one may use such a word in reference to sound), and I saw that Valpy had anticipated the manoeuvre, and was in equal-paced retreat.

His original distance I could not guess, because the tunnels acted like a speaking tube, and carried sounds with little diminution of volume.

I journeyed on thus for quite two hundred yards, with every muscle ready to spring, every nerve at highest tension. Then I stopped to listen. At first it seemed that the silence round was absolute, but as my ear strained to even further refinements, it seemed to me that I caught ever and anon the faint hush of breathing. Then, not very far away, a splinter of stone, dislodged from roof or wall, fell with a falsetto splash on to the slime of the roadway, and what had before been a suspicion now became a certainty.

Valpy had rounded my flank and was stalking me!

Let it be confessed that my first thought was for flight. My next, however, pointed out that he was playing my game. If he came upon me in the darkness, I could seize him before he was able to use his weapon; once in my grip I should be content. The gallery there was good six feet in height, and I leaned against the cold slime-covered wall with hands half raised. You can guess how keenly I listened for any small sound speaking of his advance, but not the faintest whisper came to me. In our many wanderings Valpy and I had often stalked big game together, and I remembered with a grim smile how well he had earned the title of "Cat," which had once been admirably bestowed upon him by a Bengal shikari. Here he was stalking me now through slush which to another man's movements would have been noisy with squelchings and splashes, and yet, though I felt that he was advancing, yes, and following my spoor with his finger-tips in each footstep, the deep earth-silence was never intruded upon.

Suspense in many of its lurid shapes has been shown to me before, but the agony of that wait for the madman is one of the deepest sears on my memory.

Always far sharper than my own, and now more tartly stung by insanity, his animal senses showed him my whereabouts first, and he raised the muzzle of the revolver and pulled the trigger.

The sum of what my dazed eyes saw was Valpy's smudged white face, and the pistol, in a dazzling halo of flame. The bullet struck the wall beneath my left arm-pit, bringing down a small avalanche of shale,

I had no thought of returning his fire. Indeed, my revolver was in my pocket, still unloaded, but I leaped forward, endeavouring to grapple with him before he could get in another shot. Doubling like an eel in the utter darkness, he left a side pocket of his coat in my hand and fled, giving parting shots behind him till he had emptied his revolver. The lead brought down great sheets of stone from the roof and sides till one thought that the whole stratum must have collapsed about our ears; still no shot touched me, and I crashed on at his heels. But Valpy ran like a deer and distanced me; and at length I slowed down, with hands and arms bleeding from contact with the rocky walls; and I heard Valpy slack his pace at the same time, and heard also the tinkle of the empty shells as he ejected them and reloaded his revolver.

My original feeling towards my companion had been one of compassion. This was beginning to give way now, and wild anger was coming in its place. What had I done that my life should be so savagely attacked?

The breech of his revolver closed with a vicious snap, and I heard him cock the hammer. Then he halted, waiting for me. I halted too; to advance upon him so would be a demand for instant death. As a general thing he was but an indifferent shot; but now I knew instinctively that he would not fire until the muzzle of his weapon rested against my breast.

He advanced again; I retreated, keeping pace with him; we were both too excited by this time to pay heed about treading delicately. Underneath us were **L** rails, and on these our boots slid and clanked. The darkness was profound, and as I ran I steered by trailing raw finger-tips along the jagged walls. The plan of the mine was fixed pretty securely in my head, and twice I turned corners at right angles, hoping that the double would cause him to miss me. He did nothing of the kind, hanging like a dog on the track, and the third time I tried it he laughed aloud in derision.

I was hot enough with exertion, heaven knows; but that laugh chilled me to the bone. The particular horror of it was something I could not describe, a something I would wish only my most hateful enemy to experience.

So Valpy hunted me on through the network of the colliery, till a thing happened

which brought me to bay whether I wished it or no. The ground rose beneath my feet, and for awhile the roof rose too. Then the roof dropped again and the floor slanted up to meet it. There had been a fall of rock. The gallery was barred effectually. The madman was not a dozen yards from my heels.

I turned then like a cornered animal to fight desperately for life. At my feet were jagged masses of newly fallen shale. As if by instinct they found their way to my clutch, and with them I opened a furious bombardment of defence.

The roof of the gallery was rotten and crumbling, and where my missiles, vaguely aimed in the darkness, crashed against it, great masses detached themselves and fell into the slime of the roadway. Why merciful Providence prevented me from building myself into a living grave there I cannot think; but I had the chance in my mind with every splinter of rock that I hurled, and in my savage fury cared not, so that Valpy might be smothered by the avalanche which walled in myself. Far above all that infernal turmoil of crashing stone his pistol shots rang out shrill and clear, till the thick air grew biting with powder smoke, and once more the chambers of his weapon were empty. Then with a final discharge of missiles to herald my coming, I charged furiously at him, and he in turn fled away down the gallery.

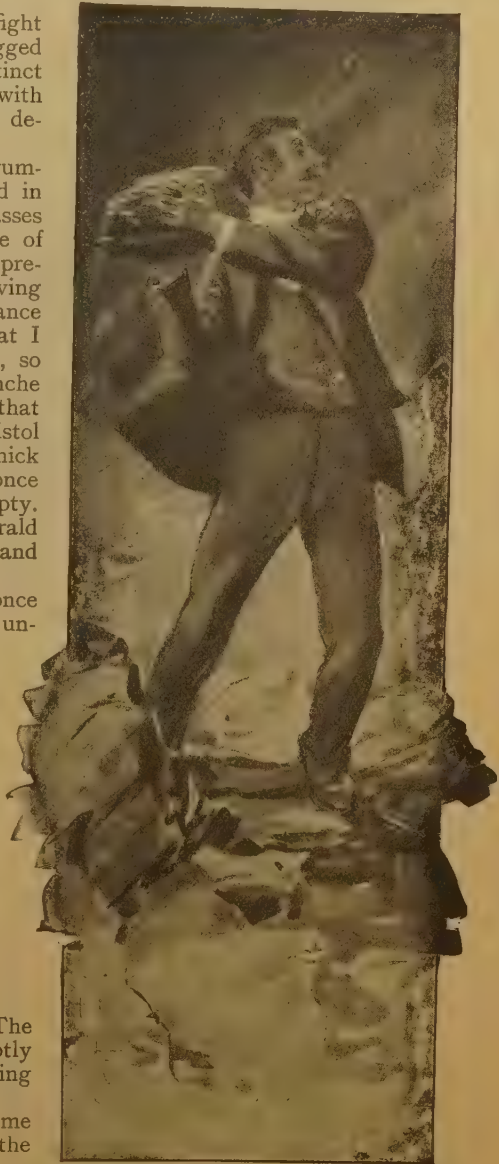
No longer did I remember now that once he had been my friend, that his mind was unhinged, that his state demanded all forbearance. He was my mortal enemy, the object of my most blind and deadly hate; and had I laid hands upon him then I should have ripped the warm life from within him with willing fingers. Taking the revolver from my pocket, I slipped cartridges into the chambers as I ran. His last bullet had scored my side like the sear of a red-hot iron. With gnashing teeth I lusted to smash my fist into the centre of his face. Valpy might have been mad all along; but at that moment I was no less a maniac than he.

* * * *

Then of a sudden the scene changed. The noise of pattering feet in front of me abruptly ceased. There was a heavy splash, a bubbling cry, and—silence.

I halted and listened. No sound came to me through the black gloom, save only for the muffled lapping of tiny waves.

Then the noise of a heavy surge echoed down the gallery, and with it came a strangled voice which cried, "Help! for God's sake, help, Calvert." The voice was drowned in gurglings and splashings, and again an earth silence snapped down, amid which I could hear my own breathing and those faint slappings of water.



"I OPENED A FURIOUS BOMBARDMENT WITH THE JAGGED SHALE AT MY FEET."

A great revulsion of feeling spread over me like a cold douche. Valpy, mad or sane, was drowning in some dreadful unseen tank which drained the water of the mine. He could not swim a stroke. If I did not rush then to save him he would die horribly. My fierce enmity withered and vanished within me; I remembered only the friendship of twenty years.

I strode forward again, stepped over some invisible brink, and sank deeply into water so cold that I emerged from it breathless and gasping. At the same moment Valpy rose again to the surface,

dim with every stroke; and when at last I did touch a shelving beach, the last glimmer of sentient life within me died away.

Half in, half out, of that foul tank's broth we lay together, the pair of us, for how many hours I cannot tell; and when the men on the pit bank above, growing alarmed at our non-appearance, formed a rescue party, they found us still devoid of consciousness.

When we were brought to blessed daylight once more, bruised, bleeding, filthy beyond recognition, a doctor took us both



"I SWAM FOR WHAT SEEMED HOURS, AND THEN TOUCHED THE SHELVING BEACH."

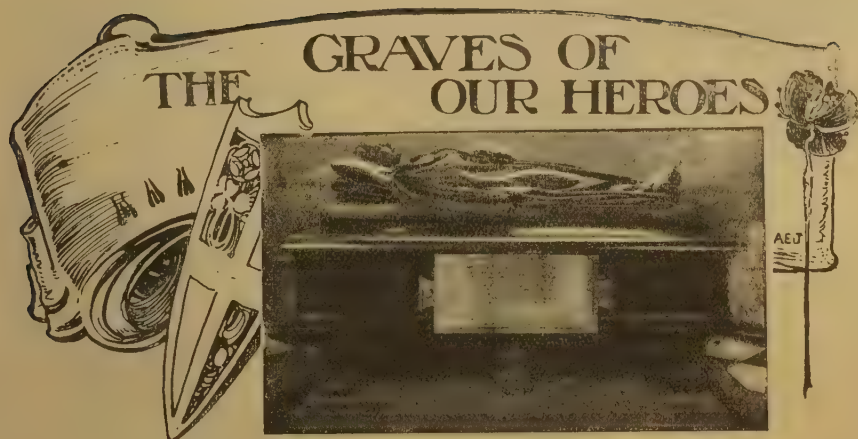
almost noiselessly, well-nigh lifeless. My fingers slid out and twined themselves in his hair. Slipping beneath him, I swam for the pair of us, and in that awful darkness may have swam in anything but a straight line. I was tired, faint, bruised; and the deadly chill of the water was paralysing. I must have gone lightheaded then, for a horror seized me that I was on some vast underground lake with shores leagues apart.

I swam on for what seemed hours—months—years, consciousness growing

in hand, and through his skill I was little worse for the adventure. But Valpy's case was different. He woke into a raging brain fever, and the doctor said that the disease must have smouldered in his system for weeks to permit of its arriving at such a sudden and violent head.

Eventually my poor chum recovered, though only after a long and tedious convalescence; but he knew nothing of that awful duel he forced upon me in the black abysses of the Deeper Pit, and to this day I have never told him.





GENERAL GORDON'S TOMB IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

WHERE OUR FAMOUS SOLDIERS ARE BURIED.

BY ARTHUR BIRNAGE.

IN times of peace it often seems that the deeds of the bravest men of the British Empire are forgotten.

But such is not the case, for in times of national peril assurance and confidence are gained when the men who have fought for the land of their birth are called to mind, and the feeling grows that there are soldiers and sailors to-day who can repeat the exploits of past generations.

The national roll of honour is a long one, but that is no reason why those whose names stand out the most prominent should not be again recognised. Men still honour the graves of the brave, and such reverence at the present juncture is most fitting.

It is, perhaps, difficult to say who is the nation's greatest hero. If a vote was taken, probably the honour would be divided between the Duke of Wellington and Lord Nelson. The personality of the latter appeals more to "the man in the street," because he died in the hour of victory; but when second thoughts prevail, the pendulum swings back and the hero of the greatest British victory — that of Waterloo — receives equal homage.

When the Duke of Wellington died in 1852 at the ripe old age of eighty-four, with such a magnificent military and political career, it is not surprising



A REMARKABLE GORDON MEMORIAL AT GRAVESEND.

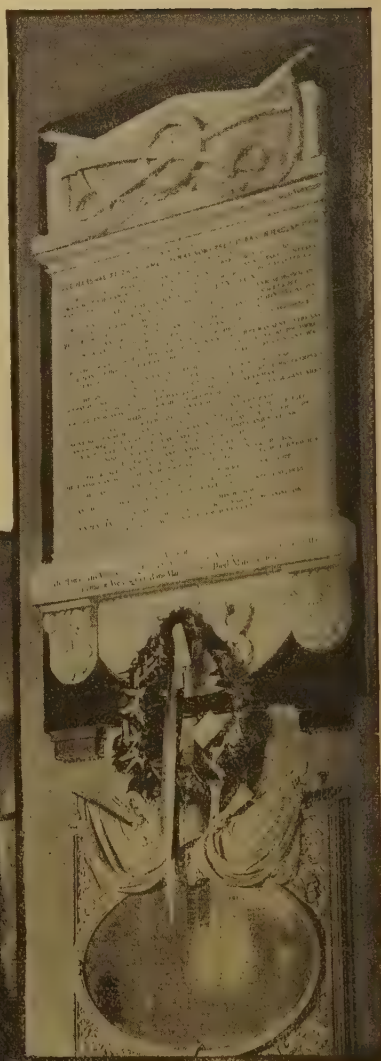
that the nation gave him the most imposing public funeral ever accorded to any man. His memorial in St. Paul's Cathedral—the most striking monument in that edifice—is abundant testimony to the esteem in which the "Iron Duke" was held.

There is not much likelihood of the Crimean war ever being forgotten, nor of the dramatic death of Lord Raglan, the Commander-in-Chief, who died just before the conclusion of hostilities, being overlooked. After undertaking the responsibility of the campaign, when success was finally assured, he was seized with illness and eventually died of dysentery. His body was brought home on the vessel which only a few days before had been engaged in signalling his orders. He was eventually buried in the family vault at Badminton church, over which the tablet shown in our illustration is placed. The wreath under the tablet is one recently placed there by Crimean veterans in memory of their departed chief.

J. R. Slinger, Photo

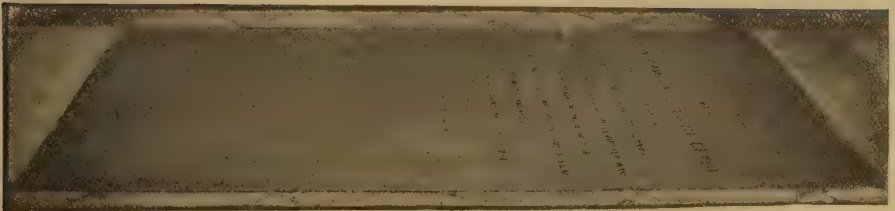


WELLINGTON'S TOMB IN THE CRYPT OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

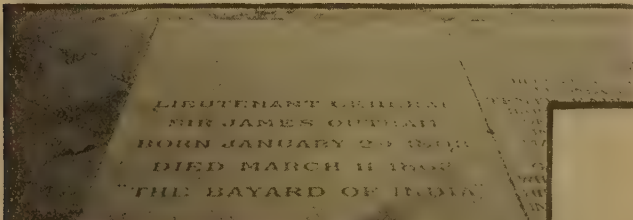


MEMORIAL TO
LORD RAGLAN, THE HERO
OF THE CRIMEA.

For bravery and devotion the memory of Sir Henry Havelock, the hero of Cawnpore and Lucknow, still lives. His death was a great blow just at the time when his noblest effort was crowned with success, and all the more pathetic when one knows



THE GRAVES OF COLIN CAMPBELL AND OUTRAM, THE HEROES OF THE INDIAN MUTINY, IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



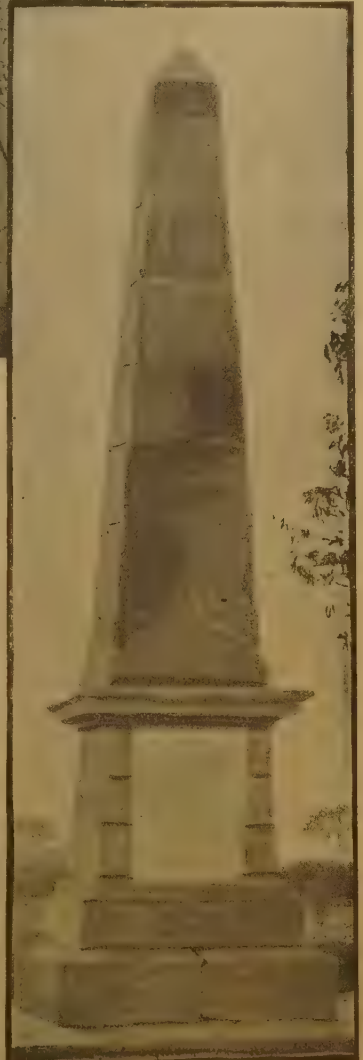
HAVELOCK'S STATUE IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

that he died without hearing of the honours his country had conferred upon him.

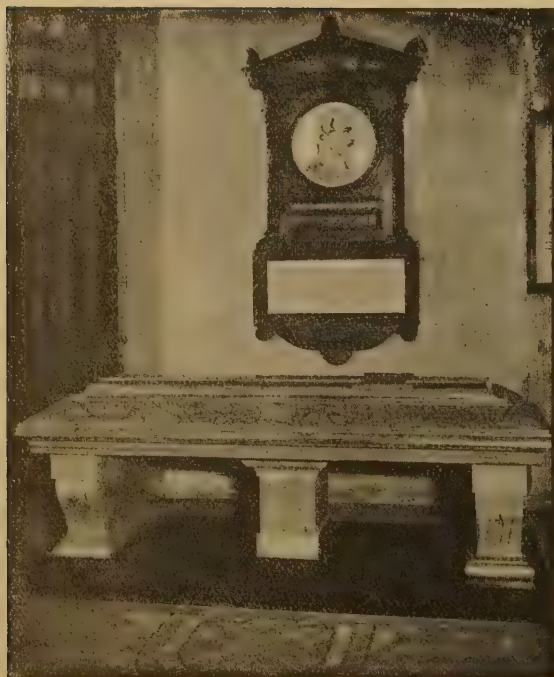
He was buried at Lucknow, and our illustrations show the monument to his memory in Trafalgar Square, as well as the obelisk erected over the spot where he is buried in Lucknow.

The Indian Mutiny also calls to mind two other men who lived to receive the thanks of the nation for services rendered at that time, and

also later in their career, Sir Colin Campbell and General Outram, equally well known as Lord Clyde and Sir James Outram respectively. Not only did they receive recognition when their services were



HAVELOCK'S GRAVE AT LUCKNOW.



LORD NAPIER OF MAGDALA'S TOMB IN THE CRYPT OF ST. PAUL'S.

performed, but at their deaths each was honoured with a funeral at Westminster Abbey, and the two graves with their inscriptions are among the most interesting in that home of the illustrious dead.

Most people can remember the funeral of Lord Napier of Magdala in 1890 at St. Paul's Cathedral. The Abyssinian war, in which he took the leading part, was one of the shortest and most brilliant of our national campaigns, and the capture of Magdala ranks deservedly as one of the army's best performances. After taking the stronghold,

Lord Napier destroyed it to prevent the place from being a menace in the future. His memorial at St. Paul's, though not so imposing as that of Wellington, is a beautiful one, as will be seen by the adjoining illustration.

There is one grave which is particularly interesting at the present time, that of the brave General Colley, who died in our last war with the Boers. He fell in that memorable battle of Majuba Hill, and his grave, which is almost awesome in its simplicity and loneliness, stands in the cemetery near the tombs of those who served under him and died in the same unfortunate battle.

Another picture shows the heap of stones erected over the identical spot where the General fell to the ground after receiving his mortal wound, and there are few visitors to the Transvaal—at any rate from this country—who do not pay their homage to this brave man's memory by making a visit to his grave, as well as to the "cairn," if it can be called such,

which states that here "Colley fell."

The grave of Lieutenants Melville and Coghill, who fell at the battle of Isandlwana in the Zululand campaign, is not as



THE GRAVE OF LIEUTS. MELVILLE AND COGHILL, WHO DIED TO SAVE THE QUEEN'S COLOURS AFTER THE BATTLE OF ISANDLWANA.

well known as their valour. Its stone also is erected on the spot where these brave men fell at the time when they had almost succeeded in accomplishing the task they had set themselves, namely, that of defending the Queen's colours.

Driven back by overwhelming forces, the two gallant officers retreated with the colours in their possession until they had nearly reached the Natal side of the Buffalo. They paid for their devotion with their lives, though the colours which they died to save were not lost, for they were found some days later floating down one of the mountain streams in the neighbourhood. The inscription on the tombstone briefly relates the above incident.

Probably no man's death caused a greater sensation than that of General Gordon, the soldier-hero of the last half of the century. It has been impossible to place a memorial over his grave, for it

is like the person it represents. It will serve little purpose to repeat the familiar story of Gordon's death, and the relief expedition which arrived two days too late to effect the rescue it was designed to bring to pass. No man ever served his country more faithfully, and no man



GENERAL COLLEY'S GRAVE AT MAJUBA.



G. W. Wilson. Photo

WHERE COLLEY FELL AT
MAJUBA HILL.

ever died a nobler death.

Although Gordon eclipses all the other heroes of the Soudan, there are two names which stand out in the records of our warfare in that district—

is not known where his remains are to be found; yet it is doubtful if any one of our illustrious dead has more memorials erected to his honour.

That erected at Chatham is unique, for it shows the great General on a camel, and is considered by many to be the most realistic monument in this country, and more like Gordon than any other public statue

those of Colonel Burnaby and General Sir Herbert Stewart.

Burnaby's death was all in keeping with his character. He died from an Arab spear thrust, received while leading a charge of his men.

Nine days later, January 26, 1885, the tidings of the death of General Sir Herbert Stewart were received.



TABLET IN MEMORY OF SIR HERBERT STEWART IN ST. PAUL'S: HE DIED AT THE BATTLE OF ABU KLEA.

Burnaby and Stewart were both buried in the desert with military honours. General Stewart was further honoured at St. Paul's Cathedral, for on the wall at the back of Gordon's monument a tablet has been fixed—adorned with his portrait—which testifies to the regard in which he was held.

Such an article as this would be incom-

plete without reference to the death of Prince Henry of Battenberg, the husband of the beloved Princess Beatrice. It is true he did not die on the battlefield, but none the less he died for his country, stricken with fever in the Ashanti campaign. Prince Henry was buried at Whippingham church.

Hughes & Mullins, F. & Co.



THE GRAVE OF PRINCE HENRY OF BATTENBERG, WHO DIED IN THE ASHANTI CAMPAIGN.

A SUNDAY IN TOWN. THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A JOURNALIST.

BY R. ANDOM.

Illustrated by T. H. ROBINSON.

MANY years ago, when I was quite a little boy, I used to be told a certain awful story concerning a man who went out picking sticks on the sabbath and got taken up to the moon in consequence.

The story was told to me by way of a warning, and privately I didn't think much of it. As a brilliant flight of the imagination it had its merits; but it was lacking in several essential points of detail, and it didn't hang together quite to my fancy, while a tiresome anxiety displayed by my

elders to shelve the whole thing by sending me off to bed when I would much rather have remained and argued it out with them did nothing to strengthen my belief in them or their narrative.

My disbelief in the dangers of desecrating the sabbath, thus early induced, became pronounced, and up to a few weeks ago I saw no reason for revising the conclusion I came to.

Now at this late date I have reverted to my first belief, and if I cannot



"IT WAS JUST MY LUCK THAT I SHOULD RUN INTO OUR CURATE AND HIS FAMILY."

quite accept the lamentable history of the man who went picking sticks on Sunday in all its picturesque details, I know beyond question that a nemesis of a particularly striking order is kept on hand to awaken the conscience of those who would use the seventh day as they use the other six that go to the making of the average week.

And this is how it all came about: I had just gone into partnership with a black-and-white man who rents a studio high up in a block of buildings behind the Law Courts. Martha was away, and, being pressed with work just then, and not feeling much overjoyed at the prospect of a revel in solitary bliss in my suburban dwelling, I made up my mind to run up early on Sunday morning and put in a few profitable, if not exactly pleasant, hours in clearing off arrears. Literary men have to do that sort of thing, and pretty frequently, you know, and I make no apology. The blame, if any there be, rests with unreasonable editors and rapacious tax gatherers, who between them drive us to all sorts of shifts and extremities to keep matters nice and comfortable between them, with a little something over for ourselves.

I had no mind to add starvation and discomfort to the infliction, and going home on Saturday evening I stopped at sundry provision places to procure supplies. By the time I had got what I thought I should be likely to require, I must have looked like a perambulating grocery store, and I resolved to abide content, with the one small exception of a kettle. I must have a kettle, I reflected, and I kept a sharp eye out for an ironmonger's. It was past eleven, and most of the places were closed; but at length I espied what I was in search of, and crossed the road to it.

The proprietor was impatient and rather surly. He had closed his shop and was taking the evening air through a little wicket affair cut in the shutters. I had to have that kettle, however, and I put my case to him as pleasantly as I knew how.

"You leave it late enough," he grumbled.

"Better late than never," said I, affably. "It is cutting it rather fine, I'll admit; but I only want a little one—tin—it won't take you a minute."

The man wouldn't let me enter the premises, but brought out half a dozen kettles for me to select from, and handed them to me through the wicket. I chose the smallest.

Contrary to my intentions, I turned out late on Sunday morning, so that by the time I had got myself a bit of breakfast, I had to scramble after my provisions and scamper to save the only train available before church time. Some ham and biscuits I contrived to jam in a bag with my books and papers; a tin of coffee and another of condensed milk I thrust into my overcoat pocket, and the kettle I took *au naturel* by the handle. There was no time to study appearances; but it was just my luck that I should run into our curate and his family as I turned out of my road. I sought to raise my hat, and dropped my bag, and in stooping to recover it the tin of coffee fell out of my pocket. The lid came off, and a thin brown track marked its erratic course towards the gutter.

The curate bowed to me with an air of chilly reserve, and the ladies looked shocked, except the two youngest, who, being giddy and lacking in repose, tittered undisguisedly.

I began to get rather ashamed of my project then; but it was too late to draw back, and, having made such lavish preparations, necessity and common sense prompted me to catch that train, and mentally to recommend the curate and his stilted females to Jericho or any other health resort they fancied.

I caught the train; but even that did not make me completely happy. That common tin kettle had something offensive about it, viewed in the broad light of day, which prevented anything like a real sense of satisfaction overtaking me. The very porters looked at it and smirked, and the stationmaster asked me if I was going picnicking. I told him quite shortly that I wasn't, and I added something about having to go and see a sick friend, which seemed to surprise him.

When we got to King's Cross it was worse. All the clergymen in the United Kingdom seemed to be at King's Cross that morning, and they looked at me and the kettle—especially the kettle—askance, and shook their heads in strong though mute protestation.

Outside the station a crowd of dirty little urchins besieged me.

"Carry your luggage, sir?" said one particularly precocious specimen.

"Go away, boy," I replied, loftily. "Go away, I haven't got any luggage."

"Well, carry your kettle then," he demanded, with an impudent grin.

"No," said I, fiercely.

"Gent don't like to trust yer with it, Jim. It's the only one 'e's got," remarked a facetious companion. "Solid silver, too, blow me if it ain't. Let me carry it for yer, guv'nor."

A crowd of rude and unintelligent cabmen guffawed, except one of them, who saw his chance and pressed it.

"Better take a keb, sir," he said, pushing the mob of urchins away and offering his services.

I declined the cab, and the man's civility promptly evaporated.

"Take care of that 'ere precious corfee-pot, then, or you'll get it stole," he shouted rudely, and again the welkin rang with shouts of unrestrained merriment from his brothers of the whip.

I did take a cab, though I wouldn't have had those men know it for anything. But that kettle was altogether too much for me. Before I had got half way down the Gray's Inn Road I made up my mind to do without coffee, and tried to abandon the kettle to its fate. I slipped it into the doorway of a saddler's; but a meddling fool of a policeman saw it there, and brought it after me at a trot, yelling as he ran. I pretended that I had forgotten it, and thanked him in coppers, and then I gave up the unequal contest and signalled a passing hansom.

It was horribly dreary up in that huge building by myself, and I didn't get on as well as I thought I should. Ideas were slow in forming themselves, and the odd and unaccountable noises that manifest

themselves in a big deserted building where one is accustomed to life and bustle distracted me completely.

At last I flung my pen down in disgust and resolved on trying what a meal, with a pipe to follow, would do towards concentrating my wandering and uncertain attention.

I had got a small oil stove, and fortunately some paraffin with which to keep it



going, and I lit this up and spread my repast out on my friend's desk. I was pleased then that I had not abandoned my humble but necessary kettle, and my pleasure lasted until I discovered that the keys of the lavatory were in my other pocket at home, and that not one single solitary drop of water was procurable without them. Thereupon I became possessed of an intense and

"A MEDDLING POLICEMAN SAW THE KETTLE, AND BROUGHT IT TO ME AT A TROT."

unrestrainable thirst. Ten minutes before and I shouldn't have cared whether I had coffee or not. In fact, as a rule, I prefer a dry meal, and I can only account for my sudden and inexplicable longing by the theory of inherent depravity which is part of our common inheritance.

I stood and meditated outside the lavatory, and I began to realise a little what the thoughts of the Peri who stood at the gates of Paradise must have been, and I felt very sorry for the Peri. I felt sorry for myself, too, and I endeavoured to pick the lock—a Chubb patent—with a bit of copper wire. I have heard of such things being done, but either such tales are

its awful possibilities, and I could quite understand how homes were broken up and families were ruined by it. I was meditating arson myself, only I didn't very well see how to set light to a two-inch oak door with wax matches, or I should most certainly have endeavoured to burn my way through to the tap.

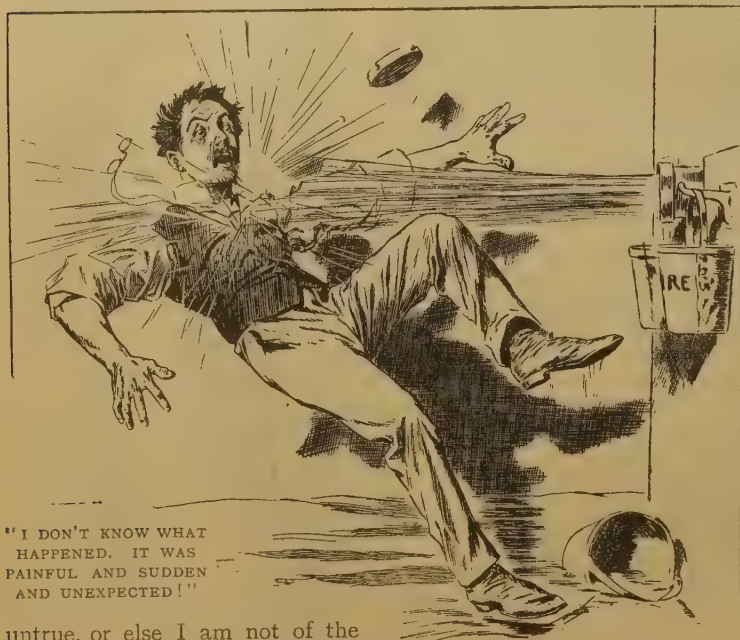
The idea of arson, by a natural and logical train of thought, showed me a way of meeting my cravings that I could only wonder had not occurred to me before. It was like this: arson—fire; fire—extinguishing appliances; appliance—a row of leather buckets suspended on the wall opposite the door and surmounting a pretty gun-metal stand inside of which there was enough water and to spare to drown myself in.

I whistled a stave of exultation, and, snatching up the kettle from under the table where I had cast it, I went out to investigate. There it was, just as I had recollected it—stand, buckets, a coil of leather piping and all.

A stout cap was screwed over the plug, but the key hung with the buckets, and in the room was a hammer which would serve to start it should it

prove obdurate. It did, and I broke the hammer and mangled my thumb before I could make it budge.

It struck me as being a silly thing to have it screwed up like that. In case of fire the delay might prove fatal, and I resolved to draw the attention of the authorities to the matter. When I did get it shifted, it was as much as I could do to turn the cap with the key provided for that purpose, and I can only wonder, in looking back, that common sense had not stayed my hand and bidden me pause awhile and reflect that there might be some practical purpose served in thus securely penning up,



"I DON'T KNOW WHAT
HAPPENED. IT WAS
PAINFUL AND SUDDEN
AND UNEXPECTED!"

untrue, or else I am not of the stuff out of which really good burglars are constructed. Then I went down on to the lower floors, kettle in hand, to see if perchance any other source of supply was available; but these coverts drew blank, and I returned and flung the kettle under the table and sat down in a huff in an armchair, and put on my pipe and meditated.

I didn't want to eat, couldn't have eaten if I had been paid to do it; I wanted to drink—my own coffee, manufactured with the aid of my own kettle, on my own stove, in that room.

I had heard of the drink craze before; it was not until then that I realised it in all

the force that lay behind that innocent-looking contrivance of brass and gun-metal.

But it didn't, and it was only when I had got the cap nearly off and thin streams of water were hissing their way out in jets of spray that I gave the matter any consideration at all.

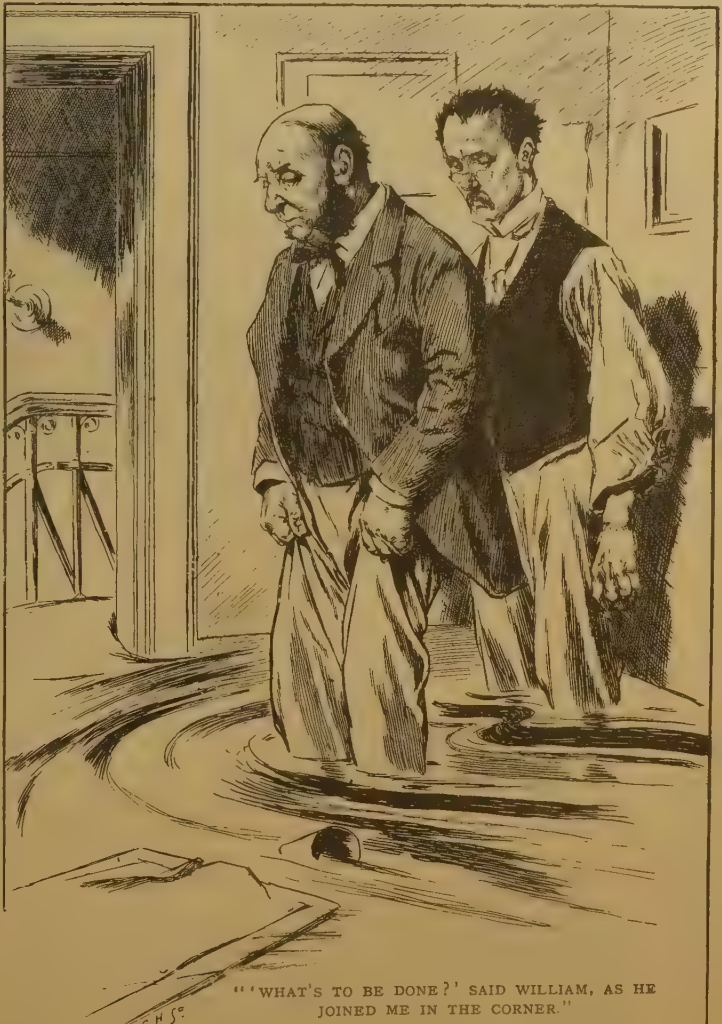
Even then I had no suspicion of the truth, and was only anxious not to make a puddle on the landing. Better stand a bucket under, I reflected, and, reaching one down in readiness, I gave the key a final twist.

I was standing a little on one side, fortunately, or the results might have been fatal. As it was, the kettle was carried out of my hand and sent whirling through the open doorway of my room, and smashed flat against the fire-place. I was taken sideways and brushed into a distant corner, while a solid stream of water about three inches in diameter shot straight across the landing, and simply washed my room inside out. Stove, chairs, table, carpet, rugs, papers, sketches, were all swept up together as by a tornado into one indistinguishable mass, and then as the water deepened the lighter articles began to float out in a steady stream that poured down the staircase in a regular cataract.

This all took place in a few seconds

before I could even grasp the situation, and I shall never forget my feelings of horror and dismay as I began to realise the extent of my handiwork. When I did, my first thought was to rush forward and stop the devastating tide.

Practical hydraulics had not been in-



"WHAT'S TO BE DONE?" SAID WILLIAM, AS HE JOINED ME IN THE CORNER.

cluded in my course of education; but in the next few moments I learned quite as much about the subject as I shall require for the rest of my lifetime. If you have ever tossed a cork into the tail race of a mill-stream, and watched its antics, you will get a very fair idea of what

happened when, in the execution of what I idiotically considered to be my duty, I boldly confronted forty tons or so of wriggling, struggling energy with a brass cap and a woeful inexperience.

I didn't know myself what happened, beyond that it was painful and sudden and unexpected; but I do know that I found myself under my own fire-grate in eighteen inches of water, in imminent danger of drowning. Every time I essayed to extricate myself and stand erect I was bowled over with a kick that would have shamed a mule, and I had at last to work my way along on hands and knees into a far corner before I could get on my feet.

And there I stood, the picture of an ass, soaked to the skin, up to my knees in water, and with my only chance of escape cut off by a stream of deadly force that wanted the doorway for its own particular purposes, and was evidently inclined to maintain its claim in the face of all comers. Once, driven desperate by the sound of the rushing torrent that was falling in cascades down the staircase, and splashing ominously at the bottom, I endeavoured to force a passage; but I did not repeat the experiment—it was too painful and so obviously useless.

I rushed to the window, but as it commanded a fine display of chimney-pots and nothing more, no help was to be expected from that direction. Then I tried shouting, in the meagre hope of attracting attention to my predicament; but no sort of success rewarded my efforts, and I was beginning to despair, when to my inexpressible joy I heard a heavy footstep splashing its way upwards, mingled with ejaculations of a forcible nature which seemed to imply a mixture of discontent and irritation on the part of the utterer.

"Why, what on earth is all this?" queried the rescue party, in undisguised astonishment, as a turn in the staircase gave him a free and uninterrupted view of the situation. It was William, the caretaker, and had he been an angel straight down from Paradise he couldn't have been more welcome to me at that moment.

William is rather inclined to godliness, though you wouldn't think so if you chanced to be within hearing when something has occurred to ruffle the serenity of his temper. You wouldn't have thought so then; but he is, and his first idea was to lament that such an awful desecration of the sabbath

as that which I had perpetrated could exist in a building under his charge.

I treat William kindly at Christmas and other festive occasions, and he spoke more in sorrow than in anger; but he told me some good and useful things on the rightful observance of the sabbath, that recalled my early days, and almost got me to reconsider my views on the idea of a retribution in store for those who break it, even at the bidding of editors. I acknowledged the justice of William's rebuke; but suggested that as practice was ever before profession, perhaps it would be as well, in the interests of the property he was paid to overlook, if he stopped the devastating flood.

By a singular mischance the stairs came up on to the landing at an angle, and the stream that was steadily and persistently hammering the contents of my room into smithereens crossed the top step to get there. I was sorry for William, I really was. He was immaculately dressed in his best broadcloth, with a nice clean white shirt. But it was very funny to see him enter my room under strong protest, and in a hurry—as one who has no option but to obey. William, I regret to record, swore violently. The lower orders have no sense of humour. He picked himself up, a limp and soddened mass of discontented humanity, and came and joined me over in the corner.

"What's to be done?" he asked at length, as the discomfort of our position outweighed even its ridiculousness.

"Can we turn it off anywhere?" I suggested.

"Yes, if we can get out. There is a tap on the lower floor. You can never cap it with that pressure on," said he.

"Um—to get out—that will want some doing," I observed. "I'm battered enough to keep me stiff and sore for a week to come, and I don't fancy trying any further conclusions with that waterfall."

"What did you turn it on for?" queried William, unpleasantly.

"Oh, the lavatory was locked, and I wanted to fill my kettle," I replied, lamely.

"Wanted to fill a kettle!" ejaculated William, in blank astonishment. "Wanted to fill a kettle! Well, did you fill it?"

I didn't like the turn the conversation was taking, and I replied shortly enough that I did not.

"That was as well," commented my companion, gravely. "Maybe you'd have been setting light to the place just to

boil it up if you had. Anyway, we'll have to get out of this, and sharp. Perhaps we could bridge it with that table, and jump. It will be a nasty business to get on the stairs even if we do, but we can try."

We did! The table, a heavy oak affair, fortunately was high enough to allow the water to play between the legs, and a few minutes saw us out on the landing and ready for the next move. With some pains and considerable risk we continued the process, hauling the table outside and resting the further legs on the stairs, and I hung on to it to steady it while William clambered across and descended to stay the flood.

The staircase and halls were simply flooded and in an awful state, but the floors below seemed to have escaped, thanks to solid construction and the lie of the floors. I spent the rest of the day in a dressing gown before a huge fire, with William in his second-best suit to keep me company.

I have revised my views as to the sense of humour in the lower orders; but William

let me down lightly both in pocket and esteem, and a casual reference to my original and expensive ideas for getting a cup of coffee, accompanied by a sly grin, is generally the extent of the use he makes of the secret that we share between us.

And I don't labour on Sundays now—



"I SPENT THE REST OF THE DAY IN A DRESSING GOWN BEFORE A HUGE FIRE, WITH WILLIAM IN HIS SECOND-BEST SUIT TO KEEP ME COMPANY."

at least, not elaborately; a few casual hours in the privacy of my own dwelling perhaps, but nothing more. And not all the editors in Great Britain would suffice to get me to London again to desecrate the sabbath with a kettle and an erratic water supply.



HOW THE POOR LIVE

EXTRAORDINARY PENNY MEALS.

BY BERNARD OWEN.

Illustrated with Photographs of Actual Purchases.

"THERE'S a shop in my parish where they sell nothing but farthings-worths," said the well-known vicar of a parish in the East End of London to the present writer not many weeks ago.

The statement was a startling one, but subsequent investigation proved its literal accuracy. In a district where people dwell whose weekly income is often as low as half a crown, out of which eighteen-pence has to go for rent, it is obvious that the transactions at the butcher's, grocer's, and baker's must be of the smallest dimensions.

To visit some of the shops fre-

single customer purchased more than a pennyworth of anything, while the great majority of demands were for halfpenny-worths and farthingsworths.

It would puzzle many a grocer to supply a "ha'porth" of butter and a "fardens-

THREE DIFFERENT PENNY BREAKFASTS.



1. Bloater, $\frac{1}{2}d.$; Bread and Margarine, $\frac{1}{2}d.$; Coffee, $\frac{1}{2}d.$



2. Kippers, $\frac{1}{2}d.$; Biscuits, $\frac{1}{2}d.$; Tea, Sugar, $\frac{1}{2}d.$; Bread and Margarine, $\frac{1}{2}d.$

quented by the poorest of the poor is a revelation to anyone who is not accustomed to make a very little money go a very long way.

We recently spent some time in one of these establishments at Wapping, and the experience was a strange one. Not a



3. Bacon, $\frac{1}{2}d.$; Kipper, $\frac{1}{2}d.$; Bread, $\frac{1}{2}d.$; Coffee and Margarine, $\frac{1}{2}d.$

rather larger quantity of shilling "sweepings." This would—according to local reckoning—make three large cups of a beverage that neither cheers nor inebri-

weighed a quarter of a pound. Of bacon we managed to get quite a large plateful of rashers for the modest sum at our command. They were rashers cut off in the morning to freshen the appearance of the bacon, but they were none the worse for that.

Fish is cheaper still if you know where to go for it. We went to a somewhat notorious lane in the neighbourhood of Ratcliff Highway. Here we found that a penny would purchase a fair-sized haddock, four bloaters, or six kippers. We took all three.

The haddock was all right, but the bloaters and kippers were—well, not exactly bad enough for the sanitary inspector, but on the other hand not quite fresh enough for a very fastidious palate. But then, what can you expect when you want

A CHOICE OF THREE PENNY DINNERS.

1. Steak, $\frac{1}{2}d.$; Potatoes, $\frac{1}{2}d.$; Bread, $\frac{1}{2}d.$

ates. Some people would manage to make it go farther still.

The statements made to us in this connection were so startling that we decided to put them to a practical test, and to see what we could do in the way of food when rigidly limited to an expenditure of one penny for each meal.

The results were rather astonishing, as the facts we are about to relate will show. Our respect for the modest penny materially increased after a short experience of its purchasing powers.

One would hardly expect to get much meat for a penny, yet at a butcher's shop in Westminster we purchased a very respectable mutton chop for that sum. It was from the loin end of the neck, was perfectly fresh and sweet, and weighed a good quarter of a pound. Of course it was foreign meat. At the same place we procured a penny beef steak, which also

2. Cutlet, $\frac{1}{2}d.$; Onion, $\frac{1}{2}d.$; Bread, $\frac{1}{2}d.$

so much for your money? Besides, as penny customers always buy for immediate consumption, what did it matter if the fish was rather urgently in need of cooking?

At the greengrocer's quite a goodly plateful of potatoes answered to the call of our penny.

So did a large cabbage, which afterwards proved to be destitute of a heart, and a selection of mixed vegetables, consisting of carrot, turnip, parsnip, and onion.

At the baker's we found it possible to obtain half a fair-sized loaf for the same price, and also a very respectable plateful of biscuits, and a supply of flour.

The grocer, in addition to the tea and margarine before referred to, provided us

3. The Vegetarian's Dinner.—Baked Potatoes, $\frac{1}{2}d.$; Carrot and Parsnip, $\frac{1}{2}d.$; Skim Milk and Bread, $\frac{1}{2}d.$

TWO CHOICES FOR TEA AND SUPPER.

Tea: German Sausage, $\frac{1}{4}d.$; Tea and Sugar, $\frac{1}{4}d.$; Bread and Margarine, $\frac{1}{4}d.$

with coffee, sugar, lard, German sausage, and cheese. A penny also purchased an ounce and a half of shilling butter, or we might have purchased two ounces of the eightpenny variety.

But in regard to the last-named article we recognised that distance lent enchantment to the odour, and we refrained from a nearer acquaintance.

These purchases were not made without wondering smiles from the shopkeepers, for we had not dressed for the part, and occasionally ribald youths made cutting remarks about "a torf dahn on 'is luck." But we reached

Tea: Bloater, $\frac{1}{4}d.$; Biscuits, $\frac{1}{4}d.$; Cheese, $\frac{1}{4}d.$; Tea and Sugar, $\frac{1}{4}d.$

some biscuits and a thick slice of bread and margarine.

But the breakfast menu of which we were most proud actually provided two courses for a penny! First came the fish, which consisted of one of our kippers, representing one sixth of a penny; then followed the grill, which comprised a farthing rasher of bacon. With the rest of our available capital we contrived to supply a large cup of coffee and a slice of bread.

For dinner we fared more sumptuously, but still at the same modest charge. Did

Supper: Two Baked Potatoes, $\frac{1}{4}d.$; Bread, $\frac{1}{4}d.$; Cheese, $\frac{1}{4}d.$; Coffee and Sugar, $\frac{1}{4}d.$

home in safety, and set about the preparation of our penny menu.

With such a stock of pennyworths, many of them easily divisible into four or more respectable portions, we found it practicable to ring the changes repeatedly, and to form a surprisingly large number of combinations, in no case exceeding the prescribed limits of one penny as the cost of each meal. Photographs of several of these "spreads" appear in illustration of this article.

For breakfast we found that

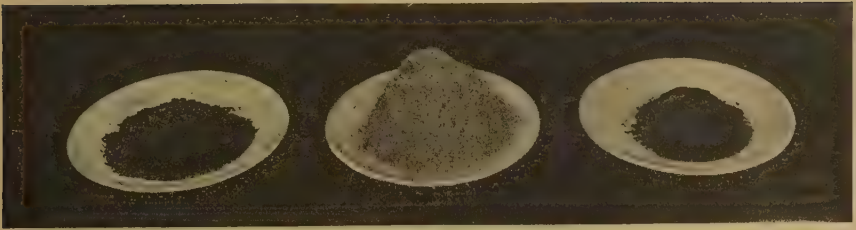
Supper: Half-Haddock, $\frac{1}{4}d.$; Bread and Margarine, $\frac{1}{4}d.$; Skim Milk, $\frac{1}{4}d.$

there were possibilities in fish. For example, one of our bloaters accounted for a farthing, a like amount was represented by a slice of bread with margarine, and the remaining halfpenny covered the cost of a cup of coffee with sugar.

A second breakfast

was composed of a pair of kippers, costing a third of a penny, a cup of tea representing a trifle less than a farthing; while the balance of our penny was accounted for by

two courses for a penny! First came the fish, which consisted of one of our kippers, representing one sixth of a penny; then followed the grill, which comprised a farthing rasher of bacon. With the rest of our available capital we contrived to supply a large cup of coffee and a slice of bread.



THE POOR HAVE TO BUY THEIR GOODS IN THE MOST EXPENSIVE WAY. HERE ARE PENNYWORTHS OF TEA, SUGAR, AND COFFEE.

you ever hear of a halfpenny steak? "The thing is preposterous!" exclaims somebody. Not at all, my dear sir. If you will be good enough to glance through the illustrations on the next page, you will see a photograph of the penny steak that we purchased in Westminster. This was simply cut into two pieces, and there was our halfpenny steak! Two large potatoes accounted for a farthing, and a piece of bread completed our penny dinner.

A mutton cutlet for a halfpenny seems an impossibility till one has to live on a penny a meal. We solved the problem by simply splitting the penny mutton chop already described.

For a farthing we procured a goodly Spanish onion, which was duly braized, and the other farthing went as usual in bread. Thus we managed a second penny dinner. Some potatoes would have improved it, but, alas! our funds were exhausted.

But if one happens to be a vegetarian, it is astonishing what a bulky meal can be had for a penny. Two large baked potatoes cost us a farthing, a carrot and parsnip cost a fraction less than a halfpenny,

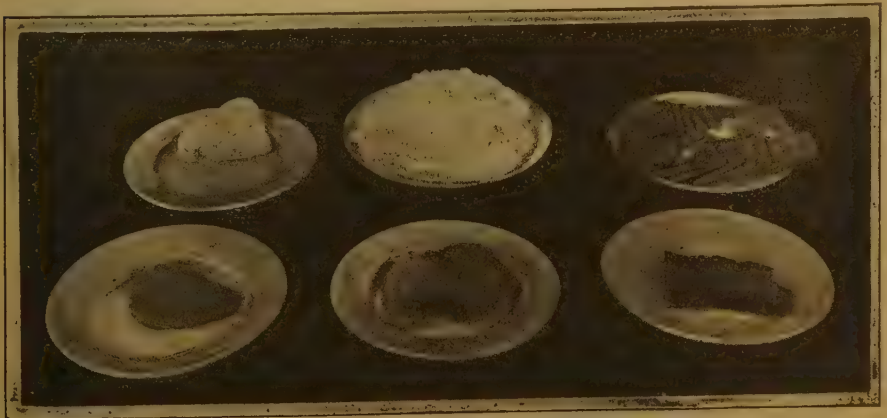
and the balance was expended in a glass of skim milk and a slice of bread. This proved to be the most "filling" meal of the series.

For tea we found that the cup that cheers, together with sufficient bread and margarine—or butter, if you used it sparingly—could be had for a halfpenny, leaving the other moiety of our penny for a relish in the shape of German sausage.

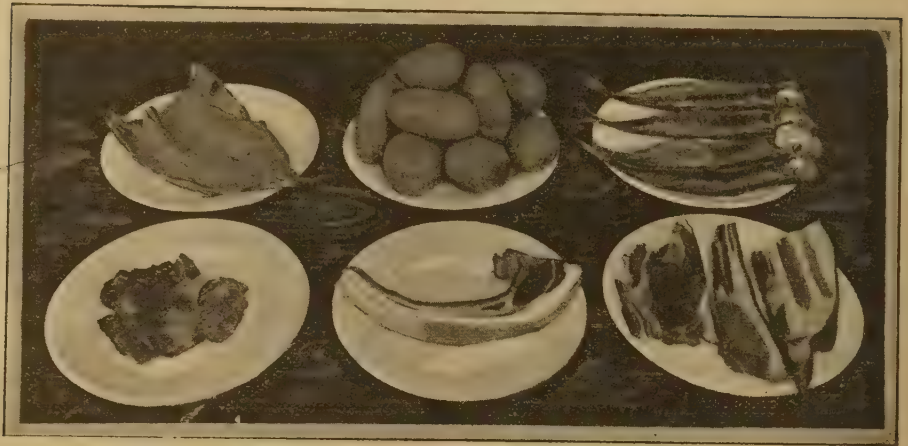
A somewhat unconventional penny tea was composed of a farthing bloater, a farthingsworth of cheese, the same value in biscuits, and a cup of the inevitable beverage.

For supper the power of the penny was equally in evidence. Here is our first menu:—Two baked potatoes costing a farthing, and the same value in cheese, while the remaining halfpenny provided a cup of coffee and a sufficient allowance of bread.

As an alternative supper, we provided half a haddock for a halfpenny, and with the balance we were able to enjoy a glass of skim milk and a large slice of bread and margarine. Each of these meals proved



HERE ARE PENNYWORTHS OF LARD, FLOUR, BISCUITS, BUTTER, MARGARINE, AND CHEESE.



EACH OF THESE PLATES CONTAINS A PENNYWORTH OF FOOD: HADDOCK, POTATOES, BLOATERS, STEAK, CHOP, BACON.

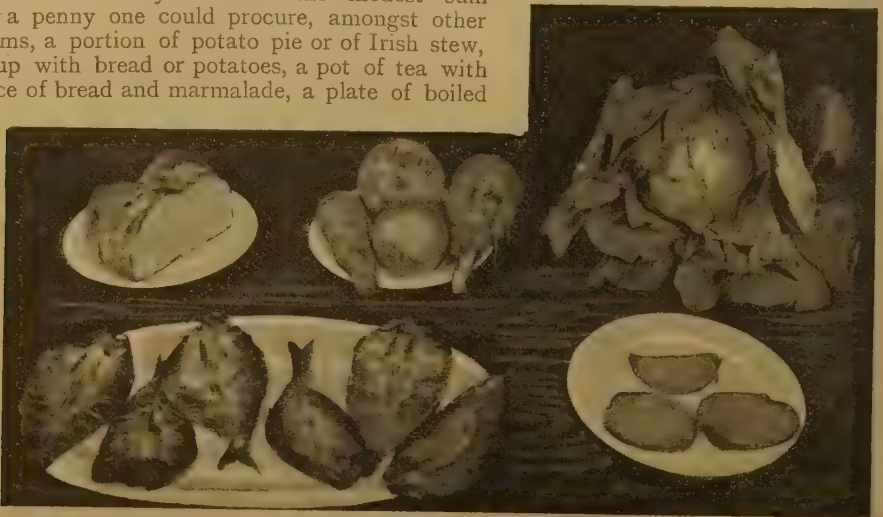
adequate, and certainly variety was not lacking. It hardly needs to be added that strict teetotalism only is possible under the *régime* of penny meals.

Of course by purchasing in larger quantities, and using materials carefully, a much greater variety would have been possible at the same cost.

A visit to one of the Food and Shelter Depots, by which the Salvation Army seeks to cater for the wants of the poorest, resulted in the discovery that for the modest sum of a penny one could procure, amongst other items, a portion of potato pie or of Irish stew, soup with bread or potatoes, a pot of tea with slice of bread and marmalade, a plate of boiled

beef, a soused herring and bread, or a double portion of various sweets.

While we have treated the subject lightly, we need hardly add that the way the poor live has its pathetic side as well, and at this season of the year, most of all, there is need for the kindly charity of those who never need to consider how far a penny can be made to go.



THESE ALSO ARE PENNYWORTHS, AND REPRESENT BREAD, VEGETABLES, KIPPERS, AND SAUSAGE.

"SELLING OFF"



A STORY FOR JANUARY

BY E. A. THURLOW.

*Illustrated by R. W.
Wallace.*

Mrs. Graham, in the hope that pretty Doris Hayward would reward his patience with a few words before he went. But Doris's curly head was bent lower than ever, and the stumpy pencil worked faster.

Captain Courtney walked firmly across to his small divinity. "Miss Hayward," he said, "Mrs. Graham has promised to bring you to tea at my rooms on Tuesday—that is to say, if you care to come."

"Tuesday?" returned Doris, blankly, "this Tuesday? Oh, quite impossible, Captain Courtney; I shall be at the sales." "But you are going to the sales tomorrow."

"Of course I am," said Doris, crossly, conscious that Alice Fenwick was taking what she considered an unfair advantage, in marking a variety of things while Captain Courtney claimed her attention, "but that won't prevent my going on Tuesday as well."

"Well, how about Wednesday or Thursday?" asked the young man, amicably.

"Wednesday—sales, Thursday—sales," returned Doris, naughtily.

Captain Courtney controlled his temper with an effort.

"BOTH LADIES SAT BUSILY MARKING THE ARTICLES WHICH SEEMED DESIRABLE."

IT was Sunday, and Alice Fenwick and Doris Hayward had made an arrangement to go shopping the following morning.

The room was covered with catalogues, and both ladies sat lost to the world and their surroundings, busily marking with a stumpy pencil the articles which seemed desirable in their eyes.

"Sandford and Merton's is the place," exclaimed Alice. "I shall buy all my summer things there."

"But, my dear, have you seen Matthew Jones's ready-made skirts for next winter?" demanded Doris, in tones of suppressed excitement.

"Surely the fashions will have changed by then," put in Mrs. Graham from the window. "Hadh't you better limit your purchases to this year's things, my dears?"

The other occupant of the room, Dick Courtney, rose to his feet. Poor man! he had been waiting for an hour and a half, carrying on a desultory conversation with



"You promised to come, and I am going away on Friday morning, Miss Hayward. My leave is up."

"Oh, is it? I'm so sorry. Then we must defer the tea to another time. Good-bye, Captain Courtney. Alice, you mean thing, you've got on to the tea-gowns!"

Mrs. Graham accompanied the irate lover on to the landing, and led him into her boudoir. She could willingly have

shaken Doris. She had set her heart on the engagement coming off, yet here was the silly little thing behaving in the most shamefully capricious manner.

"Please come in here a moment, Captain Courtney. I apologise for Doris: you really must excuse her. After all, she is a mere child, and loves a new frock."

"'Man's dress is of man's life a thing apart, 'tis woman's whole existence.' I apologise to Byron and to you, Mrs. Graham, for that sounds very rude; but I am not in a very good temper."

"When you told me that you cared for my niece, I promised to help you," said Mrs. Graham. "If you will do as I tell you, Captain Courtney, you will find her as meek and tractable as a lamb. Doris has never been to a sale in her life, and she is making her first experiment in the company of that selfish little creature. I know my Alice, and I know what a sale is, too. Between the two you shall have it all your own way."

At 9.30, the following morning, Miss Fenwick and Miss Hayward were speeding as fast as a 'bus would take them to the sale of Messrs. Sandford and Merton's winter stock. For the first half-hour all went swimmingly. A heavy shower had kept the

"EACH HAD SEIZED A PORTION, AND WITH SUNDRY PULLS AND JERKS WAS ENFORCING HER SUPERIOR CLAIM."

majority of people away. But by 10.15 the weather had cleared, and the respectable premises of the great drapers began to resemble the scene of a street row—at any rate, their customers displayed many of the attributes of street brawlers.

"Once there was a woman killed in a sale," gasped Alice.

Doris made no reply. She was small, and size tells in a crowd.

"I think I'll take that white satin blouse I saw," she said presently. "Let's get back to that counter, Alice."

"Why on earth didn't you get it while you were there?" asked Alice, a trifle acrimoniously.

They fought their way back, and sought vainly for the blouse in question. At last they sighted it; but, alas! its charms had already procured two new admirers, who were disputing for possession. Each had seized a portion, and with sundry pulls and jerks was enforcing her superior claim. Doris, seeing it was hopeless, turned sadly away. A suspicious cracking sound followed her. Under a tug of extra vehemence one of the arms had given way.

"That comes of not being able to make up your mind," said Alice; "you see, you've lost it now."

It was quite unnecessary of Alice to point out so evident a fact; but she was smarting under the loss of a blue petticoat which had been torn from her hand. Doris reflected sadly that a sale brings to light the hidden evil in a woman's nature. She never remembered noticing these unpleasant traits in Alice's character before. However, Alice's tactless-

ness might have been forgiven and forgotten, and the two might have become united once more, if it had not been for the tragedy of a mauve teagown.

Weary and fractious, they had mounted the stairs to the show-rooms, when its charms, displayed on a stand, caught Doris's eye.

"What is the price of that?" she asked the attendant.

"Two guineas, madam; reduced from seven. It is a French model, and we have only that one in stock. We had five, but the other four have been bought this morning."

The words made Alice turn.

"Why, that's the tea-gown I marked on the cata-



logue. How much did you say that it was?"

"Two guineas, madam; would you try it on?"

"JUST AS SHE GOT TO THE EDGE OF THE PAVEMENT A STRING BROKE, AND THE PARCELS ROLLED IN EVERY DIRECTION."

"Yes," exclaimed both girls, in chorus.

There was an ominous pause while the shopwoman disengaged the garment from the stand.

"I marked it in the catalogue," said Alice, coldly.

"Well, it was very unfair of you. You did it while that stupid Captain Courtney was pestering me to come to tea."

"I am afraid you are losing your temper, dear. Of course I went on marking what I wanted. Can I help it if you talk to someone in the middle?"

"Will you walk this way, please?" said the assistant, pleasantly.

They followed, wrangling.

"Which of you two ladies is going to try it on?" asked the woman.

They hesitated.

"Of course," said Alice, loftily, "I should be sorry to deprive you of it if you really fancy the thing. After all, dear, living in the country, you have very few opportunities of getting nice clothes."

"Thank heaven, I am not selfish," returned Doris. "You had better have it."

"Of course," said Alice, beginning complacently to unbutton her dress, "mauve wouldn't suit you. It makes dark people look so sallow."

When they left the shop to finish their morning at Matthew Jones's, both ladies seemed disinclined for conversation. In the street they cannoned against Captain Courtney.

"I say, what a lot of parcels!" said that individual. "May I drive you wherever you're going? My hansom is at your disposal."

"That will be delightful," said Alice Fenwick, with a grateful glance at the smart private hansom; "I'm so tired."

"Thank you, I prefer walking," said Doris, stiffly.

The ladies had hardly disappeared in the crowd when Captain Courtney jumped into his hansom, and directed his man to drive to Matthew Jones's. Outside the shop he waited patiently for an hour. He was at last rewarded by the sight of Miss Fenwick sailing out, followed by a small subdued figure staggering under about ten parcels.

Poor Doris! just as she got to the edge of the pavement a string broke, and gloves, veils, five yards of silk, a box of hair-pins, and a lace fichu rolled in every direction. Her eyes were blurred with tears, so that she groped after them blindly, and a horrid boy jeered at her.

In the midst of her confusion someone came to her assistance, and gathered up the scattered property.

"I will put the things into my hansom, Miss Hayward—Miss Fenwick has got in."

Captain Courtney guided her through the crowd, restored the parcels, and, telling the man to drop Miss Fenwick first, jumped into another hansom himself.

Doris said nothing during the drive, and Alice concluded that she was still mourning for the tea-gown; but this was not so.

Miss Fenwick dropped, Doris was driven home, and found Captain Courtney waiting on the doorstep. Deeply humiliated, poor Doris stumbled upstairs to the empty drawing-room, Captain Courtney following.

When, twenty minutes later, Mrs. Graham came down, the young man greeted her with these words:—

"Doris says she can come to tea at my rooms any day it is convenient for you to bring her. And we have come to the conclusion that if in the future we should attend sales, we shall always do so together."



A MINT OF MONEY

AN ARTICLE INTERESTING TO ALL.

By JOSEPH HORNER.

Diagrams by Charles Horner.

As you rattle your coins lightly in your pocket, think of what you owe to the men of many centuries.

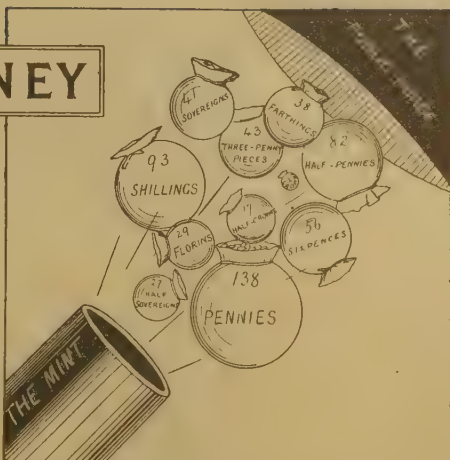
A milled edge—that carries you back to the times when clipping was punished by dismemberment.

The object of that raised rim is to lessen the wear on the faces, and to render the sweating of the coin less easy of accomplishment.

The care exercised in maintaining the weight of a gold coin in its integrity takes the memory far back to ages in which money was weighed as it passed from hand to hand.

In 1898 the Royal Mint coined in gold 4,346,200 sovereigns, and 2,868,492 half-sovereigns. In silver, 161,568 crowns, 1,831,104 half-crowns, 3,061,080 florins, the large number of 9,769,320 of that useful coin the shilling, 5,916,240 sixpences, 8,316 fourpenny pieces, 4,570,896 threepenny pieces, 9,504 twopenny pieces, 15,840 pennies. In bronze, 14,515,200 pence, 8,601,600 half-pence, 3,942,400 farthings.

The silver four-pences, twopences, and pence are for Maundy money, and not for public currency. Omitting these, and the Australian importation of £1,778,500, the first illustration shows the quantity of each coin which the Mint shot into the public purse during every five minutes, day and night, in 1898.

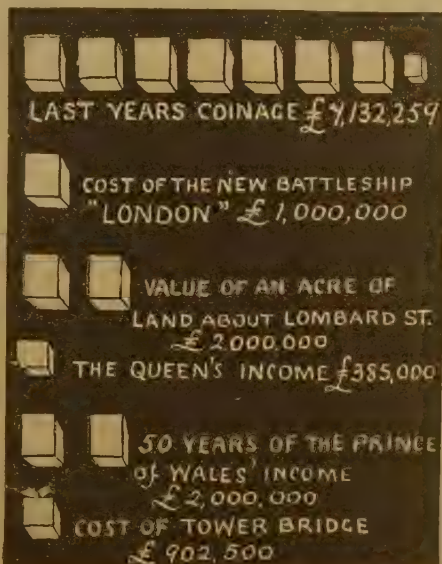


566 COINS, IN THE PROPORTIONS HERE REPRESENTED, ARE MADE AT THE MINT FOR THE PUBLIC PURSE EVERY FIVE MINUTES.

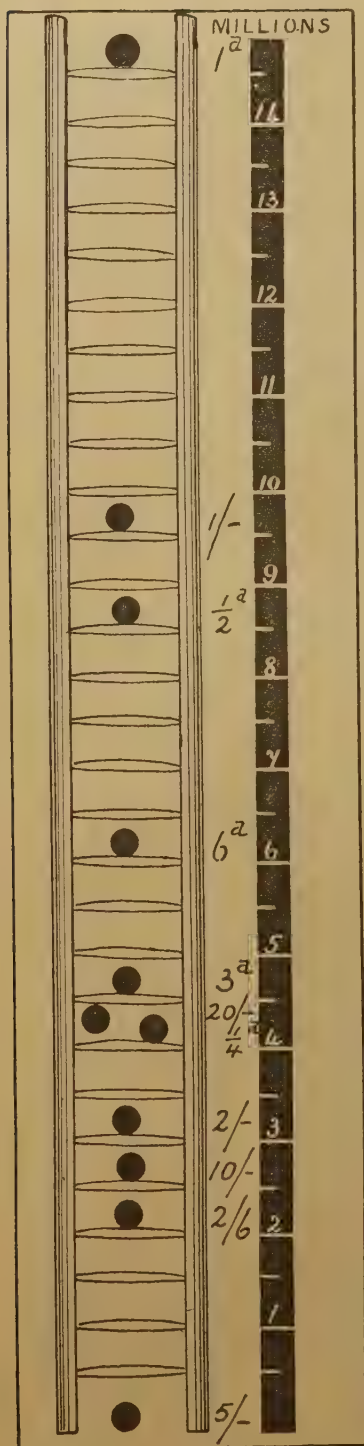
In 1898, 3,594,073 ounces of gold, or 110 tons were cast into bars at the Mint for sovereigns and half sovereigns alone. This would form 205 solid cubes of metal, each measuring a foot on each side; and the strength of 2,200 average men would be required to lift the entire mass.

It would form one solid square measuring slightly over six feet on each face, so that a six-foot man could not quite overlook it.

To the individual Englishman the real and nominal value of any coin is identical. Not so to John Bull, as proprietor of the Mint; for that gentleman suffers heavy annual losses on his gold coins. In 1898 John lost the solid sum of £22,113 2s. 8d. on the light gold, to the value of £2,050,691, which was withdrawn from circulation. On every sovereign so withdrawn, nearly twopence farthing was



THE COINAGE IN 1898, £7,132,259, WOULD MORE THAN PAY THE FIVE ITEMS HERE MENTIONED. EACH BLOCK REPRESENTS £1,000,000.



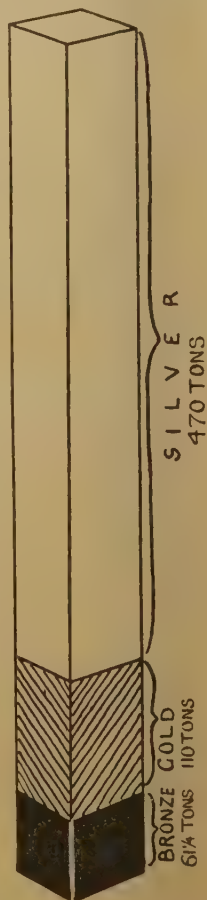
lost, and on each half-sovereign a trifle over three halfpence. Not very much on a single coin; yet since 1892 our figure shows that more than half a million sterling has been rubbed off and lost in John's pockets.

Because of this withdrawal of light money from circulation, the net addition to the gold currency in a year differs from the actual issue; so that though the value of the gold coins issued in 1898 was £5,780,446, the net addition was only £5,508,255.

Large coins wear better than small ones, which explains the fact that there are more light half-sovereigns than sovereigns in circulation. In one hundred half-sovereigns ten will be light; among a hundred sovereigns only three will be under weight.

Half a million of money in seven years is not too big a price for John Bull to pay for delegating a duty, enjoined on the individual, to the Mint; for be it known that by the Coinage Act of 1870 every loyal subject of Her Majesty was commanded to judge of the weight of any gold coin of the realm which was below the current weight; "every person," so runs the law, "shall, by himself or others, cut, break, or deface such coin tendered to him in payment, and the person tendering the same shall bear the loss." Now, as one sovereign in thirty-three and one half-sovereign in ten in circulation are below the current weight, and as none of us carry scales and weights to test these coins, we should all be inveterate breakers of the law as laid down in the Coinage Act of 1870 if the Mint had not relieved us of the responsibility.

The life of a gold coin is not a long one, being limited to about eighteen years. But immense numbers of coins perish prematurely. There is a great disparity between the gold coined and that in circulation. Only about £100,000,000 is in circulation in this country, weighing between 700 and 800 tons. Millions of gold coins have disappeared during the present century. No one can say



SHOWING THE RELATIVE WEIGHT OF GOLD, SILVER, AND BRONZE COINED IN 1898.

THIS FINANCIAL LADDER SHOWS THE VALUE OF EACH KIND OF COIN STRUCK IN 1898.

exactly what has become of them. Many doubtless have been melted, many sent abroad, and some hoarded.

Everyone knows that a gold coin is not made of pure gold, nor a silver coin of pure silver. But everyone is not aware how jealously the amount of alloying matter in coinage is safeguarded now, though not by the severe measures of Henry I., who in one fell swoop of justice cut off the hands of every moneyer in England, in 1125.

Coinage is alloyed for three reasons:—To render it more durable; to cause it to be more capable of receiving the impression of the stamping dies; and, finally, for international and financial reasons. Pure gold and pure silver are so soft that neither of these would

be of much value if employed alone, not very much better, in fact, than mere lead; so that, quite outside the question of value, the necessity is imposed of producing a material that can be stamped properly, and one that will endure the wear and tear of constant usage. Now it is very easy, by the addition of a trifle of alloy to the soft lead-like gold and silver, to obtain a very brittle article which will crumble to dust under a blow. Much less than one part of lead or zinc or bismuth in a thousand parts of gold would effect its ruin, so that the metal would be crushed to powder in the act of stamping. Between

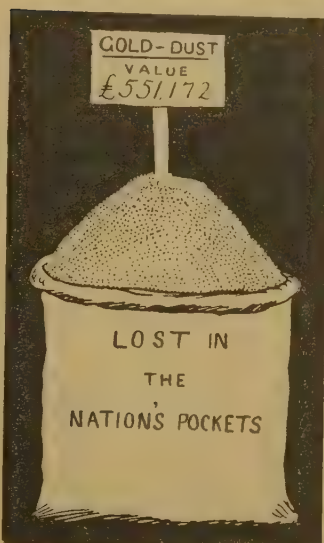
these two extremes of soft and hard must lie the numerous coinage alloys.

Copper, as an alloy of gold, is employed at the Mint, and our gold coinage contains eleven-twelfths of fine gold and one-twelfth of copper, equivalent to 22 carats of fine gold and 2 of alloy in the pound-weight troy. The diagram on the next page shows this.

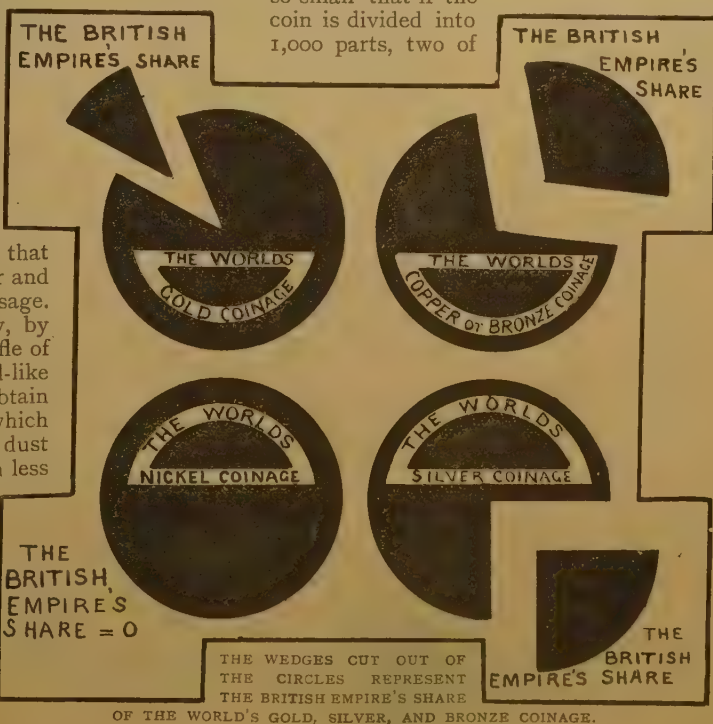
The alloy behaves in the dies like a stiff tough paste. It goes in a perfectly smooth "blank," and comes out with every line clear and sharp.

The variation which is permitted by law from absolute accuracy in the weight of coinage is termed by the technical gentlemen of the Mint the "remedy." As machinery

has improved, this has diminished, until now the "remedy" of the gold coin is so small that if the coin is divided into 1,000 parts, two of



OVER HALF A MILLION OF MONEY HAS BEEN RUBBED OFF THE COINAGE SINCE 1892.



these parts are the extent of the limit permitted by law.

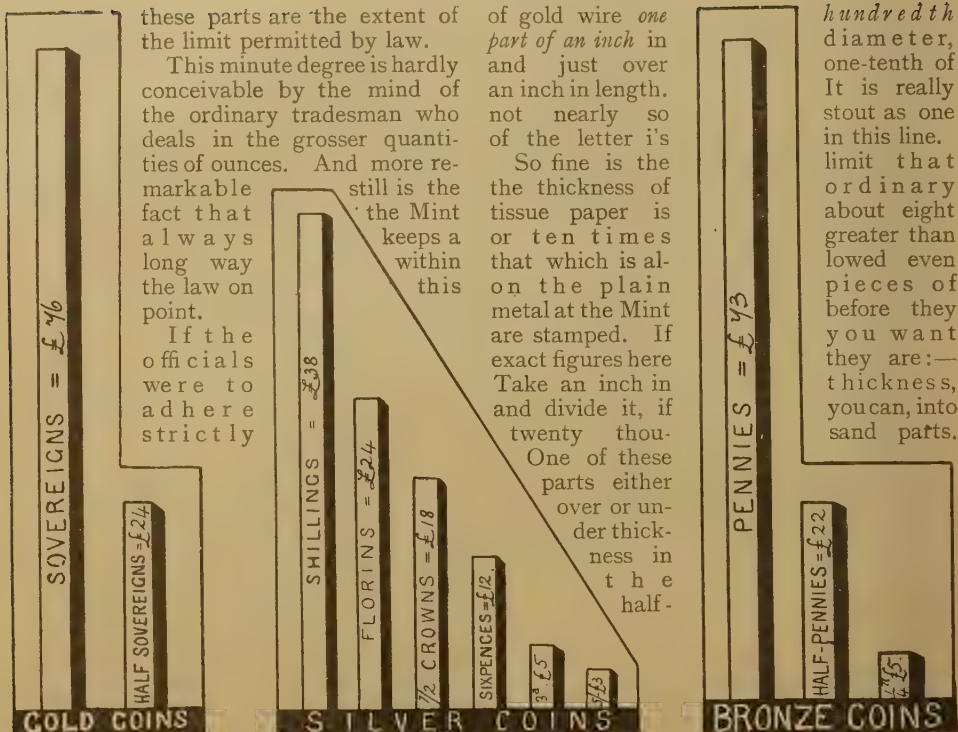
This minute degree is hardly conceivable by the mind of the ordinary tradesman who deals in the grosser quantities of ounces. And more remarkable still is the fact that the Mint always long way the law on point.

If the officials were to adhere strictly

of gold wire *one part of an inch in* and just over an inch in length, not nearly so of the letter i's

So fine is the the thickness of tissue paper is or ten times that which is alon the plain metal at the Mint are stamped. If exact figures here Take an inch in and divide it, if twenty thou- One of these parts either over or under thick- ness in the half-

hundredth diameter, one-tenth of It is really stout as one in this line. limit that ordinary about eight greater than lowed even pieces of before they you want they are:— thickness, you can, into sand parts.



SHOWING THE PROPORTION OF HALF-SOVEREIGNS TO SOVEREIGNS IN EVERY £100 OF GOLD COINED.

EVERY £100 OF SILVER COINS STRUCK LAST YEAR WAS DIVIDED IN THESE PROPORTIONS.

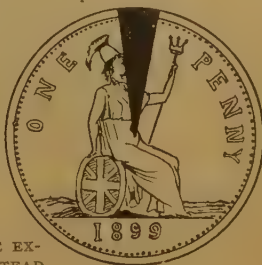
EVERY £100 OF COPPER COINED LAST YEAR WAS MADE UP THUS.

and uniformly either to the larger or the smaller legal limits allowed, the amount would, on the excess side, show a loss of £2,000 in every million of gold coined; and if on the short side they would show a profit of £2,000 on every million! A constant variation of but *one part in ten thousand* would make a difference of a solid £100 in every million coined!

It is difficult to give any idea of this amount on a single coin. The latitude which the Mint authorities do allow themselves would be represented by a tiny bit

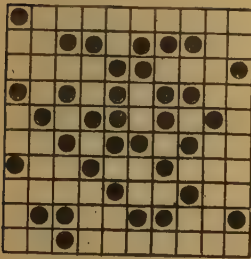
sovereign marks these limits. Yet once more. The Mint authorities not only keep a long way within the remedy, but there are millions of coins sent out every year which do not deviate in the least degree from the standard weight.

Since every coin is weighed, the reader may already be marvelling at the hugeness of this task. But the common scales of the chemist must be dismissed from the mind, for coins in the English Mint are not weighed by hand, but automatically—by means of a curious balance which not only fulfils that function, but also drops the coins through a series of slits, each corresponding to a different weight, so that the latter is known in the case of every coin by the slot which it has fallen through. To set off against the

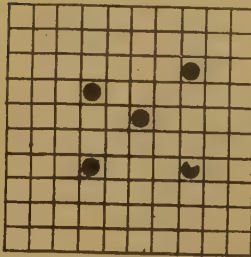


THE BLACK WEDGE IN EACH COIN REPRESENTS THE EXACT AMOUNT OF ALLOY IN EACH, CONCENTRATED INSTEAD OF DIFFUSED.

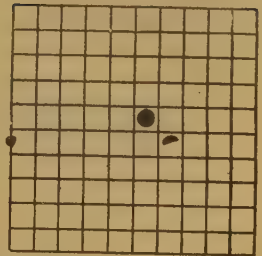
GOLD COINS



SILVER COINS



BRONZE COINS



THESE BLACK DOTS REPRESENT THE PERCENTAGE OF LIGHT-WEIGHT COINS REJECTED IN THE MINT WEIGHING ROOM. ALL HAVE TO BE REMADE.

loss in gold coin, John Bull makes a substantial profit, due to the difference between the cost of silver bullion at 2s. 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ d. an ounce, and 5s. 6d. per ounce—the Mint value, or the *nominal* value, of the coins. Actually the Mint made a profit on its purchases of silver bullion in the year 1898 of £561,184 5s. 9d.

Silver coins contain thirty-seven parts of fine silver to three parts of alloy—shown on page 592. In 1898, 15,342,588 ounces, or 470 tons, of silver bar were cast for the Imperial coinage, war medals, and Colonial coinages. In every pound troy of silver coin there are 66 shillings. The “remedy” for silver coin is five parts out of one thousand parts.

The financial ladder on page 590 shows at a glance the number of coins of each kind struck in 1898.

In point of numbers, the shilling stands second only in the coinage of the

year, 9,769,320 of these being produced in 1898—a striking proof of its great utility and popularity.

Silver came before gold in point of time, so that when you speak of a “pound,” or of five “pounds,” you employ terms which

are quite incorrect, the real meaning of which was fixed centuries before the sovereign—which is not a pound, but something else—was even thought of.

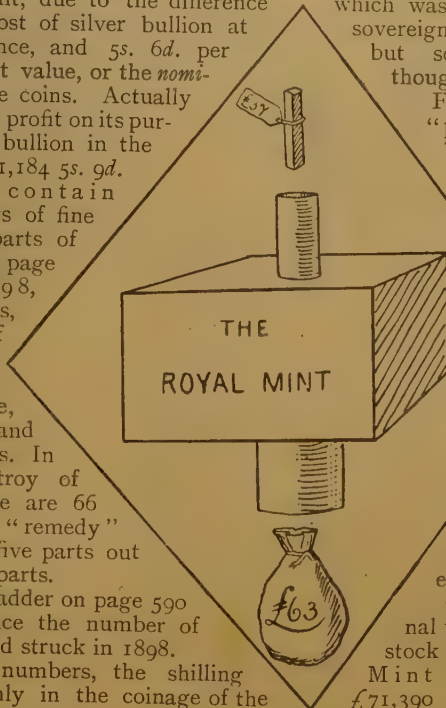
Formerly, a pound meant a “pound weight of silver.”

The modern sovereign possesses really only about one-third of this value.

The silver pound weight, therefore, was the real basis of our currency, and gold coins were not struck until 1257. The sovereign, which was not struck until 1816, is equal to three times the old “noble,” a coin which, though no longer with us in fact, has left its spirit behind in the legal six-and-eightpence.

Of bronze coinage, the nominal value delivered into the Mint stock was £82,506 13s. 4d. The Mint made a big profit of £71,390 4s. 10d. on this bronze coinage in 1898. The weight of bronze used was 199 tons.

The coinage of pence stands highest on our ladder—14,515,200 in 1898. This is largely explained by the existence of the penny in the slot



HOW THE MINT MAKES MONEY. IT BUYS SILVER FOR £37 AND ISSUES IT AT £63. PROFIT £26.



A POCKET FOOT RULE: EACH HALFPENNY MEASURES AN INCH IN DIAMETER, 12 MAKE ONE FOOT. 10 PENNIES EQUAL 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ INCHES.

machines. It is estimated that £40,000 are locked up in these machines in London alone.

The remarkable fashion in which the



THIS DIAGRAM SHOWS THE YEAR'S COINAGE OF SIX GREAT NATIONS.

bronze coinage fluctuates from year to year is seen in the illustration below. It is composed of 95 parts of copper, 4 of tin, and 1 of zinc.

Stringent laws prevent the debasement of the coinage by the admixture of inferior metal.

Among civilised nations, it is well understood that coinage must have a standard intrinsic value in order to facilitate exchanges of equal value. But for this, profit would be made, as was done by the first European traders to Japan, who bought the gold kobangs of the country at about one-third of their actual intrinsic value, and so made big profits. It is not now permitted to the government of a country to make large sums by the debasement of the coinage. But a moderate

"seignorage" is allowed on silver and copper, in order to defray the working expenses of the Mint. How closely this is cut is evident by the fact that in five years out of the last twenty-three the Mint has worked at a heavy loss.

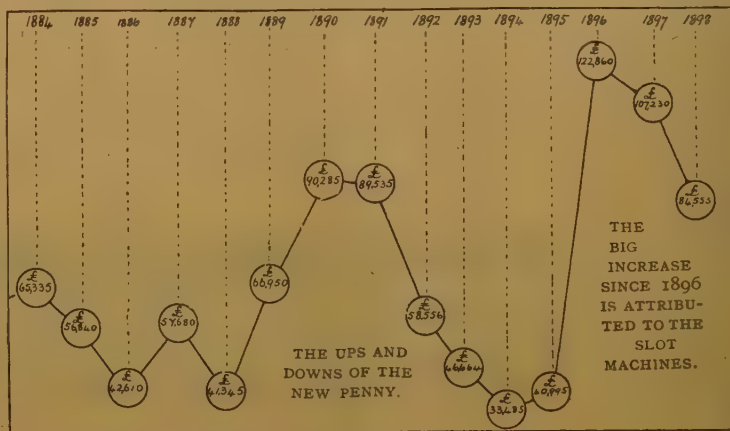
But the bad times terminated with 1882. The profit made by the Mint last year was £536,752. And since 1872 the total profit has been £4,810,127, giving an average annual profit of £170,578, notwithstanding that five of these years showed losses of several thousands of pounds sterling each.

Every coin has to pass through ten principal operations, and about as many lesser ones, before it is passed into currency. Millions of coins are stamped each year which the public never see. All that are too light, or too heavy, or in any way imperfect, are returned to the melting-pot. The number of pieces of money of all kinds coined in 1898 throughout the world amounted to 1,131,420,595, of a total value of £154,554,127. The values were distributed thus: Gold, £124,100,142;

silver, £28,423,821; nickel, £632,398; copper, or bronze, £697,766.

The diagram above and that on page 591 show the shares of John Bull and of the British Empire in this coined wealth.

Every Englishman should be proud of the system of coinage which has given him stable value. All the world over the English sovereign is a talisman that unlocks the hearts of the hardest men, on whom shillings would make no impression.





THE LITTLE SILVER CROSS.

A TRAGEDY OF A CAB.

BY LISTER MAURICE.

Illustrated by E. S. Klemfner.

AMONG the few treasures I possess is a little silver cross.

I keep it, with a lock of my mother's hair, the rose I wore in my buttonhole the evening I proposed to Lilian, a photograph of baby, and the first guinea I ever earned, in a secret drawer in my writing-table.

And while I am accustomed to look occasionally at my other treasures, I rarely undo the tissue paper wrapped round the little silver cross. Yet the little silver cross will be buried with me; not hung round my neck, but clasped in my dead right hand.

It is ten years now since the events occurred in which the little silver cross played so important a part. Ten solid, respectable, prosperous, happy years. So prosperous and happy that it almost needs an unfolding of the tissue paper and a glance at the little silver cross to assure me that what I propose to relate is not a nightmare phantasy of an ordinarily imaginative mind, but a literal, terrible fact.

I have only told the whole of the story to three people as yet—to Lilian, who believes in it as firmly as I do; to Jack Fenwick, who says it is all somethinged non-

sense; and to a clergyman cousin, who advised me to send it to the "Psychical Research."

It was the end of May. London was at its best and brightest, and the season at its height. All the world was young, and Lilian and I were just engaged.

We had



"THE MAN LURCHED FORWARD AND STRETCHED OUT A PAIR OF BONY WHITE HANDS TO SNATCH AT ME."

only parted a few minutes before at the hall door in Sussex Square.

A glorious day had been succeeded by a perfect night. High in the heavens the summer moon held her court, turning even prosaic London into fairyland. Across the square floated the sound of dance music. The lamps of hurrying hansoms flashed hither and thither like fireflies in the shadows. The night was full of life and love and Lilian.

My future father-in-law's cigar was of the best, I had dined wisely and well, and the ticklish question of settlements had been arranged with unexpected cordiality.

Altogether it was a young man on excellent terms with himself and the world in general who emerged into the Bayswater Road as the clocks were striking eleven.

I was bound, in deference to my future prospects, to a political crush in Mayfair, and, having plenty of time, determined to walk and finish my cigar on the way.

I wish I could remember with any exactitude of what I was thinking as I strolled leisurely up towards the Marble Arch. I recollect repulsing a whining beggar at the corner of Hyde Park Gardens; I recall feeling it almost a shame to drown the scent of the lilacs with tobacco smoke; I have an impression I wondered whether it would not be rather a tight fit setting up house on eight hundred a year. But what was precisely in my mind at the moment I reached Hyde Park Street I cannot tell.

At any rate, at Hyde Park Street my progress across the road was arrested by a hansom coming swiftly at right angles towards me. I might, with a rush, have reached the kerb; but I was not in a mood for unnecessary exertion, so I stepped back to allow the cab to pass.

I often wonder how it was that, in the space of a few seconds, I was able to photograph upon my mind, with a precision that the lapse of ten years has wholly failed to dim, all the details of that hansom cab. In the twinkling of an eye I took it all in. I saw the good-looking young driver, in a light sporting coat, with a Gloire de Dijon in his buttonhole, the little restive bay mare, the well-built "Forder" with its nickel fittings—all this I saw, and something more. I saw what the cab contained. There could be no mistake about it. The moon shone full into the

cab, and there was a lamp inside. At first the occupant looked like a heap of black clothes. I could distinguish no form. Then I saw it was a man bareheaded, huddled up in one corner, apparently asleep or drunk, with his head dangling in a strange sort of way on his chest.

As the cab came up to me, the man suddenly jerked up his head, lurched forward, and stretched out a pair of bony white hands as though to snatch at me. I then saw that his throat was cut from ear to ear. He was in evening clothes, and his shirt-front and coat were stained with blood. But his face! I have read of hate, despair, corruption, and hell. All four were stamped upon that fearful countenance, and in gazing upon it, frozen with horror, I seemed to sound their depths. And the awful thing was laughing at me. I swear it laughed. It meant to get at me if it could; for as the cab whirled by it leered at me under the blue silk, lace-trimmed curtains, and one of those horrible bony white hands crept round and almost touched the wheel. The whole thing only lasted a few seconds, and the cab was gone.

I suppose it was unmanly, but the horror of it all utterly broke me down. Spiritless and shaking in every limb, I staggered on to the kerb and cannoned against a young policeman leisurely pursuing his beat, bull's-eye in hand.

Disregarding his paternal "Hold up, governor," I clung to a very impassive blue cloth arm and gasped—

"Stop that cab. There has been a murder, or suicide, or something terrible. A man has nearly cut his head off."

"If there's a man with 'is 'ead off, 'e'll be stopped sharp enough, never fear."

I did not gainsay this unanswerable remark, but allowed myself to be propped against the pediment of a Corinthian door column and carefully inspected with the bull's-eye. The dazzling operation over, the young policeman looked carefully up and down the road. Then he fumbled in the pocket of his tunic and produced a flat glass bottle.

"You've 'ad a turn," he said. "Take a pull at this. It's all right as long as the sergeant doesn't come along."

I gulped down the fiery draught, murmured my thanks, and began searching in every pocket but the right one for the inevitable half-crown. With admirable tact and averted countenance my blue-coated

friend filled in the awkward pause with a thrilling narrative of the "turn" he had received on witnessing the perishing of an elderly female, "fourteen stun if she was an ounce," under the wheels of a Starch Green "bus a month after he had joined the force. The half-crown produced symptoms of a still further flood of reminiscences, but by that time I had recovered.

I refused an offer to be "seen off" the beat, and pursued my way, not to the political crush, but to the club and Jack Fenwick, whose cheery scepticism and breezy chaff eventually succeeded in making bed and sleep possible.

Next day I feverishly but vainly hunted through the morning and evening papers for "Horrible Tragedy in a Cab," "Shocking Cab Mystery," or even "Melancholy Suicide in a Public Conveyance." I could discover no trace of anything of the sort.

On the day following, and the succeeding days, my search was equally fruitless. At the end of a week I inquired at Scotland Yard. No occurrence of the kind had been reported.

Gradually the immediate horror of the mysterious experience began to fade from my mind. I gave up thinking of it always and everywhere. I ceased to dream every night of that ghastly, wagging head and those bony white hands.

At last I almost brought myself to believe that I had been the victim either of an inexplicable hallucination or some grim practical joke. It was some time, however, before I cared to venture alone in a hansom, especially by night. Even this nervousness eventually wore off, and by the time the season waned and my wedding day drew near, I had all but forgotten the whole matter.

It was some three weeks before our

wedding, a stifling July night, with thunder in the air. Lilian and I had been sitting under the awning on the balcony, talking very seriously. Lilian always took the right view of life, and from the first seemed to lead me by the hand to a spiritual standpoint natural to her, but without her as inaccessible to me as the mountains in the moon.

It was a curious conversation. It began with the design of our new drawing-room carpet; it ended with the warfare of the human soul with the powers of evil. As

usual, Lilian's views were as definite as mine were vague. I do not know how far she converted me, but I know I rose to

go, loving her more than ever, and with an indefinable sense of peace and protection that comforted me.



" 'YOU WON'T LAUGH AT ME, FRANK, IF I ASK YOU TO DO SOMETHING FOR ME?' SAID LILIAN."

Somehow or other, I needed comfort. Perhaps it was the sultry heat and coming storm that depressed me; but as we stood for a minute or two side by side, gazing silently out over the dark, square garden, with the thunder growling in the distance, I felt eerie and apprehensive.

"I must go, dear," I said at last.

As we turned to enter the drawing-room, Lilian hesitated.

"You won't laugh at me, Frank, if I ask you to do something for me?"

"Is there anything in the world I would not do for you?"

Lilian laughed rather nervously.

"Well, it's nothing very serious, only I was afraid you might think it silly. I have a little silver cross here. It was given me by Berthe, my old French nurse, when she was dying. It belonged to her sister, who was a nun somewhere in Spain. Berthe prized it above everything in the world. She asked me to keep it for her sake, and to give it to no one unless to my husband. I

"Till I die."

Then we went through the drawing-room, down the stairs, and into the hall.

"Cab, sir?"

"Yes." And while Blinker whistled, Lilian and I said good-night.

"Where to, sir?"

"The Cholmondeley Club."

Glancing up at the smart young driver, I seemed to recognise him.

At that moment there was a bright flash of lightning and a long, threatening roll of thunder. The little bay mare made a jump forward in the shafts.

Lilian, standing on the steps, looked frightened.

"I hope the storm won't come on before you get to the club."

"Oh, no. It is miles off yet. Now run in." I laughed cheerily. Lilian did not run in, but came quickly down the steps.

"You've got the little cross, Frank?"

I took the cross out of

have been wanting to give it to you, Frank, for a long time; but I—I thought you might think me sentimental and foolish. Somehow I feel to-night that I ought to ask you to take it and keep it for my sake."

Lilian's voice faltered, and there was a pause.

"Frank,"—it was Lilian's voice again—"you will keep it?"

my waistcoat pocket and held it up. Lilian smiled and kissed her hand. The next moment the cab plunged into the sultry darkness. I sat in a corner in deep thought, the rays of the lamp behind me falling on the little silver cross which I still held in my hand. Why were the features and dress of the driver so familiar to me? Why did that familiarity



"LILIAN CAME DOWN THE STEPS. 'YOU'VE GOT THE CROSS?' SHE SAID. I TOOK IT OUT OF MY POCKET AND HELD IT UP."

suggest something ominous and unpleasant? There was a memory at the back of my mind, so to speak, that was roused, and that I knew was just about to assert itself—a memory I was conscious I should tremble to face. I looked out into the darkness—a fidgety little bay mare. My eyes wandered round the cab—blue silk, lace-trimmed curtains. No, no! It was not that! It could not be! God have mercy upon me—it was! I had seen the smart young driver, the fidgety bay mare, the blue silk curtains before, and I remembered when and where.

I cannot pretend to describe the sensation which seized me at that awful moment. I can only liken it to an icy hand laid upon my heart, stopping the flow of blood through my veins. All power of movement left me. I could stir neither hand nor foot, nor could I utter sound or cry. And yet I was quite conscious.

I remember perfectly, as we were passing through Hyde Park Square, seeing a soldier talking to a servant girl at the corner, and at one of the houses the footman was standing on the steps whistling for a cab.

Yet all the time my heart was an icicle, and I was motionless as a block of stone.

It was as we entered Hyde Park Street that I was roused—roused completely; for though I still sat quiet as a statue, every nerve in my body was alert and thrilling. It was so gentle at first, that awakening—more like a caress than anything else. But I knew that a supreme moment in my life had come, when I felt that arm stealing gently round my neck.

I was in the right-hand corner of the cab. The arm came round over my right shoulder. It was then I saw the hand—a bony white hand—creeping stealthily up to my throat. I know I gave a horrible sort of screech.

The next moment I was locked in a fierce death struggle with the man, or devil, or whatever it was, who was trying to strangle me. Oh, the agony of that fearful fight! Shall I ever forget the awful head, the rattling breath, the sickening smell of the blood with which I was deluged!

Twice I tore those long, cruel fingers from my throat. Twice I hurled the hideous thing off me. At last I began to get exhausted. There was a good deal of lightning and thunder, and the cab seemed to be going at a fearful rate, and swaying from side to side.

Then the creature came at me again. It got me fairly by the throat that time. I could hear it gibbering as it forced me back on to the



"I WAS LOCKED IN A FIERCE DEATH STRUGGLE WITH THE MAN WHO WAS TRYING TO STRANGLE ME."

seat. I tried to call out. I could make no sound. At last, with a supreme effort, I wrenched the creature's hands away once more. At that moment there was a brilliant flash of lightning, an appalling explosion of thunder, and I was pitched forward into some abyss of darkness and, thank God, of peace.

* * * * *
The next thing I remember was Jack Fenwick's cheery voice saying—

"It's all right. The dear old chap is

coming round!" and I awoke to find myself in bed, with ice on my head, in a strange room.

Jack was grinning at me from ear to ear, with his eyes full of tears, at the foot of the bed; Lilian was kneeling by the side, white and scared, but trying to smile; while a benevolent-looking grey-haired individual was standing by the mantelpiece pouring out something into a medicine glass.

In a day or two I was well enough to be told what had happened, and in less than a week I was able to be taken from the doctor's house to Sussex Square. It appeared that the mare had been frightened by the lightning, had bolted, smashed the cab to smithereens, and thrown me into the road. The driver had been killed on the spot, while I had been picked up, suffering from nothing worse than a slight concussion of the brain.

Curiously enough, Jack was walking down the Bayswater Road when the smash occurred, and was one of the first to haul me out of the *débris* and have me carried into the neighbouring doctor's house. My own recollection was for some time an entire blank.

All I could remember at first was saying good night to Lilian in Sussex Square. Gradually, however, my memory stole back. First I recalled the poor young driver in the sporting coat. Lilian was looking after his wife and baby. He had only been married a year. Then I recollected the restive bay mare, then the blue silk curtains with lace trimmings, and then—

It was early morning when it all came back to me. All day I longed for Jack's usual visit. At last he came. We were alone. Lilian was writing the wedding

invitations in the drawing-room. After several false starts I summoned up courage to say—

"How soon did you recognise me on that night, Jack?"

"A minute or two before the mare made for the railings. I had to jump out of the way pretty sharp to save myself, I can tell you. She came at the railings like a shot out of a gun. If she had had Old Nick behind her she could not have done worse. I never saw such a thing in my life—as I told the coroner."

"What—what was I doing?"

"Behaving like a brick—sitting as still as a statue. Your face was very white, it is true, but you were not moving an eyelid. If you had lost your head and tried to jump out you would have been killed on the spot."

"Did you see anybody or anything in the cab with me?"

Jack looked at me rather apprehensively.

"You must not talk too much, old chap; you are still weak, remember. No, there was no one in the cab with you."

"But," I insisted, "did you notice nothing curious about the cab or me?"

"Nothing whatever. I tell you you were sitting as still as Nelson's Monument. There was nothing odd about the cab or you, except—well, that seemed strange: when we got you to the doctor's we found you had something clenched in your hand. It was some time before we could get your hand open, and when we did we found it was—"

Jack paused.

"What?"

"Well, I see you have it on the table beside you: that little silver cross."

ANOTHER VOLUME—Volume III.—of the HARMSWORTH MAGAZINE is completed with the publication of this number.

The six numbers which comprise this volume should now be bound, and for this purpose we have prepared a very charming cover.

The ground of the cover is a delicious green, and the design and lettering is in gold and black. Bound in this cover, the numbers make a most attractive volume.

A very complete index has been prepared, and the cover and index can be had of any bookseller or newsman for the sum of eighteenpence.

A new volume of the HARMSWORTH MAGAZINE will begin with the next number, and new subscribers should order it at once.

The future numbers of the Magazine will be better even than those already published.

CHILDREN'S FANCY DRESSES

SOME QUAIN'T LITTLE
CHARACTERS.

BY PHILIP ASTOR.



HE good old-fashioned masque of our forefathers is practically extinct, and perhaps its absence from the round of society functions is not a matter for any great regret.

But fancy-dress balls for both children and older people are as popular as ever, and would be sadly missed by all, especially the juniors, who firmly believe that fine feathers make fine birds.

LITTLE JOHN
BULL.
Speaight, Photo

Where can a prettier sight be seen than at the Mansion House at Christmastide, when my Lord Mayor of London appears in all the bravery of his official raiment to welcome youthful kings and queens and tiny mayors and mayoresses, whose

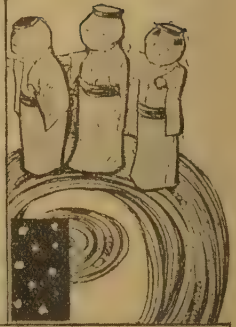


MARY AND HER LITTLE LAMB.

NELSON, JUNIOR.



CHINESE
FOUR O'CLOCK
TEA



Speight, Photo

A YOUNG NEW SOUTH
WALES LANCER.



KATH-
LEEN.
MAVOUR-
NEEN.

FATHER
CURLY HEAD,



curly heads scarcely reach higher than the hilt of his lordship's jewelled sword? Long may the children's fancy dress ball survive to recall memories of the gay routs and assemblies that gave pleasure to our forebears. There seems to be no limit to the ingenious extravagance of the fond parents and the artistic inventiveness of the tailors and milliners who are responsible for the gorgeous apparel and the more or less obvious symbolism in which the little masqueraders are enwrapped.

Our illustrations, which are made from photographs of a number of merry little folks, will, in most cases, speak for themselves. It will interest many of our readers to know that the majority of these charming little boys and girls hail from

the Emerald Isle, and all excepting four were taken by Lafayette, of Dublin.

Little John Bull, it is needless to say, was not taken in Ireland, but in the land which he represents so well. Nelson, Junior, and Mary and her Little Lamb, though idols of the English, owe their existence to the Emerald Isle for one day only.

PUSS-IN-
BOOTS.

The delightful little New South Wales Lancer will appeal with special interest to all of our readers at this time, when a corps of those

LADY MAYORESS'S POSTCARD.
Speight, Photo



A YELLOW
BUTTERFLY.



finely set-up soldiers are fighting for their mother country in South Africa.

The little fellow whose portrait we give looks his part extremely well; and, oddly enough, he curiously resembles a certain member of the corps whose uniform becomes him so well.

"I AM
NAPOLEON."
Speight, Photo

Napoleon the First, as he figures in our illustration on this page, looks as though the cares of statecraft already sat heavily on his juvenile shoulders.





Is it a Benedictine or a Franciscan monk that we see on page 602? Probably the former, for the habit appears to be black rather than brown. But the question must be left undecided, for the tailor was evidently not posted up in the niceties of monastic habiliments.

The bright boy in velvet, who wears a garb suggestive of that donned by Garter King of Arms upon state occasions, and blows a bold blast upon a trumpet, is not the ever-popular Dick Whittington, as many people supposed, but is no less a personage

THE FAIRY OF THE LAKE.

than that old favourite of our nursery days, Puss-in-Boots.

At Puss's feet is a little fellow in a marvellous costume—we beg pardon; "creation" is the proper word, is it not?—composed mainly of postcards. By a happy thought, he is conspicuously addressed to the Lady Maypress, and we may be sure that he received a hearty welcome from that lady when he entered the hospitable portals of the Mansion House.

Place aux dames. But we have left no space to descant upon their charms. We must let the rest of our pictures tell their own story.



Lafayette, Photo

A DEAR LITTLE CLOWN



LULLABY.

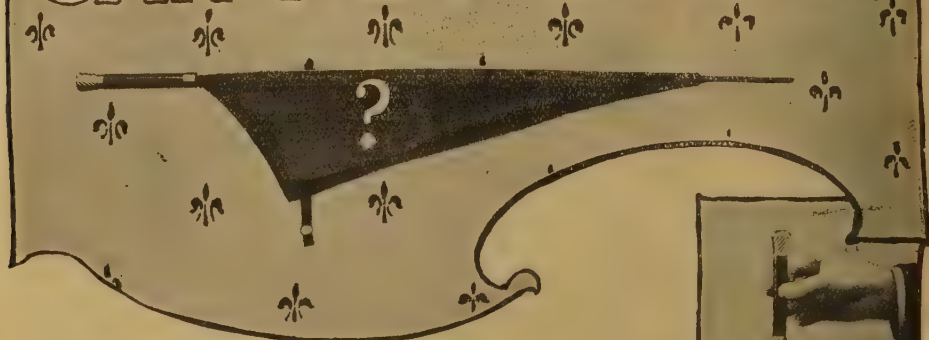
SLEEP, little baby, sweet, sweet
 slumbers;
 Stars are shining in numbers and numbers;
 Mother is watching you, here at your side,
 And her eyes are open so wide, so wide,
 While she sings to her darling wee baby—
 The darling wee baby she loves.

Sleep, little baby! for while you're sleeping
 Little wing'd angels are peeping and
 peeping
 Out of the sky which is ever so blue,
 And they're looking and smiling so
 sweetly on you,
 On mother's own darling wee baby—
 The darling wee baby she loves.

Sleep, little baby! the birds are nesting,
 Everybody is peacefully resting—
 Everybody but mother, my sweet,
 Who is singing a lullaby here in her seat
 By the side of her darling wee baby—
 The darling wee baby she loves.

FV~
 Poole.

CAN YOU FOLD YOUR



A FEW HINTS ON A PRACTICAL SUBJECT.

BY HERBERT HOWARD.

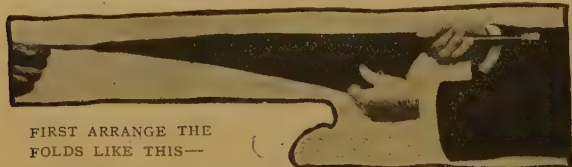
EVERYBODY thinks he can fold an umbrella, but one has only to walk along the street with one's eyes open to see that we have here simply another example of a popular delusion.

Where are the umbrellas that looked so slim and graceful in the shops not many weeks ago? Gone! and in the place of them we have grotesque objects with baggy sides, projecting ribs, irregular creases, and a general air of having

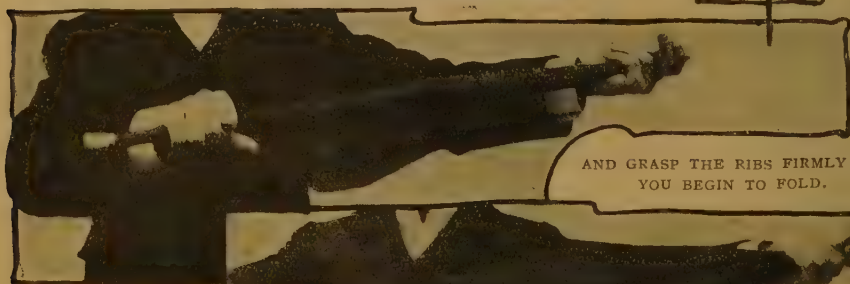
passed through battles not a few.

Show me a man's

THE UMBRELLA READY TO BE FOLDED.



FIRST ARRANGE THE FOLDS LIKE THIS—

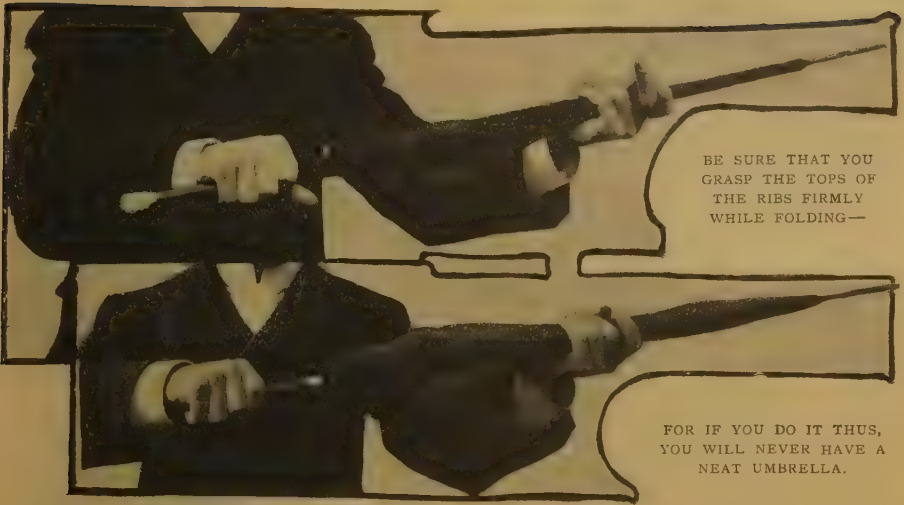


AND GRASP THE RIBS FIRMLY BEFORE YOU BEGIN TO FOLD.

umbrella, and I will tell you what manner of man he is! Untidiness, lack of method, finicking nicety, hurry, temper, carelessness, and a host of other



IF YOU LET THE RIBS LIE LOOSE LIKE THIS, AND TWIST THE HANDLE GIMLET FASHION, YOU WILL GET A BAD RESULT.



sins are writ large on the umbrellas we carry with us, and the dealer in those useful articles, who watches from behind the forest of them that fills his window, knows it full well.

But there is joy in his eye as he watches



FASTEN THE BAND BEFORE YOU RELEASE THE FOLDS.

the long procession of the badly-folded, for well he knows that those umbrellas will not live out half their days in such an unkempt state, and it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good! It is, then, as an economist of the first water, and as a philanthropist yearning to succour a world groaning beneath the burden of umbrellas that do not last, that we offer a little practical advice on the subject of folding an umbrella.

In doing so we must acknowledge the courtesy of Messrs. Sangster and Co., Ltd.,

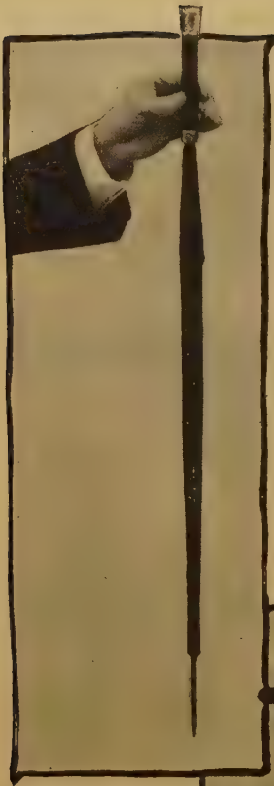
umbrella makers to the Queen, who not only gave us all the information we required, but permitted a member of their staff to go through the evolutions of folding an umbrella before the camera for the

benefit of our readers.

First catch your umbrella! This may be done by the simple method of purchasing one, or by the still more simple plan of borrowing one. Only it is unfortunately the case that borrowed umbrellas have a

BEWARE OF THIS—THE WORST OF ALL POSSIBLE METHODS OF FOLDING AN UMBRELLA.





IF YOU FOLLOW
OUR HINTS YOUR
UMBRELLA WILL
LOOK LIKE THIS—

will fold far better than the other. Being, then, in possession of an umbrella, the first thing is to get all the folds well arranged. For this purpose they must lie perfectly flat around the stick, and this is just where the average working umbrella comes short. When a wet umbrella is thrust into a stand it naturally dries in

knack of folding badly, apparently in the interests of social morality. If anyone doubts this fact let him borrow his neighbour's umbrella, and then go to a shop and buy a new one. He will soon find by experiment that the honestly acquired specimen

a creased and crumpled condition. To remedy this, it needs to be ironed, but this is a process which usually involves a visit to a maker's, and the payment of a small fee. But there is a far simpler remedy, which we present to our readers without any extra charge. Open your umbrella and hold it in front of a good fire,

BUT THIS
IS THE
RESULT
OF UN-
SKILFUL
FOLDING—



near enough to make it thoroughly hot, but not near enough to scorch it. Twirl it slowly around till it is heated all over. Then let it cool before closing it, and all the creases will have disappeared. Now you can arrange the folds to perfection.

TWO CER-
TAIN
METHODS
OF WEAR-
ING OUT
YOUR
UMBRELLA
QUICKLY.

WHILE THIS IS HOW
THE LAZY MAN
FOLDS HIS
UMBRELLA.



Next, grasp the top of the ribs firmly with the right hand, and do not release them till the umbrella is completely folded. This is of the utmost importance, and is one of the great secrets of success.

The left hand should grasp the silk firmly, but not very tightly, and the right hand by a series of half-turns—never releasing the tops of the ribs—should steadily work the umbrella through the other hand until it is entirely rolled up. Then secure the elastic band, and there you are!



OUR MONTHLY GALLERY
OF BEAUTIFUL AND INTERESTING PICTURES.



OFF TO A PARTY.



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A VAIN APPEAL.



By Permission of the Berlin Photographie Co., Bond Street, W.

THE CAPITULATION OF SEDAN.

This scene took place at Donchéry on the evening of the day on which Napoleon III. sent his sword and a letter to King William I. to surrender Sedan. Moltke and Bismarck are easily recognised among the Germans. On the French side is Field-Marshal Wimpfen, who had to sign the capitulation, which, as Bismarck said, "cost France 10,000 men and one Emperor."



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PRISONER AT THE BAR.
From the Painting by Yates Carrington.



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THE RECRUITING SERGEANT.

From the Painting by J. Shaw Crompton.



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A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.—I. THE ELOPEMENT—
From Paintings by A. C. Cooke.



A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS. — II. THE DISINHERITANCE.

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NAPOLEON A PRISONER ON BOARD THE "BELLEROPHON."
From the Painting by W. Q. Orchardson, R.A., in the Tate Gallery.

